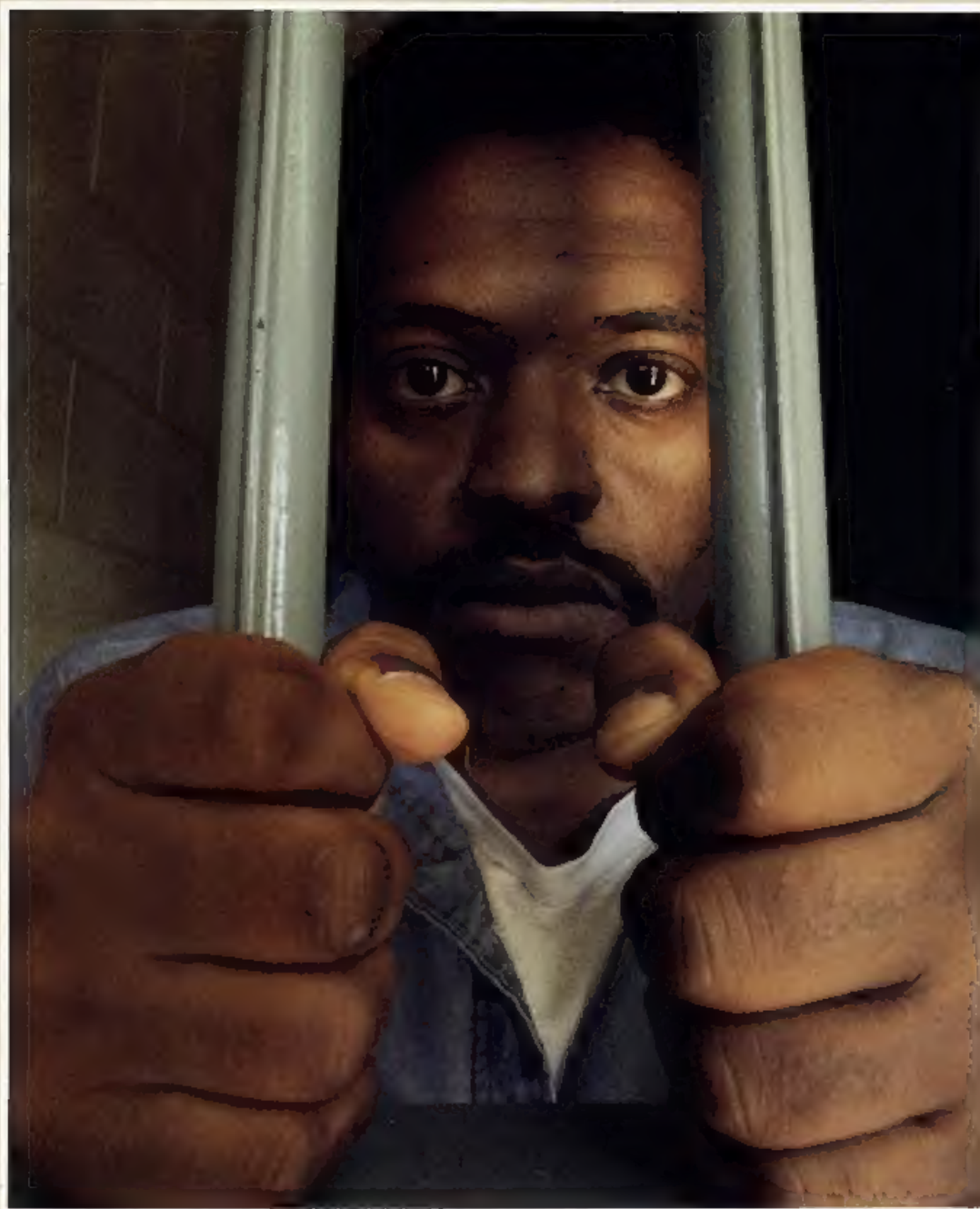


HOW TO SEX FOR SINSEMILLA HIGH TIMES

JULY 1983

\$2.95

40 YEARS FOR 8 OUNCES OF POT



EROTIC ART • COMIX • WEIL ON STIMULANTS

THE FACTS OF LIGHT!



A. The all New Dyna-Lite II.

We've always had the finest agricultural lights and now they're even better. We've mounted our Super Metal Halides and High Pressure Sodium lights horizontally so if low ceilings are keeping you down here is the skinniest light in America. It's only 10" high but that's not the half of it. This computer generated model actually puts out 65% more light. This may sound like a wild claim but it's not. In fact our 400 watt High Pressure Sodium light puts out as much light as most of our competitors 1000 watt Halides. If you don't understand why that can be true send for our new book **The Facts of Light**. It will explain the mysteries and laws of light to you in a graphic and readable style that anyone can understand. **Don't buy any light until you've read this book!**

B. Vita-Lite Power Twist.

The finest fluorescent grow light anywhere. It's not as efficient as a Halide or Sodium but it's great for side lighting and starts.

C. Cheap-Lite.

This is a do-it-yourself kit that is made up of top quality parts **NO SECONDS OR MANUFACTURERS REJECT PARTS**. It won't give you the amount of light that a Dyna-Lite II will give you but if you're on a tight budget this will get you by.

AEON
PRODUCTS, INC.

I CAN'T WAIT. Please send me the following:

_____ 400 watt Dyna-Lite II Metal Halide	\$185.95
_____ 400 watt Dyna-Lite II High Pressure Sodium	\$199.95
_____ 1000 watt Dyna-Lite II Metal Halide	\$259.95
_____ 1000 watt Dyna-Lite II High Pressure Sodium	\$299.95
_____ 400 watt Cheap-Lite	\$ 99.95
_____ 1000 watt Cheap-Lite	\$134.95
_____ 6 ea. Vita-Lite Fluorescent Tubes 40 watt	\$ 64.95
_____ Full Color Catalog featuring over 32 models of lights plus a complete line of greenhouse supplies plus over \$650.00 worth of discount coupons	\$ 5.00
_____ The Facts of Light	\$ 2.00

Please add \$10.00 per light shipping on all lights.

HT 283

Name	Visa, M.C. or Am Exp		
Address	Expiration Date		
City	State	Zip Code	Signature

Send to:

AEON PRODUCTS, INC., 7 COMMERCIAL BLVD., NOVATO, CA 94947

HIGH TIMES

No. 95 July '83

FEATURES

Cover Photography • Peter Hudson

Raiders of the Lost Gold, Part VI by "R"

HIGH TIMES presents the final installment of the epic smuggling adventure wherein all ambiguities are resolved and all questions answered—well, sort of. Does that mean you'll never know the real story behind the Marijuana Mystery Lady, the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, the Antisurveillance cloaking device, the dwarf with the dreadlocks and the coke-tasting party in Hut 7 with the Cubans? Maybe yes, maybe no. In the meantime, just read what's written and pray for the sequel

44

Centerfold: The Philosopher's Stone

49

Stimulants by Andrew Weil and Winifred Rosen

What do a Peruvian chewing a wad of coca leaves, a thirsty 10-year-old gulping down his favorite cola and a fat lady finishing her second box of chocolates have in common? They're all releasing gobs of neurotransmitters inside their bodies, and all would be shocked to learn that they are using drugs. Ladies and gentlemen, HIGH TIMES presents the Wide World of Norepinephrine

58

The Jockey by Charles Bukowski

It had been a tough day. One third-place finish, the rest out of the money and his last mount threw him in the starting gate and he'd hurt his leg. But Karina would be waiting at home and that made it all easier to bear. At six feet tall she was every jockey's dream: long legs, long hair, lots of education, lots of class; in other words — a real bitch

67

Reefer Madness, Part II: The Gore File by Larry Sloman

The late Harry J. Anslinger was the original commissioner of the Bureau of Narcotics and the man who almost single-handedly created the phenomenon known as "Reefer Madness." In case after case of the most brutal rapes, assaults and murders, the sinister influence of "marihuana" would be detected by Harry and his boys, and the gruesome facts would be passed on to the press, federal and local legislatures. In many cases the sinister influence of marihuana would be detected when there was no marihuana at all. Why do you think they call it madness?

71

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Bumper Pot Crop Embarrasses DEA . . . Drugs in Congress . . . Snakes on Dope . . . U.S. Welches on Huge Dope Deal . . . Teen TV Addict Takes Own Life . . . 'Coke Queen' Busted in Colombia . . . High Court Backs Use of Beepers . . . Starch-Blocker Myths Debunked . . . Take Feverfew for Fast Relief

19

Trans-High Market Quotations

29

DEPARTMENTS

Letters	7
Flashes Taking it in the mouth	9
Abuse Follo Amyl, butyl and isobutyl nitrite	30
Grow American Female trouble	64
High Times Classifieds	80
Dope Lore	82
Visions Bukowski madness	88
Sounds Ginsberg's blues, Scandal	93
Images Night People	98

32 Interview: Roger Davis by Bob LaBrasca

"Is it right to give a man 40 years and a twenty-thousand-dollar fine for marijuana? If the United States Supreme Court doesn't know, then why in hell don't they accept my answer for it? I know it's wrong, because I'm the one in here doing the time. I've spent eleven years of my life struggling out of this shit, for something as petty as marijuana—without enough evidence to convict me in any other court in the world except that one in Wytheville, Virginia." —Roger Davis



38 A Robert Williams Portfolio

This month HIGH TIMES presents a sampling of the work of underground artist Robert Williams. As a painter, illustrator and cartoonist, Williams has long been a valiant champion for the cause of "lowbrow art" in America. As he sees it, there's no more intrinsic merit in painting a standard still life than there is in illuminating a row of death's-heads, as long as they're both done in good taste, of course.



52 Out of the Blue Book by Brad Benedict

A pictorial extravaganza dedicated to the proposition that sex is more than a lot of labored grunting, groaning and groping—it's fun, probably even silly at times. Share in the wild and crazy erotic fantasies of more than 100 of the world's most famous artists as they devote themselves to the utterly wholesome task of amusement through arousal—or is that arousal through amusement? At any rate, you're gonna love the one with the dildo and the jumper cables.

You Can Do It Too!



Since our introduction of the first Mushroomkit over five years ago, thousands of people just like you have learned the joys of successful mushroom cultivation.

The Homestead Mushroomkit contains two pounds of our renowned high-yield compost for the largest crops possible. Also included are a lifetime supply of proven-fertile Psilocybe Cubensis spores, professional tools and supplies. Ten pages of illustrated instructions are excerpted from Bob Harris' manual Growing Wild Mushrooms.

VISA or MasterCard orders call Toll-Free at 800-426-6777, except Washington, Alaska, and Hawaii. All other information, please call (206) 782-4532.

OUR 10th ANNIVERSARY!
Homestead Book Company

★ 1972 — 1982 ★

Grow Wild Mushrooms Forever with the Homestead Mushroomkit

- Deluxe Psilocybe Cubensis Kit \$ 45.
- Growing Wild Mushrooms, Recommended \$ 6.
- Psilocybe Mushrooms And Their Allies,
Most complete book available \$ 11.
- Psilocybe Cubensis spores only \$ 10.

Total Enclosed: \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

VISA _____ MC _____ Expires _____ Card Number _____

Signature _____

Washington State residents please add 5.4% tax. Canadian and Foreign Orders please add \$10 U.S. for kit, \$3 for book or spores. Money Orders processed fastest. Sold in finer stores everywhere.

HOMESTEAD
BOOK COMPANY

P.O. Box 31608 Seattle, WA 98103 (206) 782-4532

Dealer Inquiries Welcome

HIGH TIMES

Publisher
ROBERT ARONSON
Editor-in-Chief
LARRY SLOMAN
Art Director
PETER HUDSON

Managing Editor
JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN

Articles Editor
GEORGE BARKIN

Senior Editor
BOB LABRASCA

Executive Almighty Editor
DEAN LATIMER

Film Editor
MICHAEL WILMINGTON

Music Editor
JOHN SWENSON

Copy Editor
E. BOYD

Contributing Editors

MICHAEL ALDRICH, AL ARONOWITZ,
CHARLES BUKOWSKI, MICHAEL CHANCE,
KINKY FRIEDMAN, ABBIE HOFFMAN,
ANTONIO HUNEZUS, JOHN KEEL, PAUL KRASSNER,
MICHAEL REYNOLDS, RON ROSENBAUM,
ED ROSENTHAL, DAVID SOLOMON,
MICHAEL STEFANIAN, RON TURNER, VALE,
SPIDER WEBB, ROBERT ANTON WILSON

Associate Art Director
CHRIS HOWLAND

Designer
VALERIE MUNSON

Production Manager
SHARON GOODMAN

Typesetter
WILLIAM MEYERS

Artists & Photographers

HARLAN ANG, MARK FALLS, Y. VICTOR FLEBECE,
DREW FRIEDMAN, TOM HILL, JILL LYNNE,
RICK SIEGEL, STEVEN SINGER, JIM SMITH,
STEVE SWENY, CARL WESLEY

International Correspondent
LAURENCE CHERNIACK

Circulation Manager
EDWARD GATES

Assistant Controller
SHEILA AVON

Accounting Manager
MAX HARRIS

Staff

CHARLES BROWN, JONATHAN DAVID,
LISA KAY

Advertising Director
DAVID JAGODA

Ad Representative
SHERRY LUTZ

West Coast Advertising Sales
STEVE BECKER, Manager

National Advertising Office
17 West 60th Street

New York, NY 10023 (212) 974-1990

West Coast Advertising Office
P.O. Box 33-Suite 373

Long Beach, CA 90801 (213) 493-3714

Founding Editor

THOMAS KING PORCADE, 1945-1978

July 1983 • No. 95 • HIGH TIMES (ISSN #0362-630X) is published monthly by Trans-High Corporation, Robert Aronson, President • Mail subscriptions (payable in U.S. funds) and changes of address (please include most recent mailing label) to Box 965, Farmingdale, NY 11735 • Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue or for change of address • Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for \$24.50, 24 issues for \$44.50 • Single copy price: \$2.95 • In Canada: 12 issues for \$30.50, 24 issues for \$56 • All other countries by surface mail: 12 issues for \$30.50 • All other countries by airmail: \$59 • Offices at 17 West 60th St., New York, NY 10023 • Controlled circulation postage paid at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and at additional mailing offices • Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope • All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material • Copyright © 1983 by Trans-High Corporation. Nothing in this publication may be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without specific written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. "High Times" is a registered trademark. HIGH TIMES and Trans-High Corporation assume no responsibility for any claims or representations contained in this magazine or in any advertisement, nor do they encourage the illegal use of any of the products advertised herein. All advertising and advertised products void where prohibited. Postmaster: Please send address changes and form 3579 to HIGH TIMES, P.O. Box 965, Farmingdale, NY 11735.

2 FOR 1 SALE

BUY 1 - GET 1 FREE

2 FOR 1 APPLIES TO LIKE PRICES ONLY

FREE SAMPLES

DIET PILLS











STRONGEST DIET PILLS & APPETITE
SUPPRESSANTS AVAILABLE WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION

NOTE: Note that our products bear the trademark 

They cannot be confused with any other products on the market. Also, these products may be illegal for resale unless properly licensed.

FREE
SAMPLES
JUST
CALL IN
TODAY

NEW
TAMPER-
PROOF
PACKAGING
FOR
YOUR
SAFETY

#1	BLACK CAPSULE		Capsules
#2	YELLOW CAPSULE		Capsules
#3	GREEN/CLEAR CAPSULE		Capsules
#4	BROWN/CLEAR CAPSULE		Capsules
#5	BLUE/CLEAR CAPSULE		Capsules
#6	PINK HEARTS		Tablets
#7	PINK FOOTBALL		Tablets
#8	WHITE/GREEN SPECKS		Tablets
#9	WHITE/BLUE SPECKS		Tablets
#10	MINI-CROSS		Tablets

FREE
SAMPLES
JUST
CALL IN
TODAY

NEW
TAMPER-
PROOF
PACKAGING
FOR
YOUR
SAFETY

CONTAINS: EPHEDRINE SULFATE, CAFFEINE ANHYDROUS

CAUTION: Individuals with high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes, depression, thyroid disease or pregnant or nursing or under the age of 18 or over 60 should use only as directed by a physician.

WARNING: Do not exceed the recommended dosage. Discontinue use if nervousness, rapid pulse, headache, dizziness, palpitations, sleeplessness occurs. Do not take if you are presently taking another medication containing phenylpropanolamine or a prescription antihypertensive or antidepressant drug containing a monoamine oxidase inhibitor. Because of the Ephedrine component, elderly males or those with known prostatic hypertrophy should use only directed by a physician.

KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN

In case of accidental overdose, consult a Poison Control Center immediately. May interfere with sleep if taken within 4 hours of bedtime.

\$25 per 100 jar • \$50 per 250 jar • \$125 per 1000 jar (1000 CONSISTS OF ANY COMBINATION OF FOUR JARS OF 250)

R and C DISTRIBUTORS

P.O. BOX 707 DUBUQUE, IOWA 52001

319-556-3571

Write for free samples and information • Dealers, Distributors, Salespeople wanted

CALL ANYTIME, 319-556-3571, 24 hrs., 7 days

U.P.S. C.O.D. Check or Money Order • ORDERS PROCESSED SAME DAY

Satisfaction Guaranteed. If displeased, return for full refund

New Lower Prices—Same HIGH Quality



INCENSE & FOOD SUPPLEMENT ORDER FORM

THE PARRA PROMISE

"All orders shipped promptly the day we receive your certified check or money order via UPS—2nd day air service." "Speediest Delivery"

☐ I am 18 years of age or older.

	SAMPLE	1/2 Gr.	1 Gr.	1 1/2 Gr.	2 Gr.	1/4 Oz.	5 Gr.	1/2 Oz.	1 Oz.	2 Oz.	3 Oz.	4 Oz.	8 Oz.	16 Oz.	TOTAL
A Milky Trails	2.00	5.00				25.00		40.00	60.00	110			600	1000	
B Pseudo Scent	2.00			11.00			29.00		110				600	1000	
C Ultra Scent	2.00		9.00			25.00		40.00	60.00	110			475	900	
D WL Incense	2.00					15.00			80				450	800	
E Super Scent	2.00		9.00			25.00		40.00	60.00	110			475	900	
F Summa Scent	2.00				11.00		29.00		110				600	1000	
G Superior Mannitol	2.00								9.00	15.00					
H WL Mannitol	2.00								9.00		17.00		30.00	50.00	
I WL Crystal Mannitol	2.00								9.00		17.00		35.00	70.00	
J WL Inositol	2.00								9.00		17.00		35.00	70.00	
K Mannite Conoscenti	2.00					8.5 gr. bar 5.00				22 gr. bar 12.00			1 kilo 250.00		
L Vita Blend	2.00								9.00			40.00			

SALES VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW—

ITEMS NOT INTENDED FOR ILLEGAL USE—NO SALES TO MINORS

SEND CERTIFIED CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ONLY

DO NOT SEND CASH!!

SUB TOTAL

Shipping

2.50

FREE CATALOG
WITH ALL ORDERS.

TOTAL ENCLOSED

PARRA DISTRIBUTORS

P.O. BOX 1595-HT
NEWPORT BEACH, CA 92663

CALL (714) 675-7413

For VISA/MC Orders



Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

ATTENTION DISTRIBUTORS, WHOLESALERS, AND STORES*
Call Toll Free (800) 223-3633 Outside Pennsylvania or (215) 334-7100 Inside Pennsylvania
 OUR NEW WAREHOUSE IS OPEN IN PHILADELPHIA...GIVING YOU SPEEDY ONE DAY SERVICE...
 LOWEST PRICES IN THE U.S.A...FROM COAST TO COAST

FEATURING

- MANNITE CONOSCENTI
- SUPERIOR MANNITOL
- WHITE LADY MANNITOL
- WHITE LADY INCENSE

- ULTRASCENT
- PSUEDO INCENSE
- MILKY TRAILS INCENSE
- SUMMA SCENT

- SPARKLE MANNITOL
- DIAMOND CUT
- VITABLEND
- SUPERIOR INOSITOL

- WHITE LADY INOSITOL
- OTHER BULK CHEMICALS
ALSO AVAILABLE

*All retail customers must buy only from Parra West — Thank You.

Bozos Will Be Bozos

Editor:

Your story on the sinsemilla snitches of Oregon (HIGH TIMES, April '83) strongly underlined the dysfunctional nature of law enforcement's present attitude toward grass. For dysfunctional is probably the easiest (and kindest) way to describe individuals who would literally bankrupt their communities in pursuit of a marijuana menace which they themselves have created through the use of provocateurs, paid informants, etc. Such "public servants" ought to be tarred and feathered and run out of town on a rail. In times such as these, when money is so short, how can these bozos dare perpetrate such scams.

—Name and address withheld



Bravo 'Bama

Editor:

We have seen what they can do in California. We have seen what they can do in Mississippi. We have seen what they can do in Florida. Now look what we did in Cleburne County, Alabama!

—A Concerned Citizen
Address withheld

Parents' Responsibility

Editor:

It was comforting to read that HIGH TIMES does not take lightly the serious issue concerning parental drug use and the worries of inevitable conflicts resultant in the children (HIGH TIMES Letters, "Pot and Parenting," April '83).

I am a mother of two school-aged kids. They are aware of the fact that my husband and I really enjoy HIGH TIMES. I can attest personally to the enormous difficulties that do exist, keeping in mind today's moral/legal climate, in providing our children

with honest, sensible guidance in the area of drug use. As very concerned parents, my husband and I have a tough job in trying to merge credibly those divergent views: approval of personal drug use by the parents at home, versus the school/legal/media hype that proclaims the evil inherent in all drugs.

In our family, there exists one additional source of confusion for the kids to assimilate. My husband, a physician, will often throw around the term "drug," as is understandable, considering his profession. Therein, unfortunately, lurks a major area of inconsistency: are we speaking of drugs which are "bad" (as taught in school/by government/through media), or, does drug mean medication (i.e., "good")? Aside from answering their questions as they may arise, little more assistance can be provided in this area.

You must try to maintain respect for your child's innate intelligence, maturity and sound instincts for self-preservation. When your child perceives you as a parent who has integrity, who behaves in a manner appropriate to a situation, who may indulge in drugs moderately and in control, and who is there when needed, then you can afford the luxury of feeling confident that your child is well-armed to face whatever drug-related question and/or problem he or she may encounter.

—Name and address withheld

With a Tear and a Smile

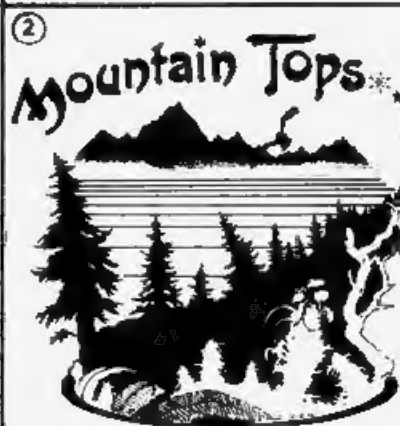
Editor:

Sitting at a friend's house, I came across one of your publications. It made me think. I was born in 1952 (which is really not that long ago). But nowadays I find myself explaining to my kid's babysitter things like, "No, Woodstock was not the name of a singing group. It was a three-day celebration of peace and music, where everyone got together—" and then her face goes blank. Reflecting on the miles I have come, I think: They were the best of times; they were the worst of times. But they were always HIGH TIMES. The name of your magazine says it all for me.

—Martin Young
St. Louis, Mo.

Thanks for the thought, grandpa—Ed.

FINE-ART T-SHIRTS BY A WESTERN MONTANA ARTIST



QUALITY T-SHIRTS IN FOUR COLORS:
Black, Maroon, Silver and Yellow
Other Designs Available.
Dealer Prices Available.

Send \$7.50 plus \$1.00 postage—check
or money order to

Mountain Tops Enterprises
Box 543
Seeley Lake, MT 59868

Color _____ Design _____
S M L EX
Quantity _____ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Color _____ Design _____
S M L EX
Quantity _____ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Allow 6-8 Weeks Delivery

IT MOVES. . .

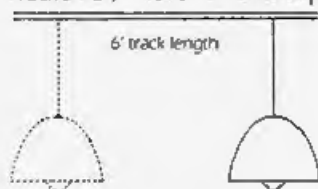
Aqua Culture, Inc.
introduces the

SOLAR SHUTTLE

Pat. Pend.

The only metal halide grow light system that tracks like the sun to maximize foliage development!

It took 9 long years of research and testing to develop the Solar Shuttle—a professional quality unit scaled for use by individuals who want to grow healthier, more luxuriant plants indoors.

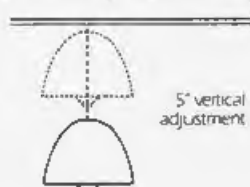


Together, the Solar Shuttle and DayStar lamp simulate the path the sun takes and promote the growth of lower leaves. The Solar Shuttle moves the lamp

quietly and efficiently back and forth above your plants on the 6-foot track in 40-minute cycles. The lamp can be hung low over young plants and raised as they grow through a total vertical adjustment of 5 feet.

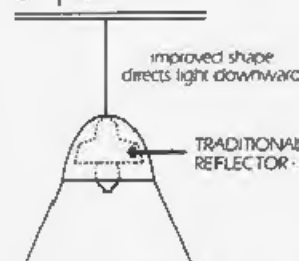
The lamp moves steadily through its cycle on a non-corrosive glide, providing light equal to that of three stationary lamps and reducing the heat so that plants can be grown closer to the lamp. Yet the 1/250 hp motor plugs into a standard 110 volt outlet and uses only a nominal amount of electricity.

Optimum area coverage is 72 square feet, and all



parts are guaranteed for a full year. The 6-foot Solar Shuttle with 5-foot hanging chain can be adapted for use with an existing remote ballast fixture.

Our DayStar lamp is a 1,000 watt metal halide bulb with a higher yellow, orange and red color spectrum and 15,000 more lumens than standard metal halide lamps.



prevent heat buildup and the lamp itself is guaranteed for 12,000 hours or six months.

The Solar Shuttle system is the only product of its kind on the market and can be purchased only from AquaCulture. The track is \$99, the lamp, reflector and ballast are \$299, and if you order both at the same time, we'll include a 24-hour multi-stage timer at no extra charge.

To order, write AquaCulture, P.O. Box 26467, Tempe, Arizona, 85282, or call 602/966-6429.

The lightweight, highly reflective spun aluminum parabolic reflector's 2-foot diameter and unusual shape provide nearly 25% more usable light than traditional reflectors. The reflector is ventilated to



- A. \$99 Solar Shuttle (6' track and 5' hanging chain)
- B. \$299 DayStar lamp (metal halide bulb, parabolic reflector, ballast and 16' cord)
- \$398 Solar Shuttle, DayStar lamp and 24-hour timer

Enclosed is a check or money order for \$ _____
Mastercard _____ Visa _____ Expiration Date _____
Card Number _____

Aqua Culture, Inc.

P.O. Box 26467
Tempe, Arizona 85282
602/966-6429

Name _____ Phone _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Freight charges will be C.O.D.



Richard Boehm

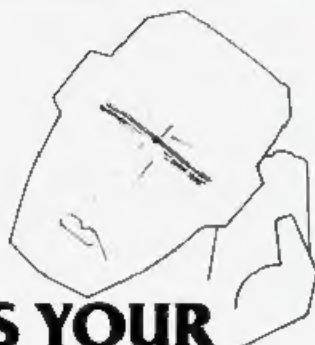
Cine-semilla

Richard Boehm spent more than a year researching and filming "Sold American," the informative half-hour documentary on the sinsemilla growers of Northern California. It's an inside view of the sinse farmer's world—following roughly the course of one growing season—but makes use of interviews with county officials, state and local narcs and non-grower residents of the area as well. It's had limited distribution so far, having been shown at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the Northeast Regional NORML conference and on the USA Cable Network program "Night Flight." For information on rental for screenings, contact Richard Boehm, 71 Barrow St., #12, New York, NY 10014.

Mug Full of Muggles

His name is Spark, and while he'll probably never make the *Guinness Book of Records*, his name will live forever in the pages of **HIGH TIMES**. Just in case you're wondering, those are one hundred jays he's got stuffed in his gab, and Spark challenges any and all comers to try and go him one jay better.





IS YOUR TELEPHONE TAPPED? ARE YOU BUGGED?

**Call to enquire about our free
TELEPHONE PRIVACY SURVEY.**

A hidden bug in your office could destroy your business. A surreptitious wiretap in your home could destroy your personal life.

Call the experts.

The Sweep Team will electronically detect any hidden bugs in your home or office (bugs have been hidden in staplers and fountain pens—and the victims never knew it). If we fail to detect an existing bug, our service is free!

Also enquire about our electronic privacy systems: pocket sized bug detectors, computerized telephone analyzers, lie detection, inconspicuous bullet proof vehicles and apparel.

Send \$25.00 for special report on how to protect yourself against bugging, wiretapping and industrial eavesdropping.

Anti-bugging Anti-wiretapping Corporation of America

633 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Enclosed is my \$25.00. Please send me your report.

Name

Address

Phone

Anti-bugging Anti-wiretapping Corporation of America

633 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212) 682-4731 TX: 238720
1010 Wisconsin Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20007 (202) 659-3432
9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Ca. 90212 (310) 274-6256
1435 Brickell Ave., Miami, Fla. 33131 (305) 358-4336
625 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611 (312) 642-2757
6161 Savoy, Houston, Tx. 77036 (713) 781-0852

Toronto
London
Paris

FLASHES

William the Typesetter Responds to Last Month's Special '60s Issue Now That He's Had a Chance to Read It

All very nostalgic, that '60s issue. But I thought there was something central—and *primal*—to those times that was nowhere given the obeisance that it deserves: the awesome, historically unprecedented explosion of psychospiritual energy that tripped off the period of revolutionary mind expansion we refer to so fondly now as "the '60s."

Like it or not, that's a cultural euphemism for what we might refer to more aptly as the Acid Age. Just as in the '40s uranium-235 proved to be the key for unlocking the door to the deeper mysteries of the physical universe, with all their potential for good or evil, the astral universe in all its majesty and terror was revealed to us in the '60s by LSD-25. Perhaps, we hoped, it was the God-given antidote—the last chance for the planet.

These days, as always, a lot of people get high because they like to get drunk. Those days, a lot of people got high to get telepathic—because they found joy in being able to emerge in the midst of somebody else's mind and check everything out until they knew it as well as their own. It involved an ego death to be able to do that, because it meant opening your mind to theirs as well. But if you got beyond the kicking and screaming part of letting your ego die, you started to get used to it, maybe even started to like it, because it was a way to attain spiritual power. Once you were into some spiritual power, the big question was how wisely you would end up using it, and that always seemed to depend on how much

/ continued on page 16



The Great Books of Cannabis

Laurence Cherniak proudly presents *Book Two of the Great Books of Cannabis*. Spanning the globe (12 countries and 4 continents), compiling one of the truly unique collections of photographs in all the world (over 500 shots in all), the *HIGH TIMES* international correspondent presents us with the fruits of 15 years' sojourn among the drug-producing peoples of the planet.

Kowabanga! Is this stuff hot! From the lofty altitudes of the Himalayas to the lazy latitudes of Jamaica, Cherniak records with a rare appreciation (and in full color) the buds he has known and loved. Here is the world of cannabis, including the people who grow, use and/or make a living from its cultivation. Handsomely designed and beautifully bound, this book will be an important addition to your home library.

To order *Book Two of the Great Books of Cannabis*, send \$19.95 plus \$2 for postage and handling (California residents, add 6½% sales tax) to: Cherniak/Damele Publishing Co., P.O. Box 19077, Oakland, CA 94619. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. Certified check or money order will guarantee immediate shipment.



ENJOY HIGH TIMES EVERY MONTH IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR FALLOUT SHELTER



140

**DON'T BE UNPREPARED IN THE EVENT OF AN ATTACK
MAKE HIGH TIMES AN INTEGRAL PART OF YOUR SURVIVAL STOCKPILE**

INSTRUCTIONS

IN THE EVENT OF A LIMITED TACTICAL NUCLEAR WAR

1. Abandon your apartment and proceed directly to your nearest shelter
2. Tune your transistor radio to your local CONELRAD frequency
3. Open a package of freeze-dried beef stew; add water
4. Fill out the coupon below and **SAVE BIG BUCKS**
5. Wear a lead-lined poncho when picking up your **HIGH TIMES** issue each month

I'm a survivalist. Neither snow nor rain nor deadly gamma radiation fallout can stop me from enjoying **HIGH TIMES** delivered to my home each month. Sign me up for

- ☐ 1 YEAR (12 issues) AT \$24.50
A SAVINGS OF OVER \$10
- ☐ 2 YEARS (24 issues) AT \$44.50
A SAVINGS OF \$26

I ENCLOSE A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAIL WITH CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO HIGH TIMES
SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., PO BOX 965, FARMINGDALE, N.Y.
11735

783

HIGH TIMES

INDOOR LIGHTS • HYDROPONICS

INDOOR SUN™ 1000 WATT METAL HALIDE GROW LIGHT

M 1000 bulb with 18" white enamel reflector (90% reflectivity), and ventilated ballast box. Completely assembled.
\$152.50



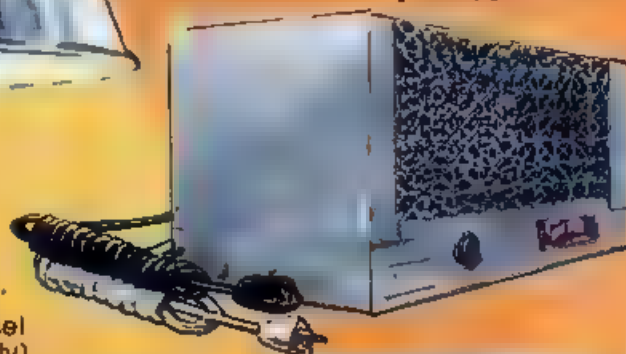
INDOOR SUN™ DELUXE 1000 WATT METAL HALIDE GROW LIGHT
M 1000 bulb. Adjustable 20" white enamel reflector (90% reflectivity), ventilated ballast box as pictured below with on/off circuit breaker and red indicator light.
\$184.50

ECONOMY 1000 WATT METAL HALIDE GROW LIGHT

Completely wired ballast assembled on sturdy aluminum frame. 2 x 3 ft polished aluminum reflector (70% reflectivity) and socket set with M 1000 bulb.
\$129.50

1000 WATT HIGH PRESSURE SODIUM GROW LIGHT

Great for flowering. 20" adjustable white enamel reflector (90% reflectivity). Completely assembled.
\$284.50
Economy version **\$254.50**



ECONOMY 400 WATT METAL HALIDE GROW LIGHT

Same as above but with 14" white enamel reflector and M 400 bulb.
\$99.50

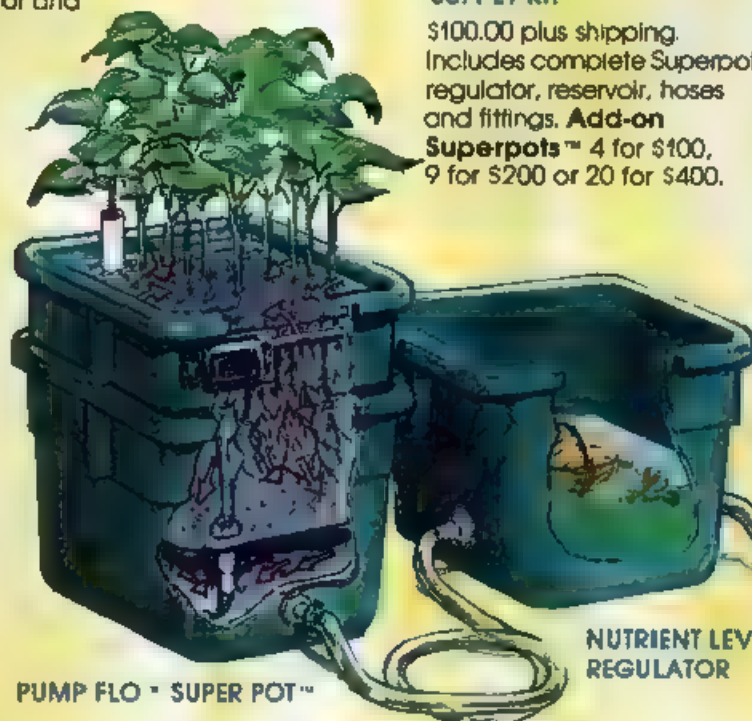
SUPERPOT™ NUTRIENT SUPPLY KIT

\$100.00 plus shipping. Includes complete Superpot™ regulator, reservoir, hoses and fittings. Add-on Superpots™ 4 for \$100, 9 for \$200 or 20 for \$400.

INDIVIDUAL SUPERPOTS™

Single units, self-contained nutrient reservoir. Includes:
Two 7 gal. pots
Pump-Flo™ system
Growing medium
Nutrient level indicator
16 oz. of nutrient,
only **\$29.95**

2 for \$54.95
4 for \$100.00
9 for \$200.00



30 GALLON RESERVOIR

NUTRIENT LEVEL REGULATOR

ONE YEAR PARTS & LABOR GUARANTEE
30 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
MOST ORDERS SHIPPED IN 24 HOURS

We are your complete growing system company. We have it all: lights, hydroponics, nutrients, books, timers, pumps, tanks, etc. As manufacturers of our own growing systems, we can save you money by selling directly to you. Our motto is "A Fair Price For A Proven Product." Call for free catalogue.

ENERGY SAVERS UNLIMITED, INC.

22138 SOUTH VERMONT AVE. #C, TORRANCE, CA 90502

IN CALIFORNIA CALL COLLECT

(213) 775-1094

C.O.D. ORDERS WELCOME



TOLL FREE OUTSIDE CALIFORNIA

(800) 421-2994

HIGH PRESSURE SODIUM SALE

**Indoor Sun™
1000 watt
Deluxe
High
Pressure
Sodium
Growlight**

Completely
assembled
\$264.50
plus
shipping



(140,000
lumens-
24,000 hrs.)

- Deluxe 20" adjustable white enamel reflector with 15 ft. lamp cord (socket 5KV Pulse Rated)
- Deluxe ballast in rugged weatherproof electrical enclosure with 8 ft. power cord
- Produces light concentrated in red-orange spectrum

**400 Watt
Deluxe
High Pressure
Sodium
Growlight**

Completely
assembled
\$187.50
plus
shipping



(50,000
lumens-
24,000 hrs.)

- 14" white enamel reflector with 15 ft. lamp cord
- Deluxe ballast in sturdy weatherproof gray electrical box with 8 ft. power cord
- Energy efficient—greater lumen output

ENERGY SAVERS UNLIMITED

Telephone Order Today

FLASHES



Michael Kenitz

**Eddie Elson
1941-1983**

HIGH TIMES readers may remember our profile (December 1981) of Edward Ben Elson, the wild-man drug lawyer from McFarland, Wisconsin, who waged a constant guerrilla war against dull-mindedness, hypocrisy and the needless restriction of individual liberty. On February 8, Eddie took his own life at his McFarland home. Those of us at HIGH TIMES who knew him join his family in mourning his passing. He was a bad-ass warrior in the service of the human imagination.

Eddie used to say that our universe was enclosed in a dark membrane, shaped like a banana and floating in a vast sea of pure light, that the stars in the night sky were mere pinholes in that membrane. Eddie had a boat, formed in the shape of a banana. He said that, because of the boat's shape, he could set himself adrift in it, on Lake Waubesa, and move in perfect union with the "pitch and yaw of the universe." So now he's set sail, like a pharaoh, toward clear, shining infinity. Fair winds, mate.



Peter Hudson

Informing Your Way through High School

Lewisville, Texas—High-school students are getting \$100 each time they give officials information leading to the conviction of a student using or selling drugs. Since the program began in September at the 2,200-student school in this North Dallas suburb, 17 students have been reported to the police. "You'd be astonished at how well the students are cooperating," Assistant Principal Malcolm Dennis said. "Some have even turned in their best friends."

—from U.S.A. Today

What about a bonus for blood relatives?—Ed.

THE BLUES & RHYTHM JUBILEE
"Whiskey, Women, and..."
SPECIAL ISSUE!
 NOW INCLUDING
RHYTHM & NEWS
 MAGAZINE
 NUMBER 10
 \$2.50

SMILEY LEWIS ★ the SHADOWS ★ RAY AGEE ★ the L

R & B SONG HITS
 OF THE PAST

STOMP
 IN THE

ROCKIN' RECORDS

by BILL DANIELS

The ROCKIN' RECORDS...
 by BILL DANIELS

For TRULY GREAT MUSIC
FORTUNE
 Big Macco MERRYWEATHER
 LEAVING BLUES
 137 A

"For a Healthy High"



"Sold in better Health Food Stores, and Accessories Boutiques Everywhere"

ORDER FORM: VITAMINS & POWDERED FOOD SUPPLEMENTS

<input type="checkbox"/> Vitamin A&D	@ \$4.00 =	<input type="checkbox"/> Inositol Crystals 1 oz	@ \$ 9.00 =
<input type="checkbox"/> Vitamin B	@ \$4.00 =	<input type="checkbox"/> Inositol Crystals 8 oz	@ \$35.00 =
<input type="checkbox"/> Vitamin C	@ \$4.00 =	<input type="checkbox"/> Inositol Crystals 16 oz	@ \$70.00 =
<input type="checkbox"/> Vitamin E	@ \$4.00 =	<input type="checkbox"/> Mannitol Powder 1 oz	@ \$ 9.00 =
<input type="checkbox"/> Multi-Vitamin	@ \$4.00 =	<input type="checkbox"/> Mannitol Powder 8 oz	@ \$30.00 =
<input type="checkbox"/> Lactose Powder 2 oz	@ \$10.00 =	<input type="checkbox"/> Mannitol Powder 16 oz	@ \$50.00 =
<input type="checkbox"/> Lactose Powder 16 oz	@ \$50.00 =	<input type="checkbox"/> Crystal Mannitol 1 oz	@ \$ 9.00 =
<input type="checkbox"/> Bee Pollen	@ \$ 4.00 =	<input type="checkbox"/> Crystal Mannitol 8 oz	@ \$35.00 =
<input type="checkbox"/> PABA	@ \$ 3.00 =	<input type="checkbox"/> Crystal Mannitol 16 oz	@ \$70.00 =
<input type="checkbox"/> B Crystals	@ \$ 5.00 =		

PARRA DISTRIBUTORS

P.O. BOX 1595-HT
 NEWPORT BEACH, CA 92663
 CALL (714) 675-7413
 For VISA/MC Orders



"All orders shipped promptly the day we receive your certified check or money order via UPS - 2nd day air service"

SEND CERTIFIED CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ONLY

Offer void where prohibited by law • No sales to minors

Subtotal _____
 Shipping _____
 Total _____



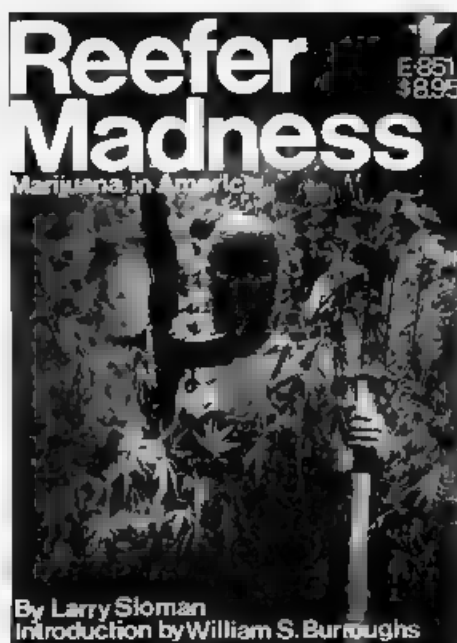
It'll Always Be Blues

The sweetest little music mag we've seen comes out of Haverhill, Mass., and goes under the name *Whiskey, Women, and...* Editor Daniel Kochakian and his crack staff of blues journalists set out on pilgrimages to locate obscure blues singers and old rhythm groups, then proceed to unfold their stories and careers. He even tracks down owners of defunct ballrooms to get at their private tapes (the mag has begun its own reissue record label). The result provides an insight into the massive and diverse history of black American blues, now enjoyed, studied and collected almost exclusively by white American Jews.

Sifting through recent copies, one encounters names like Doc Sausage, Little Mr. Midnight, Blue Smitty, Big Maceo Merriweather, Baby Face Leroy Foster—all of them stars of race record charts. Entire discographies of blues record companies appear, like Regal, Diving Duck, Spivey Records, Sittin in, Rockin', Queen. Reprints of ads from these companies appear, from God knows what papers, along with pictures of the actual record labels, a trademark of *Whiskey, Women, and...* And what makes all this especially mouth-watering to us hardened editors at HIGH TIMES, is the solid editing and impeccable printing of this quarterly journal. They also land interviews with official heavyweights of the blues, like Lightnin' Hopkins, who they reached by phone before his death last year at age 70. "Six strings will be the backbone to hold the world up," said Lightnin'. "It'll always be blues."

A four-issue subscription to this unpretentious gem is available for \$10 from *Whiskey, Women, and...*, Daniel P. Kochakian, 39 Pine Ave., Haverhill, MA 01830.

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Dope



Now a \$30 billion industry with 200,000 U.S. growers—here the world of pot comes vibrantly alive in a new paperback edition of Larry Sloman's famous book, revised and updated with a new introduction by William S. Burroughs. Dope's history, how it came to be the biggest underground industry in America since bootleg, the potheads who made it popular and the people who sought to drive it underground—it's all here in the ultimate dope book ever written.

Reefer Madness
Marijuana in America
 by Larry Sloman
 Preface by William S. Burroughs
 \$8.95, paperback, now at
 your bookstore, or use this
 coupon to order

GROVE PRESS, Attn: ES
 195 West Houston St., N.Y., N.Y. 10014

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of
Reefer Madness. I enclose my check
 or money order for \$8.95 per copy
 plus \$1.50 postage and handling
 charges.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax

1983 CATALOG SPECIALS

1 in. Battery Operated Water Valve



PROGRAM TO TURN ON ONCE EVERY DAY EVERYDAY OR ONCE EVERY 2 4 or 8 DAYS

Batteries included. lasts 1 year. 2 models: drip or regular hose bib connections.

Watering Duration
#R948 2 to 50 min. \$49.95 ppd
#R948X 20 to 500 min. \$99.95 ppd

Collapsible Water Tanks



HAUL AND STORE WATER QUICKLY...EASILY ANYWHERE

7 sizes 275 to 1540 gallons
FDA approved for drinking
Will not tear burst or rot
275 gallon. \$295.05 ppd
800 gallon. \$363.15 ppd

12 Volt D.C. Water Pump



THIS 500 G.P.M. PUMP WORKS FOR YOU ANYWHERE THERE'S A 12 VOLT BATTERY

LIFTS WATER 20 FEET
PUMPS WATER 35 FEET HIGH
JBS5. \$69.95 ppd
Includes 12 ft. hose clamps switch & strainer

DOMESTIC

GROWERS SUPPLY

Since 1976

48 Page Catalog Includes:.....Drip - Mist - Greenhouse - Hydroponic Supplies.....

Lightweight High Pressure Water Pumps.....2-6-12 and 15 Gallon Poly Grow-bags

(collapsible growing containers).....Bat Guano.....Seaweed Powder.....In Line Fertilizer

Proportioners.....CO₂ Generators & Meter.....Rodent Protection.....Electric Soil Sterilizers

SEE WHY SO MANY HAVE PUT THEIR TRUST IN DOMESTIC

1983 CATALOG \$1.00 (\$2.00 Air Mail)

Send To: DGS, Box 809-83, Cave Junction, OR 97523

All products shipped
UPS.....Parcel Post.....Bus

Visa & Mastercard
Phone: (503) 592-3615

FLASHES

William Responds

/ continued from page 10

moral structure or strength of character you were left with from your childhood.

Most people didn't use those powers too wisely, and became various levels of magicians, black and white. And for a while Haight Street abounded with ripoff wizards, witches and warlocks. At the same time, people tripping in their old Victorian flats or made-over buses and vans were finding God in each other's eyes, and experiencing the kinds of apocalyptic visitations formerly thought confined to the ancient scriptures. And their lives were permanently and radically changed.

How could it be otherwise, once they had literally seen the Light? Once they had just once—sat in a circle of friends or lovers and felt what could only be described as a Holy Spirit run through them and seen it manifested in psychedelic-paisley tongues of flame that set their hearts on fire. Who in his right mind, once having experienced something like that, could go back to the gas pump or the check-out counter and wait patiently for Friday's paycheck?

Innumerable forms of intentional communities, mystical group marriages, agglomerations of communion evolved explosively from those events. Very few survived for long. The element that catalyzed their being was highly volatile. The original Fire, for now, is only embers—but still alive.

If these guys will give me the space, I'll tell you about it later in more detail.

Ed. Note—Tripped-out telepathy and "psychedelic-paisley tongues of flame" to the contrary, when William wrote the above he wasn't aware that the HIGH TIMES editorial department was already hard at work putting together the "Great Acid Issue." Look for it, coming soon.

Due to the overactive imagination of a certain dipsomaniacal editor, the erroneous impression was created in "At Home with the Jaffras: HIGH TIMES Visits Lebanon's First Family of Hashish" (HIGH TIMES, May '83) that the Jaffra Family celebrated the assassination of Bashir Gemayel. We sincerely regret this distortion.

FREE

Introductory Offer!

100 Free with order of 1000

FRESHLY PACKED-HIGHEST QUALITY

STIMULANTS

and

DIET AIDS

\$6-8 per 100

\$35-40 per 1000



WRITE OR CALL FOR FREE BROCHURE:

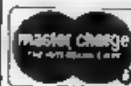
Health Industries, Inc.
534 Elmont Rd., Elmont, NY 11003
516-488-2282

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE () _____



WANT MONSTER PLANTS?

GO HYDRO-MAX™

At \$137.50, the 8 1-cube foot growing chambers deliver more grow power per dollar than anything on Earth. Until now you've been paying a lot—for a lot less. But rejoice, HYDRO-MAX™ 8+ sq. ft. of growing surface and deep 12" growing chambers mean incredible results. Like tomato-laden monster plants in 7 weeks! (Seedlings shown at 1 week). Our \$57.50 HYDRO-MAX™ Quad Garden has 4 chambers for smaller spaces.

Your plants are fed by an industrial submersible pump. Each chamber uses gravel or lava rock for the growing medium (you supply... cost about \$1. per chamber). A 6 months' supply of the world's only secret nutrient secures your easy success. Secret nutrient available separately at \$5 for 3 lbs. ■ The HYDRO-MAX™ costs about what the parts alone would run you... but it's worth more. ■ Why didn't anybody else do this? Don't worry—they will. ■ Before you buy that \$300-\$600 hydro system, remember the HYDRO-MAX™. Even at \$137.50, it's second to none.

SHOPPING HALIDES?

The SUPERNova™ (\$289.50) is the ultimate: we use low-noise, premium M-47 metal halide ballast. The massive chassis has heavy-duty handles, toggle switch, deluxe fuse-holder, pilot lite. Don't confuse the SUPERNova™ chassis with imitations. You don't get a little more... you get a lot more. Like built-in cooling fan with custom bracket. Components aren't just slapped in. They bolt to precision-threaded inserts. First class. For less! ■ The 26-foot heavy-duty 600 volt 3-conductor jacketed lamp cord is nearly indestructible and long. ■ The cast aluminum fixture, 20 amp ceramic socket and cast hook are fully grounded... professional. ■ Our compact low-mass reflector focuses heat concentration for faster growth. You really can't hot better performance. ■ Our Sylvania MS1000C 125,000 lumen, coated bulb was developed by Sylvania for THE LIGHT MACHINE. Other halides may be great for street lights. Ours is great for plants.

What about the LIT NAVA™? From \$187.50, same quality ballast, fixture, choice of lamps, power and lamp cords. Fully assembled in beautiful orange cabinet, but no separate chassis, fan, switch, fuse or handles. Growing performance is identical. The LIT NAVA™ is really the best deal in a bargain halide. Same full warranty. Why pay more and get less? And why pay a little less and not get enough? ■

Tired of the halide-hydra "Ball Wars"? We are too! But we are the oldest existing and largest horticultural halide company in the world. We started this "lowest price for best equipment" deal because we like you. Before our SUPERNova™, you had to pay at least \$300 for a less expensively built unit! That wasn't fair, was it? So please, do yourself a service... think before you buy. You'll save big, get better equipment, fewer hassles and better results from the original value leaders.

THE LIGHT MACHINE

1477 Commerce Ave. • San Diego, CA 92121
Phone 614-1886 / In CA 619-271-1886 or 619-271-1887

Our 30-day money-back guarantee (shipping accepted) and new 1-year FULL warranty (new halides shipping) applies to everything we sell and could save you big bucks. ■ For limited time, we are offering a FREE pH-Light-Measure with any unit! Please call for details. ■ All prices plus shipping, but we design packing to save your dollar. Call for FREE Shipping FULL FREE.

SEE AD BACK COVER

THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS IMAGES

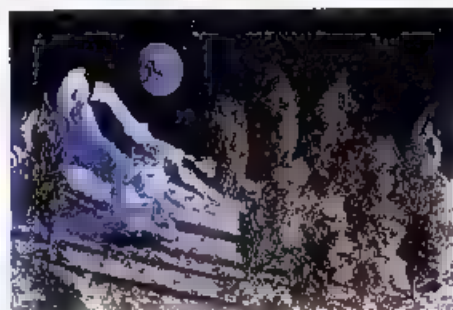
YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL LOVE THESE SELECT NOTE CARDS.



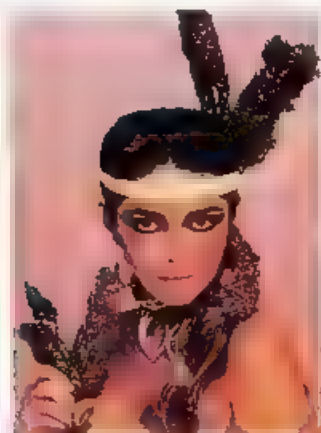
3. FUCK YOU.



8. CREAM OF ROCK.



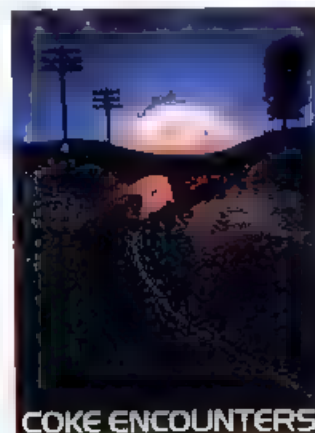
9. LUNAPONICS.



1. INCA PRINCESS.



6. MARY JANE JEANS.



5. COKE ENCOUNTERS.



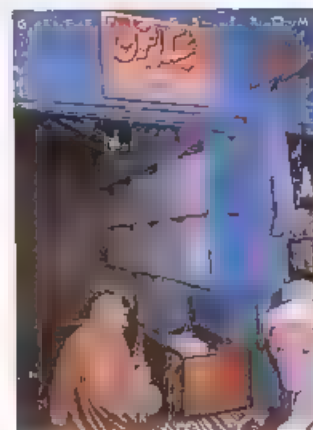
10. DROP ME A LINE.



2. CIRCLE FIRE



7. FROM TRASH TO HASH.



4. GOV'T OPIUM SHOP.

HIGHEST QUALITY
NOTE CARDS FOR THE
RIGHT CONNECTION —
YOUR FRIENDS WILL
LOVE THESE
OUTRAGEOUS IMAGES
FROM NEW YORK'S
TOP GRAPHIC HOUSES.

NOTE CARDS — \$1.00 EACH.
ONE DOZEN CARDS — \$10.00.
10 CARD ASSORTMENT — \$9.00.
DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

SEND CASH OR MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:
DESIGN DISTRIBUTION INTERNATIONAL,
P.O. BOX 759, MADISON SQUARE STATION,
NEW YORK, NY 10159

CARD#

QUANTITY

10 PAC

TOTAL

☐ SEND \$1 FOR CATALOGUE

ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS DELIVERY ON SHIPPING.
PERSONAL CHECKS WILL DELAY ORDER 1-2
WEEKS. ADD 10% SHIPPING AND HANDLING.
NEW YORK STATE RESIDENTS ADD
APPLICABLE SALES TAX

SCANDALS,
BUSTS, AND
DEEDS OF
DERRING-DO

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

LATEST
DOPE
PRICES

JULY '83

NO. 93

BUMPER POT CROP EMBARRASSES DEA

U.S. OUTPUT VASTLY EXCEEDS AGENCY ESTIMATES



It took almost an entire day for authorities to incinerate 25,000 pounds of marijuana at this landfill site in Pierre, South Dakota. No downwind casualties were reported.

by Charles Winston-Levy

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"EXTREMELY SUCCESSFUL." THAT WAS THE Drug Enforcement Administration's appraisal of its "Domestic Marijuana Eradication/Suppression Program" for 1982. They might as accurately have called it "wildly, unbelievably successful!" After all, by the time they finished totting up the figures from around the country, they found that law enforcement had *wiped out* a good deal more homegrown pot than they had ever admitted to be *in existence*. Small wonder, then, that DEA tried to keep the release of their report on this "success" as quiet as possible, since it reveals so starkly that—until recently, at least—they have been operating in pitiful ignorance of the domestic pot boom.

The document that contains these revelations is the Final Report of the DEA's Cannabis Investigations Section on the battle against grassroots American potgrowers in 1982. Though it is, for all intents and purposes, a public document, it seems to have been released rather reluctantly by the folks at Drug Enforcement. No press releases heralded its completion, and copies were not delivered with all due haste to concerned congressional offices. Instead, persons unknown "leaked" the report to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) and other interested parties; and, according to sources on "the hill," DEA officials reacted with noticeable surprise when they learned

/ continued on page 25

NARC HOTLINE

T A C O M A, W A S H I N G T O N

THE DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION HAS ESTABLISHED a toll-free drug hotline for residents of the Pacific Northwest, "for people to call in case of anything suspicious, like large cash purchases of boats, can be reported." *Anything* suspicious. Are you suspicious that your next-door neighbor is beaming secret Defense Department information to the Russians out of the CB radio in his panel truck? Don't you suppose your local police chief might be on the take from drug gangsters? The toll-free number is 1-800-542-8661. Remember, the narcotics officer is your friend. **WT**

YOUTH SNITCHES ON PARENTS

AND THEY PRAISE HIM FOR IT!?

SPRING HILL, FLORIDA

IT HAPPENED HERE IN Spring Hill, but it could have happened anywhere in the United States where law enforcement is in charge of drug education.

The whole thing started when Sgt. Ed McConnell of the Hernando County Sheriff's Department delivered a "drug prevention" talk at Hernando Junior High School. In the course of his speech, McConnell advised anyone in his audience who knew anyone using marijuana to "do them a favor and call the sheriff, so they can get some help

before their drug problem goes too far."

A 12-year-old boy, raised to respect uniformed officers, took the message to heart. A few days later, while his parents were out of the house, this well-meaning youth discovered two neat joints, wrapped in plastic, while seeking out some Scotch tape in his parents' dresser drawer. Frightened, he called the Sheriff's Department dispatcher and reported that his "mom had some marijuana," according to John Wolf, a spokesman for the sheriff's office.

Sheriff's deputies interviewed the parents, who ex-

plained, more or less as follows: Some friends had given them the pot, and God knows they didn't want to offend their friends, so they kept it. Certainly they didn't ever plan to smoke the stuff. That sounded reasonable to the deputies, and they declined to press charges.

Later, speaking to the local media, Wolf said of the parents (whom he refused to identify), "They're good people. They were glad their son had called us. They told him he had done the right thing." If you believe that, you'll believe no Florida cops are on the take. **MT**

WHO

LEFT AN OCEAN-GOING TUG packed with 10,000 pounds of pot tied up to a pier in East Boston, and where did they go? That's what the Drug Enforcement Administration wants to know. A snitch, apparently working as an insider on this attempted smuggling operation, notified the DEA of the 108-foot tug's presence in Boston Harbor in late April, but by the time the narcs had secured a search warrant, the cast and crew had flown the coop. The DEA did not release the name of the boat, but noted that its home port was Savannah, Georgia—or so said the paint on the hull. **MT**

CUSTOMS UNCOVERS SNAKES ON DOPE



THEY CAME OUT OF AFRICA!



NEW YORK CITY

SOMEONE IN THE TINY African republic of Togo is shipping venomous serpents and dangerous drugs to the United States, according to Customs inspectors at Kennedy International Airport. Customs snoops last spring happened to check out a huge 217-pound crate which had arrived on a Swissair cargo flight from Togo, and found inside it no fewer than 89 poisonous African vipers and pythons—all of them writhing over 17 pounds of Togolese marijuana. However, the weed had been packed into a false bottom underneath the cage ofadders, so there was no danger of consumers possibly smoking African snake venom.

Seventeen pounds does exceed the rumored current minimum-bust limit at Kennedy Customs (said to be five kilos, or 11 pounds), so the inspectors staked out this pit

of snakes at a comfortable distance and waited for someone to come and claim it. The claimants turned out to be two Long Island men in their early 30s, who were busted for possession as soon as they laid hands on the merchandise.

While West African pot has been enjoying a vogue on the European continent the last few years, this Kennedy Customs "viper weed" is one of only a few instances of African producers working the North American market. Interestingly, one of the busted claimants, who runs a snake shop out of his Long Island home, had been bitten on the thumb by a nine-foot king cobra last fall while accepting a shipment at Kennedy. He was Medevaced to Jacobi Hospital in the Bronx—the only city hospital with snakebite facilities—and administered counteracting snake venom from the Bronx Zoo. He recovered quickly. **MT**

Mark Fells

U.S. WELCHES ON HUGE DOPE DEAL

WEST POINT, NEW YORK

A PROPOSED DEAL INVOLVING 10,000 pounds of Turkish morphine has been thwarted by the federal government—which succeeded in quashing this particular dope shipment simply by backing out of it.

Since World War II, the U.S. government has been under legal obligation to keep on hand at all times a three-year supply of morphine, and numerous other critical commodities that might be required in the event of a national catastrophe. Four years ago, it was discovered that a good deal of one of these emergency commodities—powdered Turkish opium—had been ripped out of the secret regional stash site near West Point. Erstwhile West Point congressman Benjamin Gilman (unseated in 1982) called loudly for an auditing of the General Services Administration (GSA), which is in charge of the stockpile program; and when it turned out that somehow the GSA had only 20,000 pounds of morphine on hand, to serve a nation of 220,000,000 (or their survivors, at least, after a nuke contest), the feds resolved to beef up their supply of this very important narcotic-analgesic. They contracted with the government of Turkey to buy up 10,000 more pounds of the stuff, toward an ideal permanent U.S. stockpile of 100,000 pounds.

Ten thousand pounds of morphine represents the production of well over 100,000 pounds of raw opium. Therefore, the Turks were very happy with the contract, and expanded Anatolian poppy production considerably, to hold up their end of the bargain. The GSA, however, unilaterally dropped its end of the bargain early last spring, just as all those opium poppies were beginning to poke up all over Anatolia. Word came down from the very top

of the Reagan administration—from National Security Council jefe William Clark himself—that the United States was not interested, after all, in buying all that dope.

This prompted something like a power battle, since both the State Department and the Drug Enforcement Administration were very much in favor of the morphine buy. The State Department was worried about straining relations with Turkey's temperamental junta, who would surely be incensed at losing the morphine contract. And the DEA was very concerned about these 100,000-plus pounds of extra opium that the Turkish growers would be stuck with, by the end of April, since they'd be almost certain to unload it onto the illicit market. It would only make for 1,000 pounds of pure heroin, but that would still be a very significant addition to the Mafia's inventory.

Nevertheless, the NSC's decision prevailed, and the deal was off. While William Clark offered no reason for the decision himself (the nation's top spook is not obliged to do this), the Federal Emergency Management Agency came up with several unlikely excuses. The best



A Turkish peasant demonstrates the technique for collecting the gum from an opium poppy. If the United States does not buy his opium, it will almost certainly reach the illicit market.

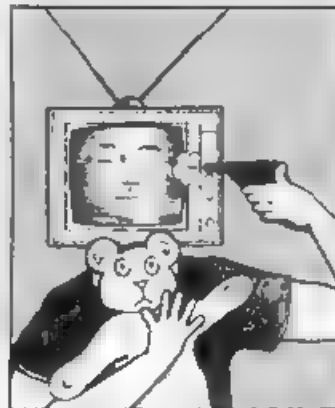
one, from a top agency official who requested anonymity, was that people might believe the United States was stashing away morphine in preparation for pushing the nuclear button. "A lot of people out there think we're preparing to fight a nuclear war," he told the press. "But we are not." Anyhow, agency sources observed, even if the GSA did have 100,000 pounds of morphine sulfate on hand when the mushrooms started erupting,

there are no realistic plans for getting it to the "survivors" after the nuking stops.

Other insiders suggest that morphine, and painkillers in general, are simply getting short shrift in the feds' survivalist schemes. The GSA's stockpilers are said to be more interested in accumulating things like cobalt, which is used in making jet engines, and other important elements of nuclear-warhead delivery systems. **WT**

TEEN TV ADDICT TAKES OWN LIFE

BRENTWOOD, CALIFORNIA



THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Genaro Garcia took his own life here, in late January, unable to cope with the pain of withdrawal from TV addiction. The boy, a student at Edna Hill Intermediate School, had taken to claiming illness and remaining in his room, day in and day out, staring at the tube. Finally, his father removed the televi-

sion set from the room, promising to return it when Genaro gave up his hypochondria and returned to school.

Despondent, the boy searched out his father's stored .38-caliber revolver and cartridges, took them to his room and loaded the gun. He then wrote the following suicide note: "In my heart I will take my TV with me. I love you." That done, he raised the gun to his head and pulled the trigger. **WT**

'COKE QUEEN' BUSTED IN COLOMBIA

by Julio Restrepo

SANTANDER, COLOMBIA

"**S**HE IS CUNNING, EVIL and—without doubt—brave. *Que mujer!*" So exulted a Colombian narc for the press, after the daring midnight raid that pulled Veronica Rivera de Vargas out of her opulent bed and chucked her in the top-security Buen prison up near Bogotá. The cops could not say with a straight face that Senora Rivera, 40, was the most beautiful "Queen of Cocaine" ever to earn the title on a police blotter, but they embellished the incident with a surfeit of romantic detail.

Veronica Rivera, they said, actually was sleeping with her head on a plastic pillow of pure cocaine when the cops broke into her boyfriend's gorgeous hacienda, far out in the Andean foothills. The location of her boyfriend at the time was undisclosed, but the cops revealed with posi-

tive relish that his rightful wife had been sleeping in a single bedroom, to which she had removed herself when this Other Woman, this Queen of Cocaine, entered her hubby's love life.

Besides Veronica, the cops pulled 132 kilograms of kitchen-fresh toast out of this place, and helicoptered them all up

dearly like to see Veronica Rivera de Vargas's name on a tombstone.

Veronica's career in the Colombian dope trade began early on, when she married into one of the main marijuana-exporting families of the Atlantic Coast, up in Santa Marta Department. She had a good head for busi-

ness, it seems, and eventually became a top policy-maker for her in-laws' hereditary mafia. It was Veronica, everyone says, who shrewdly forecast, at the peak of the maramba boom in the mid '70s, that hard times lay ahead for Colombian marijuana exporters. The U.S.

market was being glutted with Colombian fume, prices were dropping and, worst of all, the *Norteamericanos* were beginning to cultivate superior weed from the Rockies to the Smokies. So it was Veronica's shrewd decision to pretty much abandon the business of raising weed in Santa Marta. Instead, the family began growing coca on their extensive landing holds in Santander Department, further inland. In addition, she began organizing peasant coca growers, compelling them to send their leaf strictly to her refineries for extraction into cocaine.

Her power was not gained bloodlessly, of course. In 1977 Veronica had to have the daughter of another Santa Marta drug baron kidnapped, and held in a very unpleasant place until her dad coughed up some enormous, long-past-due dope debt. Once he had his *muchachita* safe at home, of course, this drug baron had Veronica's husband and all his bodyguards blown away in a Bogotá nightclub, so Veronica greased the guy's mother on her own doorstep, and before it was all over, some 20 people had been wasted. After that, Veronica took up more or less permanent residence in the wilds around Santander.

But now she's in jail, the same prison that is host to a whole lot of rival dope dealers whom Veronica helped put there—and a lot of members of her own gangs who got busted in years gone by, and whom she neglected to decently bribe out. Though she successfully got herself out of the hard times that have hit the Colombian fume industry, by switching to coke in advance, times are very tough indeed nowadays for Veronica Rivera. **MT**

They said she was sleeping on a pillow of pure cocaine.

to Bogotá, where the coke went into the custody of the federal narc bureau, and Veronica went into the Buen slam. Immediately, her lawyers began to clamor to have her transferred to some less perilous location; for the Buen prison is chock-full of other dope dealers who would

ness, it seems, and eventually became a top policy-maker for her in-laws' hereditary mafia. It was Veronica, everyone says, who shrewdly forecast, at the peak of the maramba boom in the mid '70s, that hard times lay ahead for Colombian marijuana exporters. The U.S.

HIGH COURT BACKS BEEPER USE

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"**W**E HAVE NEVER equated police efficiency with unconstitutionality," Justice William Rehnquist of the Supreme Court promptly wrote, "and we will not do so now."

So now a person named Knotts goes to jail, along with a lot of other people who've been tracked down by the police with the aid of electronic transponder beepers. In the case of *U.S. v. Knotts*, some Minnesota narcs planted a beeper in a drum of chloroform (with the chloroform maker's permission), and followed the vehicle onto which the drum was loaded, tracking the beep electronically. They lost the signal once the van plunged deep into the woods, up a series of dirt

tracks; but by scouting the area with a helicopter, they picked up the signal again and traced it to an isolated cabin. The place turned out to be stocked with plenty of lab gear, glassware and precursor chemicals for making methamphetamine. So Knotts was busted for crystal crank.

"Nothing in the Fourth Amendment," the search-and-seizure amendment—"prohibited the police from augmenting the sensory facilities bestowed on them at birth with such enhancement as science and technology have afforded them in this case," Rehnquist wrote for the Court. And he added, "A person traveling in an automobile on public thoroughfares has no reasonable expectation of privacy in his movements from one place to

another."

The U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit thus sustained a rebuke to their opinion, which had been that the narcs should have gotten a search warrant before planting the beeper and tracking it. But Rehnquist decreed that this beeper trace was "neither a search nor a seizure" after the meaning of the Constitution; merely a high-tech form of surveillance.

Though the decision to convict Knotts was unanimous, four of the justices refused to put their names to Rehnquist's written opinion, which was rather broad and sweeping. The Knotts case was just one individual case, Associate Justice Harry Blackmun noted in a separate opinion, not a pattern for all beeper cases. **MT**

STARCH-BLOCKER MYTH DEBUNKED

MADISON, WISCONSIN

STARCH BLOCKERS DON'T block starch in the least, researchers for the University of Wisconsin's Center for Health Sciences have determined. It's a good thing they don't block starch, too, because if they *did* work as billed, the result would be a lot of odious flatulence and diarrhea among people who use them to try to lose weight.

Commercial starch blockers, glycoprotein compounds derived from kidney beans and sold as weight-reducing tablets, were selling to the tune of 10-million tabs per week when the Food and Drug Administration banned them last spring. The FDA did so because, they said, the idea of "starch blocking" was most likely a total fraud; and if the pills *did* do the job, they could seriously disrupt users' digestions. The federal ban was deeply resented by overweight people and there are rumors of a developing illicit trade in black-market starch blockers. The U.W. report, by Drs. Gerald Carlson and Ulysses Li in *Science* magazine, ought to put a crimp in the demand, however.

The starch-blocker myth is a classic example of how drug reactions that occur in test tubes don't necessarily occur in the human body. In vitro lab tests consistently show that kidney-bean glycoproteins reduce the breakdown of starch particles by inhibiting the action of the starch-eating pancreatic hormone alpha-amylase. If starch can be blocked from breaking down in the digestive tract, the theory went, then the starch oughtn't to be absorbed into the blood, but pass straight through the body. The result, if it worked, would be a diminished accumulation of starch in the body; and thus fat people would lose weight, even while enjoying their usual high-

starch meals and snacks.

To see if this worked in human beings as well as it does in a test tube, Carlson and Li used six healthy male volunteers of ordinary body size. Each was simply fed a skinless baked potato and a large glass of Libby's tomato juice—41 grams of starch, precisely—first thing in the morning, after a supervised 10-hour fast, on two separate mornings. Into each meal was mixed either the strongest available commercial starch blocker, or an inert placebo. Each subject received the placebo for one meal and the starch blocker for the other,

and thus served as his own control.

Blood and breath measurements were then taken, to determine if the glycoprotein had actually inhibited the uptake of starch into the body. If it had done so, blood levels of glucose and insulin would be lower than normal after a high-starch meal, and if unabsorbed starch had accumulated in the lower colon for elimination, breath levels of hydrogen would increase significantly over the next six hours, as the starch fermented.

None of these factors—glucose, insulin or hydrogen—were altered in the slightest,

however, despite the fact that the subjects had been fed *twice* the recommended dose of glycoprotein starch blocker.

The failure of glycoproteins to block starch breakdown in the belly, even though they do so in test tubes, may have to do with the presence of gastric acids in the stomach; acids tend to deactivate proteins, the researchers point out. And it's probably just as well, or there would have been a lot of farting and trots among the fat people who were popping more than 10-million starch-blocker tabs every week before the FDA stepped in. **WT**

TAKE FEVERFEW FOR FAST RELIEF

LONDON, ENGLAND



IN THE UNITED STATES, the plant is called "bachelor's button" (*Centaurea cyanus*), and no one, besides a few much-learned herbalists, seems to know of its very special properties. In England it's called "feverfew," though, and the country folk have been using it since time out of mind (it's mentioned in Shakespeare) to alleviate sundry ailments and maladies. Now scientists working with the City of London Migraine Clinic have discovered some extraordinary, and possibly unique, pharmacological elements in this ancient headache cure and "tonic."

"Feverfew" is a corruption

of the Latin word "febrifuge," or fever-reliever, suggesting that the medicinal use of this herb may date as far back as the Roman occupation, before A.D. 400. The Greeks, even earlier, obviously knew of it; they called it *Pyrethrum parthenium*, possibly because it grew around the Parthenon, and its root has a hot taste ("pyre" is Greek for "heat").

All parts of the herb appear to have marked and beneficial pharmacological properties. It's a perennial bush, about two feet high, which blooms in summer with lots of little daisylike flowers, yellow buttons with white petals. The stalk is hairy, and the plant exudes a strong, bitter smell.

Medicinally, the country folk usually brew feverfew in tea to alleviate headaches and reduce fever. This now makes scientific sense, since Dr. Stewart Johnson of King's College here, working for the Migraine Center, has isolated three ingredients from feverfew which, he says, work to block the production of "prostaglandins" in the body. Prostaglandins are natural body hormones which, when overproduced in the blood, cause headache, inflamma-

tion, swelling and allergic reactions, and are thought to be involved with arthritis, rheumatism and neuralgic pain. Aspirin relieves pain and inflammation by blocking prostaglandin production, and so do many other things—including marijuana.

Like marijuana, feverfew may well have psychoactive effects, besides blocking prostaglandins. Herbalists typically recommend it for "hysterical complaints, nervousness and lowness of spirits" as a "tonic." After tracking down 300 Britons who use feverfew in traditional recipes, Dr. Johnson found that "over forty percent experienced pleasant side effects, including a sense of well-being [and] lack of tension." After examining 27 long-term users of feverfew, Johnson reported no obvious ill effects.

The precise chemical nature and structure of these unique medicinal chemicals in feverfew are a matter of some curiosity. Dr. Johnson hasn't spoken much about them in detail, perhaps partly because he's applied for a patent to synthesize them, for eventual merchandising as patented pain relievers. **WT**

DRUGS FLAP HEATS UP IN HALLS OF CONGRESS

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE UPROAR OVER ALLEGED USE OF drugs by elected officials and their employees seems destined to grow louder here, even though the special staff of the House Ethics Committee investigating these matters was recently dealt a slight setback. Attorneys in the special section had recommended a probationary sentence for a former House employee who was providing information in the ongoing investigation, but federal magistrate Arthur Burnett handed him a prison term anyway.

Robert Yesh, formerly assistant manager of the House Democratic cloakroom, was sentenced to one year for drug dealing on April 16, after pleading guilty, presumably in exchange for a recommendation of leniency. The fact that Burnett failed to completely cooperate with the investigators in sentencing Yesh may serve to make Yesh less cooperative in the future, but he had already coughed up substantial information on dope dealing in the hallowed halls of Congress.

At the sentencing, U.S. Atty. Daniel Bernstein said for the record that, had the case gone to trial, the prosecution would have proven that Yesh dealt pot and coke to Rep. Ron Dellums (D-Cal.), and to his aide John Apperson. According to Bernstein, Yesh's admission of dealings with Dellums and Apperson was substantiated by two lie-detector tests.

At this writing, no one in the Ethics Committee's special drugs section will say anything at all about anticipated actions against Dellums and Apperson, and both men have denied the allegations. All of this could, of course, threaten Dellums's control over the eighth-district California seat, but his constituency is probably as accepting of recreational drug use as any group of voters in the country. The district includes the city of Berkeley, a perennial bastion of political radicalism and liberal lifestyles, and the north Oakland ghetto that spawned the Black Panther movement. And whatever



Rep. Ron Dellums

Dellums's personal indulgences may be, he has always voted in accordance with the Left-liberal sentiments of his area.

At this point, there is much speculation on the hill over what other tales of cloakroom contraband Yesh may have told the Ethics Committee investigators, or the Drug Enforcement Administration. Like other small-time drug dealers, who "cooperate" in exchange for lighter sentences, he probably told as little as he could to cut his deal, but there can be little doubt that hill workers, at every level, are quaking in their Florsheims. It is an ironic fact that most young Washington staffers move in a social scene where the recreational use of marijuana and cocaine is accepted—even though it is considered extremely impolitic to advocate the liberalization of drug laws. **HT**

Highwitness News always needs new leads on stories from around the country. Send news clippings on busts, scandals and events of interest to: News Department, **HIGH TIMES**, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.

Nasal abuse clinic.

Inquire within.

Treatment program at affordable rates.



Regular Strength
\$3.00

Extra Strength

\$3.50

If not yet available in your area, write to:

(213) 765-6210 Post-Office Box 1868, Hollywood, California 90028

2312 N. Laurel Canyon Blvd., Hollywood, CA 91606

STAY-ALERT

The most effective Body Surveillance available without a prescription.

Fill out and send coupon, with payment (no personal check) and receive two bottles of any product for the price of one. Act now, limited time only Fast delivery. Send coupon to: ActAlert, 17 Barrow Rd., Room 302, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021. Or call 800-695-1441 for more information.

Packaged 500 at \$35.00 or 100 at \$7.00 except Black Cap.

PRODUCT NO.

20-20 TAB 10
BLACK & RED OIL 10
GREEN & CLEAR OIL 10
PINK HEART 10
SPEC TAB 10
SMALL BLACK CAP 10
SMALL CROSS 10
SOLID BLACK CAP 200 100 500 20

Product Number	
Size	
Quantity	
Sub-total	
Shipping: Add \$2.00	
Total Payment	
Enclosed	

17 Barrow Rd. - Room 302 - Great Neck, NY 11021

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Telephone _____

CAUTION: Please read Product Label and/or instructions. Do not use if you are pregnant or nursing. Do not use if you are taking any medication. Do not use if you are taking any other product. Do not use if you are taking any other product.

HOMEGROWN HARVEST REDDENS DEA'S FACE

/ continued from page 19

that copies of the report were circulating outside of agency headquarters.

In the summary that introduces the report, the authors state, with apparent astonishment, that "in 1982, 38 percent more domestic marijuana was eradicated than was previously believed to exist" (DEA's italics). Glossing over what this obviously implies about previous cannabis intelligence, the writers note optimistically, in conclusion, that this new information will allow them to begin the 1983 pot war "on a solid conceptual foundation."

The federal dope agency's most recent previous estimate of U.S. pot production had been 1,200 metric tons (1,000 kilos)—a figure rendered ludicrous by the eradication, claimed for 1982, of 1,653 metric tons. DEA has usually guessed that it manages to interdict only about 10 percent of the weed headed for the marketplace. By that formula, the total U.S. crop should come out to about 16,530 metric tons (18,183 tons), or almost 14 times what the DEA's "experts" thought it was.

The Numbers War

All of this has been the source of some glee at the offices of NORML in Washington. You see, NORML and DEA have been waging a war of numbers for years now, with DEA pundits claiming that domestic grass farmers produce only about 7 percent of the pot consumed here annually—the rest being imported, mainly from Colombia and Jamaica. Meanwhile, NORML set the U.S. output at about 20 percent of consumption in 1981, and raised that to "about a third" in '82. Now, says NORML's national director George Farnham, "We believe a majority of the pot smoked in the U.S. is grown here."



Whenever DEA flak-catchers were asked to explain the extreme disparity between their figures and NORML's, they simply argued that NORML unscrupulously inflated its estimates to make the domestic pot industry seem uncontrollable. If NORML could convince the public that that much grass was actually being grown in this country, DEA spokespersons sagely noted, then they could make it appear that law enforcement was fighting a losing battle against an irresis-

/ continued on next page

COCAINE AROMA

Investment Opportunity

Psychem™ is the available aroma of street cocaine. Perfectly legal and patented by the U.S. Govt., Psychem™ is ready for distribution. Proposed applications include cocaine disorders therapy, drug education programs, canine training and other imaginative uses.

"This peculiar concoction is designed to help policemen identify cocaine without sniffing the real stuff." *Omni*

"... a way to reproduce the aroma of cocaine using readily available and non-controlled substances." *The New York Times*

Send bank or postal money order for fast return of sampler package \$35.00

Psychem™ Sampler
P.O. Box 8143
Atlanta, Georgia 30306 ©1983 OFT



STIMULANTS

FOR YOU CATS ON THE MOVE

CALL (914) 434-2500

Same Day Shipments
Now at an
Introductory Offer

\$10 to \$15 per 100
\$35 to \$45 per 1000

TABLETS

Green Speck
Blue Speck
Red Speck
Minis (Thick & Thin)
20/20's & 30/30's
Hearts
Mini Hearts
Layered Tablets

CAPSULES

LARGE
Red & Black
Yellow & Black
White Mole
Orange
SMALL
Red, Blue Green
& Purple

THESE AND MANY OTHERS

PRODUCTS CONTAIN: Caffeine & Ephedrine
Many Different Strengths
Shipped C.O.D. U.P.S. We accept VISA or Master Card

CAUTION
Not for pregnant or nursing women. Individuals with high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes or thyroid disease should use only as directed by a physician. Federal law prohibits further distribution unless properly labeled. This Offer Valid Where Prohibited.

KAZOO
DISTRIBUTORS
INC.
Box 395
Woodridge, N.Y. 12789

MARY JANE'S PRODUCTS



MAIL ORDER
Smoking & Souff Accessories

MARY JANE'S HERBAL BLEND
HERBAL MEERSCHAUM PIPE
EXOTIC HERBAL BONG

CATALOG

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

CARD NO. VISA M/C A/E # _____

INTERBANK NO. _____ EXP. DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

(I certify under the laws of my state that I am not a minor)

MARY JANE'S PRODUCTS, INC.
P.O. Box 121054 DEPT. H
Nashville, TN 37212

ALL SMOKING ACCESSORIES ARE DESIGNED, MANUFACTURED AND INTERFERED FOR USE WITH MARY JANE'S HERBAL BLEND™ AND TOBACCO (615) 244-1414



STASH YOUR INVESTMENT!

No more forgetting where you put it. It's in your welded steel StashBox™, behind a steel door but you can get inside in seconds—even in the dark. Pushbutton lock gives you over 2,000 combinations.

A REAL SECURITY SAFE
Welded 14 gauge steel, don't confuse with lightweight boxes. Mount in any position, right or left opening, upside down, etc. Foam lined. Beautiful black or tan textured finish. Dimensions: 14 1/2" x 8 1/2" x 3 1/2". Weighs more than 10 lbs.

DON'T DELAY... YOU NEED StashBox™ NOW

- 10 day money-back guarantee
- Dealer inquiries invited
- Special \$99.50

© 1983 Shenandoah Security, Inc.

SHENANDOAH SECURITY, INC. • 140 Benlwood Dr. • Stamford, CT 06903

Friends, Please rush me _____ StashBox™(s) @ \$99.50 plus \$3.50 shipping & handling each. CT State residents add 7 1/2% sales tax.

(Bank check gets fastest delivery) ☐ Tan ☐ Black

☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

App. # _____ Expiration Date _____

Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery

Name _____

Address _____ Tel. # () _____

City _____ A 14 _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send me Shenandoah's brochure on your whole line of home security and business safes. Enclosed is \$1.00 for postage and handling.

STASH YOUR VALUABLES IN A CAN



WALL OUTLET SAFE
WITH KEY.

Miller Beer or RC Cola — \$9.⁹⁹
Valvoline Motor Oil — \$11.⁹⁹
Quaker State Oil — \$11.⁹⁹
Outlet Safe — \$12.⁹⁹
Add \$1.⁹⁹ for Shipping and Handling.



ABSOLUTE DETECTION SYSTEMS, Inc.
PO Box 495, Oakland, NJ 07436
(201) 337-1132

Call with VISA or MASTERCARD number or Send Check or Money Order — Money Back Guarantee

PIGGY MALONE'S MAIL ORDER CONTEST

Free Contest - Bring In or Mail Coupon
One per Customer - P.O. Box OK
Contest Ends 8-31-83
Prize List

1st Prize Dial-O-Gram Model 1650
2nd Prize 10 BXS Nitrus Oxide N2O
3rd Prize Deluxe Proto Pipe
All contestants will receive our free catalog



2046 University Avenue
Berkeley, Ca 94704

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Express Service
415-843-7777

ROCK CRYSTAL INCENSE

Contains Procaine HCL
WARNING: If inhaled or
ingested, may cause
stimulation, excitement,
or other toxic reaction.
Not intended for drug
use. Void where pro-
hibited by law.

\$4.95 / 2.5 gr

BASE-CAN

OUR AMAZING NEW IN
CENSE!

\$14.95 / 2.5 gm



The Complete Growing Guide

\$4.95

Send Your Order To
REAL CONCEPTS, BOX 30554,
Seattle, WA 98103
Phone Orders: (206) 782-8977

*Price list of hard-to-find exotic products sent
with first order
*Minimum \$5 Visa/MC/COD Money order for
fastest delivery Add \$1 shipping & handling
*Dealer inquiries welcome

COCAINE TEST KITS

Everything you always
wanted to know but
didn't know who to ask!

\$4.95

OPIMUM POPPY SEEDS

500 Fertile Seeds!

\$4.95 PK

**SPECIAL
BOOK & SEEDS
ONLY \$7.95**

ULTRACOCAINE
The Ultimate Incense!
\$9.95 / 1 gr

M.A. PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY

1618 NORTHEAST 6th AVE. • PORTLAND, OREGON 97232

Now available to the public for the first time!

- VITAMINS
- LEGAL STIMULANTS
- DIET AIDS
- OVER-THE-COUNTER DRUGS

Write or call toll-free for our **FREE Product Catalog**

1-800-547-7004

IN OREGON, CALL: 284-3806

table tide. It would seem now that DEA's own statistics, which make NORML's look conservative, have proven the pot-lobbyists' point.

Of course, narc agencies around the country *did not*, in fact, eradicate 1,653 metric tons of pot last year. Here, according to the cannabis section's report, is how they came up with that figure: The total number of plants uprooted last year, by the counts of the individual states, was 2,590,388. Approximately 40 percent of these were determined to be sinsemilla. Quite arbitrarily, then, DEA assumed that every sinse plant would produce two pounds of marketable buds, and that every unsexed bush would yield one pound of street weed. Every solitary seedling and greenhouse shoot, they projected, would conform to this formula. Finally, using their handy desk calculators, they deduced that the seized crop *would have* matured into 1,653 metric tons of salable dope. Considering the tendency of police to exaggerate their seizures when taking public credit for busts, this total is, no doubt, inflated, and NORML's estimate of an 8,000- to 10,000-ton crop is probably still the most accurate available.

The Silver Lining

But, while the new DEA stats were momentarily embarrassing for DEA, they can be expected to provide substantial ammunition for the agency's future budget requests. One Capitol Hill insider told HIGH TIMES, "If the DEA, for some reason, doesn't have the savvy to raise it, there are hosts of congressmen who will." He added that he wouldn't expect anyone in Congress to object to a tenfold increase in DEA's allocation for eradication.

In 1982, the federal narcotics spent less than a million dollars (\$923,340) for domestic eradication. The vast majority of this (\$843,340) was distributed to states and U.S. territories to subsidize the costs of their eradication efforts, with the largest grants going to California, Oregon, Florida and Kentucky. Another \$30,000 was spent on training 120 narcs from 22 states in aerial identification of marijuana fields. The remaining \$50,000 covered the cost of DEA overflights, provided as a service to various states.

The cannabis section's report for '82 contains some indications of how additional funds will be used if DEA is given a larger appropriation for eradication next year. Most of the money will continue to be distributed to various participating states. Only 24 states applied for assistance via this program last year, but most of the remaining 26 can be expected to try for a piece of the action in '83 and '84. Overflights promise to remain the principal means of detecting pot patches. The report notes that DEA's Office of Science and Technology experimented with "sens-

ing and photographic devices" from "aerial platforms" (probably Landsat satellites and U-2 aircraft) in '82, but did not find them "cost effective." The agency hopes, however, to make extensive use, this year, of the "Loran C navigational system," a gimmick that helps "aerial observers" pinpoint fields, and thus provides information for search warrants. Another gadget now in the development stage, according to the report, is a "survivable radio beacon" that can be dropped from a plane into a grass garden, and will emit a constant signal for narcs to home in on. Finally, a DEA goal, emphasized in the report, is the broader participation in the eradication effort of state regiments of the National Guard: only in Hawaii, Arkansas and New Mexico was the Guard active in the '82 campaign.

The Pot War and the Media

One of the more interesting passages of the report is titled "Public Awareness and Press Relations." Here, the authors brag of certain "materials" that have been composed "for use as public statements or talks to public officials and citizens' groups such as the PTA, fraternal orders, clubs, churches, etc." Among these materials is a videotape, now nearing completion, "which documents the seriousness of the domestic marijuana problem and highlights law-enforcement efforts against it." Watch your local papers for times and locations of this certain-to-be-fascinating media event.

It is further noted that statements by President Reagan and Atty. Gen. William French Smith on "priorities for suppression have had a positive effect in the field." The final words of this section of the report should put to rest any doubt that public opinion on marijuana is orchestrated from Washington. It reads: "More public statements are needed in the spring to prepare the press and enlist public support for the 1983 campaign. These statements need to come from prominent figures at all levels of government."

These "public statements" are, no doubt, already being heard across the land, and most of them include some reference to the "increasing violence" associated with marijuana agriculture. The cannabis section's Final Report contains some interesting statistics in this regard. In the course of raiding 4,657 pot plots and arresting 2,512 "subjects," America's narcs confiscated only 785 weapons. That means they found a gun—or some sort of weapon—in only 17 percent of the raids, or 31 percent of the arrests. According to the National Rifle Association, 57 percent of the households in rural America own firearms; so it would seem that pot farmers are much less prepared to defend their property with guns than are most rural Americans. **MT**

20 TO 2000 PURPLE SINSEMILLA PLANTS

Can be easily and safely grown if you have one of our Private Profit Mini Irrigation "Kits" and use our Calsemilla B. Garden method.

Private Profit Mini Irrigation Systems are the most advanced and inexpensive watering kits available anywhere! Developed from 8 years of field testing, the Private Profit Kits are proven to be the most concealable, simple to install and reliable water delivery system you can buy!

Private Profit Mini Kits are one tenth the weight, one sixth as large and deliver twice the water capacity of a typical 100 emitter drip type system!

Ideal for the professional — novice — backpacker — indoor or outdoor gardener

Each kit is fully complete, semi-assembled comes with detailed assembly/installation tips for concealing systems and gardens and the exclusive Calsemilla B. Method!

The Season Is Here, So Order Now!

Mini Indoor . \$49.95 / Standard Indoor \$59.95
Mini Outdoor (314 sq.ft.) . \$59.95 / Standard Outdoor (828 sq.ft.) . \$79.95
Monster Kit (1256 sq.ft.) . \$149.95

Send: Name, Shipping Address — specify type kit — enclose payment to:

CALSEMILLA, P.O. Box 30322, Santa Barbara, CA 93105
M.O. — cashiers check, receive priority shipping — c.o.d. accepted

Free Catalog

Having trouble getting smoking & snuff paraphernalia?
Well, we have it and we can ship to you anywhere.

To get your free catalog,
send your name and address today to

TRONS

P.O. BOX 3193 • SAN RAFAEL, CA 94901
ENCLOSE \$1.00 TO COVER SHIPPING

**DON'T
BE THE
VICTIM
OF THE
PRIVACY
INVADERS!**

**ICS PROVIDES YOU WITH THE VEHICLES
FOR PROTECTION AND SECURITY WITH:**

- Surveillance Transmitter (Bug) Detectors/Locators
- Tape Recorder Detectors • Voice Stress Analyzers
- Security Briefcases • Customized Countermeasures
- Noise Generator Laser/Microwave Defeat Systems
- Security Telephone Systems • Telephone Scramblers

**ICS PROVIDES YOU WITH PROTECTION AND
SECURITY WITH SERVICES INCLUDING:**

- Electronic Countermeasures (Sweeps)
- Security Consultation/Training

What's YOUR Business is YOUR Business. Keeping it YOUR Business is OUR Business!

ICS

**INTERNATIONAL
COMMUNICATIONS
SECURITY**

Call Now:
(313) 649-3510
(313) 643-0602

SPACE IMPORTS

Mushroom Kit '21

Our kit has all the spores, agar needed plus a good book (Growing Wild Mushrooms, and info on how to get cheap equipment)

SPORES

1 packet '10
2 for '18
Agar 3/4
2 '7

BOOKS
Growing Wild Mushrooms . '7
Legal Highs . '6
Book of Acid . '3
Basic Drug Manufacture . '4

SEEDS

Baby Woodrose 20 '3 50 '7, 100 '13
Morning Glory 1 oz. '3, 2 oz. '5

**COCAINE
SYNTHESIS - '6**
Amphetamine Synthesis . '6
Psychedelc Synthesis . '6

Send Money Order to.

Space Imports, PO Box 254, Lawrence, KS 66044
(Orders usually sent in 3 days) Send self-addressed stamped envelope for FREE catalog or quantity prices

Study Books  Magic Seeds

Psilocybin Spores

Magic Mushrooms

CANNABIS PEOPLE TOURS

As Seen on: 60 Minutes and in ROLLING STONE magazine

Ketama, Morocco

1st Class
Tours to the
Keweenaw Peninsula
Tribal Region of
Michigan
Trip of a Lifetime
From \$900

Amsterdam, Holland

As seen on 60 Minutes and in ROLLING STONE magazine
Tours to the
Keweenaw Peninsula
Tribal Region of
Michigan
Trip of a Lifetime
From \$900

Jamaica

As seen on 60 Minutes and in ROLLING STONE magazine
Tours to the
Keweenaw Peninsula
Tribal Region of
Michigan
Trip of a Lifetime
From \$900

All Tours Completely Legal

Send S.A.S.E. for free brochure to:

Midnight Guides, Inc.

Stevenson, CT 06499

203.268.8877 Mon-Sat 9am-5pm

Get High
on our
Low Prices

- WHOLESALE PRICES
- BUY 1 - GET 1 FREE!

EXTENDED WARRANTY

\$10. for \$100 200

\$50. for 1,000 2,000

- VOLUME DISCOUNTS
- SAME DAY SHIPPING

SEND THIS COUPON FOR YOUR
FREE PRODUCT CATALOG

D/G INC.

P.O. BOX 128

2600 N.E. UNION

PORTLAND, OR 97212

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY STATE _____

ZIP _____

WORLDWIDE NEWS

MEXICAN INVASION!

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

Everybody knew it was going to happen sooner or later, but it still came as a shock. Colombian *marimba*, the undisputed standard of the industry, the Ford of the national stash, has relinquished its decade-long reign to a former title holder—Mexican marijuana. The word hasn't reached Possum Breath yet (does it ever?), but in many of the major marketplaces Mexican reefer accounts for up to 75 percent of the market.

Just two years ago, there was such a glut of Colombian pot that prices on commercial grades dipped as low as \$200 a pound. So much pot was warehoused around the eastern seaboard that ongoing deals had to be scuttled to avoid adding to the surfeit. Credit lines were so long that anyone with a laundry bag could walk away from a safe house with half a bale, on consignment.

With fully loaded shrimp-boats gridlocking Miami-area harbors, it wasn't long before President Reagan's "war on drugs" interrupted the Colombian supply route. Radar, citizens patrols, high-tech communications systems, well-paid informants—the Man threw everything he had into the fray. Smugglers who would rather run than fight a losing battle, simply went underground, only to resurface in Mexico.

This is a new breed of smuggler, a far cry from the long-shot artists of the '60s Mexican run, the camper and hubcap experts, who sneaked through busy highway customs. Much of the activity today involves people who live and work in Mexico, at least during the cultivation season, with other Americans or Mexicans they hire to do the growing.

Not surprisingly, this new generation of Mexican pot is much improved. For the most part, the marijuana that came out of Mexico until 1973, when the trade began to shift to Colombia, was little more than wild, uncultivated, heavily seeded, roadside weed that, more often than not, sat around six months or longer in some farmer's shed waiting for hippie tourists to come by looking for smoke. No more. The pot that comes out of Mexico today, destined for the big city markets, is highly cultivated and refined; seeds are imported from the Mid East, Asia and Africa. One

weirdo crossbreed is "Mexithai": Mexican grown from Thai seeds. Remarkably, this pot looks so similar to its Thai progenitor that it has been palmed off frequently as the real McCoy. Only a highly trained eye can tell the difference.

Colombian used to demand a higher price than Mexican, simply because any given Colombian pot was better than almost any given Mexican pot. This is no longer the case. Mexican *sinaemillas*, while not yet up to the level of most U.S. domestic *sinae*, largely because of watering problems, are now much stronger than all but the beefiest Colombians. And they don't have that maddening seed count that plagues great Colombians, sometimes accounting for up to a third of the weight. A half pound of Mexican *sinae* fills a Baggie that would hold a whole pound of Colombian.

Even so, prices have tumbled recently on the Mexican front, though they do tend to vacillate. At first, Mexican varieties were grouped with the "mid-range *sinae*"—those that ran from around \$1,000 to \$1,200 a pound. But prices have steadily dropped, and only the very finest Mexican pots will fetch that much. They now go for around \$800 or \$900. The price of Colombian, meanwhile, has inflated steadily with the drought brought on by Reagan's drug war. This spring, when the seasonal harvest glut would ordinarily have seen a price-drop, the cost of a pound of top-notch, gold Colombian climbed to the unprecedented high of \$800. Even thick-skinned, veteran dealers were chilled when they saw bales with such price tags.

But while Mexican pot has proven itself an able market competitor—fluffier, stronger and, some might say, prettier than Colombian—there remains a strong core of *marimba* fanciers, who, like lifetime Ford drivers, will never switch. There is something about the smell, taste and high of great Colombian, something classic and solid, that the vagaries of the market will never affect.

A generation of smokers has grown up with Colombian, and for them, it will always be the *only* pot. *Sinaemilla* may be stronger, but gin is also stronger than fine French wine.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS

MARKET

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	a trickle	oz	65-85
Gold and red Colombian	likewise	oz	790-800
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	lb	125
Mexican tops	making the rounds	oz	100-1200
Homemade "cuba" hash	unpotent	oz	325-350
Alghani hash	replaced by Leb	lb	2800-3600
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	oz	50-85
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	oz	450-450
Hash	red Leb	oz	15
LSD	blots from England	oz	280
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	oz	15
Cocaine	catching up to U.S. standards	oz	3250

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golda reda	slow	oz	10-15
Commercial domestic	usual strong supply	oz	60-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	2-5
Hash oil	a hot cause	oz	30-80
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	8-25
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	oz	100-225

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster a status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	oz	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	transport problems solved	oz	50-100
Black Afghani hash	top banana	oz	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-150
Cocaine	brisk market	oz	2500

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly not that much	oz	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
Emeralds	the worst	oz	200
swamp grass	lots	oz	6-10
Cocaine base	pure as the driven snow	oz	70-100
Cocaine	traded for blow	oz	2-4
LSD		oz	40-50

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color sweetness varies	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1500

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	dry, seedy, but super	oz	25
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	oz	175
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	10
Acapulco gold	and green, one of the best	oz	90
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	25
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	oz	250
Methaqualone	much pharma-ceutical, okay	oz	175

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blood Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Paku black	champion	oz	175
Pot, African sticks	okay, not super	oz	170
Pot, Colombian	low-quality mesh	oz	10
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
LSD	crystal meth	oz	30
Cocaine	European blots called "De Lorean White"	oz	6

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stungy & stony	oz	1650-1750
Pazama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	150

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hash shes	oz	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
Pakistani hash	fresh, pressed	oz	15-20
Afghani hash	greenish black, furry	oz	225-250
Lebanese red hash	a choker	oz	10-15
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	oz	175-200
Thai sticks	great commercial grade	oz	10
Philippine pot	legal kind of homemade	oz	175-200
Ups & downs		oz	250-300
Muonshine		oz	25

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Sweetwater, Va.	last fall's sinse, well kept	lb	1800
Ojai, Cal.	indoor sinse, okay, but pale	oz	200
Lexington, Mass.	Jamaican sinse, super	oz	125
Creedmore, N.Y.	'hudes, apparently real	oz	20
Peoria, Ill.	Leb hash, rock hard	oz	7
Santa Cruz, Cal.	symbolic acid, black and gold	oz	3.5
Millwaukee	crystal meth, biker-supplied	oz	85
Indianapolis	Mex reffer, seeded	oz	45
Portland, Ore.	shrooms, spring harvest, fresh	oz	12
Miami	lbe mesh, often wet, speedily cured	oz	1000

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	warehoused, often well, off-season treat	oz	175-275
Commercial Mexican	rapidly expanding market	oz	1800-3000
Top-grade Mexican	horse-cock-size buds	oz	35-60
Mexican sinsemilla	good and plenty	oz	375-535
Jamaican sinsemilla	a few erratic good, badly trimmed	oz	50-75
Commercial Colombian	tendency toward dryness	oz	500-850
Thai sticks	keep looking	oz	115-135
Loose Thai	sticks like stumps	oz	1200-1500
Hawaiian	some in heavy timber	oz	35-45
Moroccan hash	watch for impersonators	oz	375-450
Lebanese hash	dry, split slabs	oz	70-100
Black Afghani hash	here but in lesser volume	oz	700-1000
Paku hash	gov't seal	oz	45-65
Philocypio mushrooms	bits and pieces	oz	475-625
Peyote	in season in Fla. & Ore. go get em	oz	180-225
Cocaine	crusty heady many varieties	oz	175-250
Methaqualone	prices dipping, big supply	oz	1650-2200
Crosses and black beauties	best boots in the West	oz	235-300
Meth-amphetamine	erratic	oz	2700-3200
Alaska	costly as coke	oz	125
Commercial Colombian	shake city	oz	500
Domestic sinsemilla	'tis the season	oz	110-140
Mexican weed	most available	oz	900-1100
Mainland sinsemilla	immigrant flow	oz	140-190
Thai sticks	timberland	oz	1550-2000
Lebanese hash	big mover	oz	165
Cocaine	are you shutting me?	oz	140-160
LSD	blots	oz	1650
Methaqualone	bootlickers	oz	5-10
Hawaii	victim of inflation	oz	3-5
Puna buds	banana-size buds	oz	150-300
Kona gold	emerald green	oz	100-200
Maua Loa	overpriced, overrated	oz	325-400
Maua wowie	fresh from the lah for cheap	oz	1850-2850
LSD	not a big mover	oz	4-6
Mushrooms	over the counter from S.A.	oz	300-500
Cocaine		oz	5
Amphetamines		oz	350

AMYL, BUTYL AND ISOBUTYL NITRITE

CHARGES

Inhalation of these substances can cause fainting, heartbeat irregularities and asphyxiation. There is a danger that "poppers" may explode, and inflict severe burns and cuts. Death has been caused by nitrites. Inhalation can bring on painful headaches. Nitrites produce changes in blood chemistry.

NATURE AND USE

The alkyl nitrites are aliphatic esters of nitrous acid. Although these include numerous others that have similar effects and abuse potential, the most frequently used as intoxicants are amyl, butyl and isobutyl nitrite.¹ Originally available without a prescription at drugstores, they were packaged as crushable inhalers. These "poppers" are medically used to relieve angina pectoris or heart-related chest pains, and for the treatment of cyanide poisoning. In the former, the nitrites work by dilating blood vessels near the heart so that more blood can get to the heart. Nitroglycerin—ordinarily not an intoxicant—is also used for this purpose. In the treatment of cyanide poisoning, amyl nitrite changes the hemoglobin in blood to methemoglobin, which combines with cyanide and keeps it from doing cellular damage within the body.² Since the 1960s, these nitrites have been marketed as "room odorizers."

The primary effect of these drugs is the relaxation of all smooth muscles in the body, including smooth muscle in blood vessels. This may allow a greater flow of oxygenated blood to the brain, or may decrease the flow. The effects of inhalation last about 30 seconds; blood pressure reaches its lowest point in 30 seconds, and returns to normal at 90 seconds. On inhalation, there

AKA: Nitrites, poppers, snappers, bananas, rush, liquid incense, etc., including a wide variety of commercial names.

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

is a distinct "rush" similar to that experienced on inhaling nitrous oxide—a related substance. This rush may be followed by severe headaches. Tolerance to this side effect increases rapidly with use of the drug, however. The relaxation of blood vessels can cause a distinct flushing of the neck and face. Some swelling is possible as well.

The recent popularity of these drugs results from their reputation as aphrodisiacs, substances that in some way improve sexual performance or enjoyment. To gain this effect, the nitrites are usually inhaled just before orgasm. The reported intensification and prolongation of orgasm may be an illusion, however. The rush, involving dizziness and giddiness, may cause a reduction of social and sexual inhibitions along with a time distortion. This combination may lead to a sense of prolonged orgasm in both men and women. On the other hand, increased flow of blood to sexual organs may well increase sensitivity to sexual activity, and some homosexual men have reported that the collateral relaxation of the anal sphincter (made of smooth muscle tissue) facilitates certain forms of sexual activity.³

After many complaints that these drugs were being "abused," the Food and Drug Administration returned amyl nitrite poppers to prescription status in 1969. Since that

time, sales of nitrite-based "room odorizers" with such names as "Locker Room," "Rush" and "Heart On" have increased dramatically. Butyl nitrite and amyl nitrite exert exactly identical pharmacological effects.

ADVERSE EFFECTS

Tolerance to the physiological effects of the nitrites occurs rapidly and can be pronounced within a few weeks. This tolerance is lost within a few days after suspending use, leaving the user vulnerable again to severe headaches following resumed use. Excessive use may result in nitrite poisoning or excessive methemoglobinemia. Symptoms of this may include severe vomiting, cyanosis (blue-tinged lips and skin), shock or unconsciousness. Blood-vessel dilation may bring about a sudden drop in blood pressure and loss of consciousness, especially if one gets up quickly after inhaling the drug. An increase in heart rate and palpitations make nitrites risky for anyone with heart problems.⁴ Breathing any inhalant over a period of time and with restricted or nonexistent ventilation can cause oxygen deprivation, asphyxiation and possibly death.

There have been isolated reports of persons sustaining myocardial infarctions (heart attacks) after the blood-pressure drop associated with nitrite inhalation, but no fatali-

ties have been recorded. The Center for Disease Control in Atlanta is investigating the possibility that inhalant nitrites (along with many other elements of the gay lifestyle) may possibly contribute to the development of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS), but there is no scientific indication whatsoever of any such relationship at this time. A long-standing statistical link has been known between nitrite compounds in general and the development of certain forms of cancer, but its relevance to occasional nitrite users is unknown; this nitrite-to-cancer link is most commonly associated with regular ingestion of food preservatives and other chemical additives.

FIRST-AID PLUS

The headaches after nitrite inhalation are short-lived and disappear with abstinence. Overdose on the nitrites requires that adequate respiration and cardiac blood-flow be maintained. Occasionally, cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) is required. When a person passes out from the sudden blood-pressure drop, standard hypotensive therapy—such as simply elevating the feet higher than the head to promote a return of blood to the brain—will ordinarily suffice.

REFERENCES

- ¹Nickerson, Mark, Parker, John O., Lowry, Thomas D., Swenson, Edward W., *Isobutyl Nitrite and Related Compounds*, Pharmex, Ltd., San Francisco, 1979.
- ²Inaba, Darryl, Pharm. D., "Snappers, Crackles and Poppers," *Kryptonite Gazette*, vol. 1, no. 2, August 1974.
- ³Latimer, Dean, "The OTC Taste Test," *HIGH TIMES*, September 1981.
- ⁴Inaba, Darryl, Pharm. D., "Popper Uh-Oh's or Uh-Oh Poppers!" *Kryptonite Gazette*, vol. 1, no. 3, September 1974.

OUR BEST OFFER EVER!

**100 TABLETS FOR ONLY \$1.00
C.O.D. PLUS POSTAGE**

PDK Labs, Inc., manufactures the Highest Quality Stimulants to help you stay alert when you need it most. Our Regular Strength Tablets are equal to two (2) cups of coffee, while our Extra Strength Tablets are equal to three (3) cups of coffee.

**THIS IS A LIMITED OFFER,
ONE PER HOUSEHOLD.**

**ACT TODAY WHILE
SUPPLIES LAST!**

For information on our Diet, Sleep Aids and other Stimulants,

We invite you to call **TOLL FREE:**

Outside N.Y. State (800) 645-1721

In N.Y. State (516) 585-8000

Monday-Saturday, 8 AM to 6 PM

**REGULAR PRICE \$10 FOR 100
\$48 FOR 1000, WITH
ADDITIONAL DISCOUNTS FOR
DISTRIBUTORS.**

Yes! send me

100 Stimulants of the
potency I have checked

☐ Extra Strength

☐ Regular Strength

Enclosed is my payment of \$1.00

Or Charge — ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

Acct # _____ Exp. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

**\$1.00
OFFER!**

Mail coupon to:

PDKTM

Labs, Inc.



65 Air Park Drive, Ronkonkoma, New York 11779



ROGER DAVIS

Roger Davis was sentenced to 40 years for 8 ounces of marijuana. Cruel and unusual, you say? The Supreme Court didn't think so.

by Bob LaBrasca



What happened to Roger Davis is more often remembered than his name. It was Davis who was sentenced, back in 1974, to 40 years in prison for crimes involving about half a pound of pot, and whose sentence, last year, was allowed to stand by the United States Supreme Court. His story is a sad and surreal testimony to the kind of arbitrary and discriminatory law enforcement that is a natural by-product of the unenforceable prohibition against marijuana.

Roger Trenton Davis was one of eight children born to a poor, black family in Wythe County, Virginia. His father died, the apparent victim of racist violence, before Roger was in his teens. (The killer was placed on probation for his crime.) He grew up in a segregated educational system, but with the advent of desegregation, was transferred to a predominantly white high school. Thereafter, he began hanging out with white kids, dating white girls and was openly defiant of the racist traditions of southwestern Virginia. Handsome, personable and athletic, he developed a reputation for attracting white, female admirers, and further antagonized the small-town power structure of Wytheville by becoming a visible figure in the rapidly developing "hippie" street scene. His fate was sealed, perhaps, when he married a white woman from the area. Most of those who have supported Roger Davis throughout his long struggle with the law believe he has been punished not for dealing in drugs, but for being an uppity black "pied piper."

His first felony bust came in 1973 for selling four doses of LSD to a free-lance snitch named Freddie Jones. Roger was convicted, though no direct contact between him and Jones was ever demonstrated in court, and sentenced to five years by Judge R. William Arthur. During this time, Arthur made a practice of handing down lengthy terms for first-time drug offenders in the apparent hope of teaching the local flower children a hard lesson. Davis appealed his conviction and went free, for the time being.

Photography by Peter Hudson

Several months later, in October of the same year, one Danny Ray Eads was released from Bland Correctional Farm with the understanding that he would serve as a drug informant. Eads was a pathetic figure who had been serving five years for a gas-station burglary. While in the state pen, he had been gang-raped by blacks and had tried to kill himself by slashing his wrists. He would later admit, while testifying against Roger Davis, that he'd have done "anything" to get out of prison. What he did do was drive, on the very day of his release, to the Davis house in Wythe County, where he allegedly purchased four ounces of pot from Roger for \$74. Afterward, he rendezvoused with state narcs, who then raided the house. In the course of the raid, they found four to six ounces more (accounts vary) in a plastic bag in the front yard, and some scales, papers and roach clips, inside. Roger Davis was arrested and charged with sale of marijuana for the alleged transaction with Eads, and possession with intent to sell for the bag in the front yard.

From the time of the first LSD bust through Davis's trial on the pot charges, the local newspaper, the Southwest Virginia Enterprise, waged a hysterical campaign against the drug plague threatening the community. In this period the Enterprise published 55 front-page stories or fear-mongering editorials on drugs or narc arrests, and between Davis's grass arrest and the opening of the trial, ran 16 page-one pieces on Roger and his case. In the lynch-fever that followed, he was convicted by an all-white jury, on both counts, and sentenced by Judge Arthur to 40 years in prison and a \$20,000 fine. He was immediately hauled off to the state penitentiary at Richmond.

But that was only the beginning of a Kafkaesque legal nightmare that still haunts Roger Davis.

The outrageous sentence, with all its racial and selective-enforcement overtones, was ultimately brought—through the efforts of Roger's wife and other concerned citizens—to the attention of the American Civil

Liberties Union and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. They entered the case in earnest in 1976, enlisting the aid of Ted Hogshire, an energetic young defense attorney from Charlottesville. An appeal to the state supreme court having failed, Hogshire appealed to Federal District Judge James Turk to overturn Roger's sentence on the Eighth Amendment grounds of "cruel and unusual punishment." Davis was released on bond after three and a half years of maximum-security confinement, and Judge Turk indeed found that the sentence was disproportionate to the crime. Roger was officially a free man again—but not for long.

The state of Virginia now brought the case before a three-judge appeals panel of the fourth federal circuit, who overturned Judge Turk's decision. Davis, still out on bond, again faced 40 years. Hogshire then filed another appeal to the full fourth circuit, and they overturned the appeals panel, upholding Judge Turk's decision and making Roger a free man again. Virginia prosecutors soon appealed that decision to the U.S. Supreme Court, who remanded it back to the fourth circuit for reconsideration. The fourth-circuit judges reheard the case and reaffirmed their earlier position; in response, the state prosecutors went back to the U.S. Supreme Court with a new appeal of that reiterated decision.

This time the high justices agreed to consider the case, but not to accept briefs or arguments. In January 1982, they summarily determined that Judge Turk had broken discipline by overturning Roger's sentence. A six-to-three majority of the court agreed (the other three strongly dissented) that federal judges could interfere in state sentencing only in "exceedingly rare" instances (the example of a life term for overtime parking was given); and that, therefore, the original sentence should stand. Now, with the full approval of the highest court in the land, Roger faced the remainder of 40 years in prison.

With "due process"

apparently exhausted, he sought mercy. Backed by the ACLU, NORML, the NAACP and others, he petitioned Virginia's newly elected governor Charles Robb, for a pardon. Robb, in a moment of muted compassion—after due consideration of all the legal, human and political ramifications—granted a partial pardon, reducing Roger's sentence on the pot charges to 20 years. That left him with a total term of 25 years, inclusive of the LSD sentence, so, having spent five years on the outside with no major run-ins with the police, he was returned, at age 36, to state custody.

So ended the most recent chapter of Roger Davis's battle for some semblance of justice. When it was over, Ted Hogshire had spent six and a half years on the case, assisted by generations of volunteers from the University of Virginia Law School.

"Thousands of hours," says Hogshire, were contributed by himself and others to the futile effort, but the battle still may not be over. According to Chan Kendrick, director of the Virginia ACLU, other lawyers are examining the case and may find new grounds for an appeal.

Meanwhile, Roger bides his time at Botetourt (pronounced Botty-tot) Correctional Unit, a medium-security "road camp" about 12 miles from Roanoke, where we went to conduct this interview. Botetourt, nestled in the Blue Ridge Mountains just above the town of Troutville, is a small complex of mostly white, clapboard buildings surrounded by a cyclone fence. The most trustworthy prisoners, those with "A-custody" status, are allowed the privilege of working on the county roads during the day for the Highway Department, whose complex adjoins the prison. This is a valued privilege, since it breaks the boredom of confinement. Roger was elevated to A-custody and took his place on the road crew shortly after this interview was conducted.

We talked to him alone, in the apparent privacy of a one-room building, furnished with tables and folding chairs, overlooking the yard. Roger seemed healthy and eager for contact with the noninstitutional world.

He exhibited the kind of charm and candor that must have attracted many of the young people of Wytheville 11 years ago, along with the understandable anger of a man who feels wrongly confined. By the time these words are published he will have been reimprisoned for about a year. His first parole hearing is scheduled for July 1984.

HIGH TIMES: Tell me something about your background, the kind of family you came from.
DAVIS: Well, my father was killed when I was nine years old. We were very, very poor. I had seven brothers and sisters.

HIGH TIMES: Were you a welfare family?

DAVIS: No. Well, social security and my father was a railroad worker.

HIGH TIMES: Oh I see. So there was a railroad pension?

DAVIS: Right. That's what we relied on to live. But of course it was never enough when you've got eight mouths to feed—plus mom made nine. It was a bad, bad scene. I had to struggle all my life for everything I ever had. I grew up early.

I worked since I was thirteen years old. I was what you could consider a yard-daddy. I worked in rich white people's yards in and around Wytheville. All during that time I was fine. I was one of the nicest young black boys in the area. But, as I got older and, you know—integration—I realized that there was more to life than I had, and more to it than being what they wanted me to be.

HIGH TIMES: Were you a good student?

DAVIS: Well, I played high-school basketball, and when you played basketball, your grades were not all that important—just basketball. And then, in 1965, with school integration, I attended Rural Retreat High School in my senior year. That's about three or four miles from my home. I attended it my senior year—and maybe that was the mistake.

HIGH TIMES: Because it was a larger school?

DAVIS: Yes, it was a white school. It was the first year of school integration in this area I just realized what I'd missed all my life—where you had to get it, you had to study, you had to do this, you got to do that. It kind of formed me into a different person, I didn't want to make an ass out of myself. I think I learned more in one year than I had the whole time that I'd been in the black school.

HIGH TIMES: Because of the quality of the teachers?

DAVIS: The quality of the teachers, a lot less distance to go to school, more activities—just the different people. Realizing that white and black were in the same world. Here we are in the same school, we can exist together. I never went back from that. In other words, if I wanted to go some place, into a white establishment, I didn't go in the back door; I went in the front door. And I didn't look down on myself, even with my background—where I came from, being very poor.

HIGH TIMES: Were you considered a bright kid?

DAVIS: No, I don't think I was considered a real bright kid.

HIGH TIMES: Did you consider yourself a bright kid?

DAVIS: Well, I felt I had the basics to be just as intelligent as anybody else, even though I got off to a late start as far as public education and all went. But I just wanted more than I'd had. And you go around to the black establishments, the black places, and they don't have it there. I had to seek it somewhere; so I decided, well, I'll just do what everybody else does, I'll go where everybody else goes. Which caused me an awful lot of trouble, a lot of fights. I was attacked by several different groups of white men.

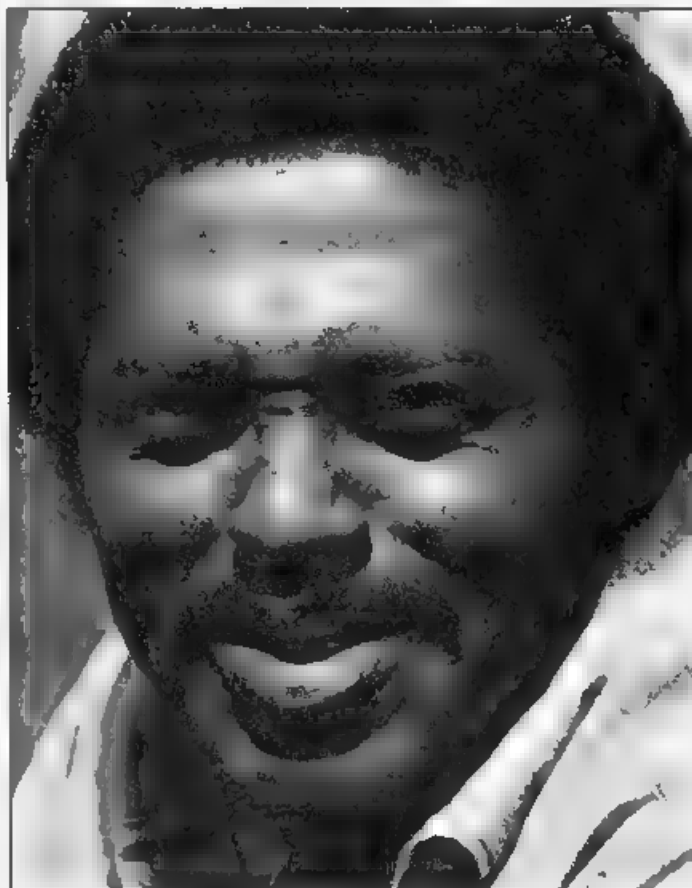
HIGH TIMES: When did you meet your wife?

DAVIS: Oh, '69, '70, at Wytheville Community College. I went there for about two quarters—something like that.

HIGH TIMES: And during this time did you become involved in the counterculture, the psychedelic revolution and all?

DAVIS: Yes, but it seemed like

"They don't lock up any saints, and even if they do, they damn sure don't turn none loose."



southwestern Virginia was a few years behind the West Coast and a lot of the large cities. A whole community seemed to turn on at the same time. At first five or six people smoked reefer, or knew anything about the drug culture, and then you looked up a year later and hell, everybody was out in the street doing it. During that time, it hit so suddenly that if you weren't there you weren't hitting on very much.

HIGH TIMES: I take it this was a biracial scene in Wytheville, and that's what made people nervous.

DAVIS: Well, I think drugs are what caused the biracial scene. I think we all started getting high, black and white, and realized we had something in common. It was nothing more than just sharing a stick of marijuana, but at least we had something

in common and it kind of brought people together. It gave us a chance to understand each other—black understanding white, and white understanding black—and it really scared citizens in the area.

HIGH TIMES: Were there places in Wytheville where people who were part of this scene hung out, or was it just individuals?

DAVIS: There were places also. Like we used to hang at a place called Ray's Kingburger, a hamburger joint. On a given night, there might be about fifty or sixty people standing around smoking, tripping on LSD.

HIGH TIMES: Sounds like a fairly strong drug scene.

DAVIS: Oh, it was tremendously strong. But the fears that it created in people in the area were also tremendously strong.

HIGH TIMES: In this context, did you begin to feel a lot more freedom than it turned out you had?

DAVIS: Yes. I felt totally and completely free. I wasn't getting hassled by anyone. I didn't go into the greasy spoons and redneck bars that I used to go into anymore. I didn't have any need to. The people I wanted to socialize with weren't in those places. They were very mellow people that you could sit down and talk to, and understand, and they understood you. And you didn't have to worry about somebody going wild at you, or saying, "Hey, nigger, what are you doing here!" Through drugs, I found a different world, a world totally and completely the way that I felt then it should be.

HIGH TIMES: Was this scene around the college as well?

DAVIS: Yes. We were getting high just like at the bigger schools. It was kind of strange. It was like the whole country had turned on, but they expected the people from Wytheville, who were normal, you know, growing people, young people—they expected them to set aside and not experience the movement that was going on—the Vietnam War and all.

HIGH TIMES: Were you actively involved in opposing the war?

DAVIS: Yes, I was definitely opposed to it. I took part in quite a few demonstrations in Washington, D.C., Pittsburgh and in different places.

HIGH TIMES: And you saw yourself as a politically active person?

DAVIS: Well, politically concerned. I just felt that there was a lot of stuff going on that was wrong. Politically concerned, and then again, seeking to understand most of it.

HIGH TIMES: Are you disillusioned about the value of that counterculture, that movement you participated in, as a result of your experience with the law?

DAVIS: Well, not so much disillusioned about it. Up until coming in here, I guess you could say I've had a pretty good life. I hadn't had

everything other people had, but I was happy. I had good times.

There is still that counter-culture you mention. It exists right here. Seems like it's overshadowed now by hard times. A lot of things that we'd rather forget like the war—there's just no way they can be forgotten

HIGH TIMES: What did you do for the five years when you were on the outside?

DAVIS: I worked for the Total Action Against Poverty program—was on the staff for two and a half years. Really, really enjoyed that

HIGH TIMES: What kind of work?

DAVIS: Social work. I was a youth counselor, worked in job development, getting jobs for young people—worked with a lot of juveniles, poor people. After that I did some maintenance work construction work.

HIGH TIMES: What happened to Total Action Against Poverty?

DAVIS: I was fired. I had gotten busted for marijuana. I didn't go to court or anything, but they terminated me for that.

HIGH TIMES: And what happened to the charge?

DAVIS: Four days in jail. It was a simple possession charge—misdemeanor.

HIGH TIMES: Does that haunt you today, as far as your record is concerned?

DAVIS: Well, I think it could have had something to do with the governor's refusing to grant the pardon petition.

HIGH TIMES: You hadn't cleaned up your act enough?

DAVIS: Oh, I cleaned it up as best I could, considering what I went through doing my time in prison, which was maximum security.

HIGH TIMES: That was for three years. I imagine a Virginia maximum-security prison is a bit to chew on.

DAVIS: Yes, quite a bit. They don't lock up any saints, and even if they do, they damn sure don't turn none loose. There's no way you can go through that and come out a man, if you're gonna submit to every suggestion that comes to you from the in-

mates—or the administration. **HIGH TIMES:** What about this prison? Is there a rehabilitation program?

What are you doing here?

DAVIS: What am I doing here? To be frank with you, I'm wasting away.

HIGH TIMES: But what is the program? What do they offer you?

DAVIS: What do they offer me?

HIGH TIMES: I assume every penal institution has to have some kind of rehabilitation program.

DAVIS: They have one school here, which is air-conditioning and refrigeration school. That's it. You have to be in A-custody, trusty status, in order to attend that. I'm B-custody.

HIGH TIMES: So how do people spend their days?

DAVIS: Sitting around, playing cards, reading books. You have a few people that work around the institution, a couple of gangs that go out on the road.

HIGH TIMES: Are there books available?

DAVIS: Well, they restrict our reading material. We have a little makeshift library. It's difficult to get books. You have to fill out a request form for books that you want. But if you don't know what books you want, then there's no use in filling out a request form. **HIGH TIMES:** Do they manage to keep drugs out of the institutions you've been in?

DAVIS: Well, they bust people for it if they catch them with it, but it's impossible. In all of the institutions, *all of them*, that's one of the primary things that keeps trouble down—drugs. If you take drugs out of the penitentiaries, you've got mass murder everywhere you look.

I remember one time on the state farm, there were about seven people killed in one month, because there were no drugs there. People get strung out on it inside the institution. You have nothing to do, and you cannot get into something different, and all of a sudden

Whenever there were no drugs—at state farm especially—there were always fights, confusion, always trouble. Then, when somebody'd have

some good reefer or something like that, everything was just as smooth and peaceful as could be.

HIGH TIMES: Is there racial tension here?

DAVIS: There's racial tension in all penitentiaries.

HIGH TIMES: What's the population?

DAVIS: Eighty to ninety.

HIGH TIMES: And the racial makeup?

DAVIS: Maybe fifty thirty predominantly black. All of the institutions are predominantly black. On the state farm, I think it was about seventy-five to eighty percent black. In '74 to '77, there were about a thousand people there. It's unbelievable. You walk in and wonder: Where are all the white people that commit crimes?

HIGH TIMES: I assume the level of violence here is lower than in a maximum-security prison.

DAVIS: Oh, yes, definitely. Most people get along pretty good here. Small camps like this, it's real nice. There's not a lot of tension. You do have a chance to ease around, maybe get transferred to another institution. You make parole easier from road camps than you do from major institutions.

HIGH TIMES: How often do you see your wife?

DAVIS: I see her about every three weeks. She works a weird shift, and she has this coming weekend off, so I'll see her this weekend Saturday and Sunday. She has to work to take care of our little baby girl and herself the best she can. I get to talk to her every day on the phone, though.

HIGH TIMES: What kind of work does she do?

DAVIS: She's a nursing assistant at a hospital in Roanoke. She's been doing that for almost a year now doing a tremendous job. A supergood woman.

HIGH TIMES: What's her background? She must be somewhat open-minded to be able to cross the color barrier in this part of the country. **DAVIS:** Yeah, well, that's something I'll have to ask her about. I guess she kind of feels the same way I do about it.

We're two people, we share and enhance each other.

HIGH TIMES: Does her family accept the marriage?

DAVIS: Noooooo.

HIGH TIMES: Is she from around here?

DAVIS: She's from Bland County, which is over the mountain from Wytheville, maybe about twenty miles. But no, they don't accept it. Well, her brother is nice—comes to visit us sometimes. And his wife and their child. Her mom, I've met her a couple times, and her sister. But her father disowned her way back when.

HIGH TIMES: He couldn't handle it?

DAVIS: No, he couldn't. He still can't handle it.

HIGH TIMES: How old is your daughter?

DAVIS: She's three. She was three in December.

HIGH TIMES: A great age.

DAVIS: Yeah, and to miss it, that's the part that hurts, being here unnecessarily. There are so many alternatives to putting me back in here—so many that the governor, the state of Virginia could use. It doesn't serve any purpose other than to make Carol and Heather suffer. It's not helping anybody. It's damn sure not helping me, or them, and it's damn sure not helping the state of Virginia. Those people got to pay about fourteen thousand dollars a year to keep me locked up in here.

HIGH TIMES: Does it trouble you that you're serving time for a crime that's committed by a large segment of the population on a regular basis?

DAVIS: That's the part that really plays with my head. The government figures that fifty-four million people have tried marijuana. Fifty-four million people! What would happen if, say, that many people would converge on these penal systems, or go to their local jails and demand due process—to be tried, convicted and put in here. Then what would the system do? What could they do?

HIGH TIMES: They'd probably legalize pot.

DAVIS: Then what are they going to do? Apologize to me for all my life they've taken?

HIGH TIMES: What about the help you got from the outside? Do you think the ACLU and NORML devoted as much effort to the case as they could have?

DAVIS: They really put forth a tremendous amount of effort. They paid the bills. I didn't have any money. There's no way I could have appealed it for one day if it hadn't been for NORML and the American Civil Liberties Union. After I got a letter from the lawyers I had hired to defend me, saying that there was nothing they could do with my case—that I would just have to pull the time—I resigned myself to doing forty years. And then Ted Hogshire came to me on the state farm one day and said that the American Civil Liberties Union had hired him to look into my case—they and the NORML people. I didn't expect any results or anything from it, but he was really persistent and really went to work on it. And then I got to feeling good about it, and he got me out. For five years. Beats being in for five years.

HIGH TIMES: Looking back at the trial—I understand there were sixteen articles about you and your bust in the local paper before your trial began. Do you think that was prejudicial?

DAVIS: Most of those people that sat on my jury subscribed to that paper, and it comes out twice a week. Twice a week that damn paper was delivered to their houses. If they weren't reading it, what were they paying for? Yet, they sat on the jury stand and said, "I don't know him. I've never heard of him." And my sister used to work for one of the women that sat on my jury. One of them opened the first charge account I ever had, at a hardware store in Wytheville, when I was a young boy doing the yard-darky work. And yet she had never heard of me.

I knew about all of them, and they knew me. One woman's son was a junkie; another woman's daughter was a junkie. Just about all of them had skeletons in their closet. Seemed like they were taking their frustrations out on me because they couldn't

control their kids. They figured, "Well, we can get rid of him, put him in the penitentiary, and our problems will be over." They had to blame their failure on somebody. I just happened to be the recipient of it. There were times when I got off with the mayor's daughter, the town manager's son, lawyers' sons and daughters and doctors' sons and daughters.

HIGH TIMES: You moved in those circles?

DAVIS: Yeah, in the wrong circles, I guess.

HIGH TIMES: Can you give us some reflections on your experience with the court system?

DAVIS: There's so much to say about it, especially in a case like mine. There was no way that they could have followed the correct procedures, busting me, trying me or anything. I didn't get a fair trial. They picked me up and went through the formalities. A formality like a Ku Klux Klan rally. And then drove me straight to the penitentiary. That's how I feel about the court system, not all court systems, but the particular one that I was tried in at that particular time. It could have changed now, but I doubt it.

There was a guy who was busted in Wytheville and prosecuted by the same man I was prosecuted by. He was busted with thirty-three pounds of hashish. He got ten years. He got ten years in jail, by the same judge, and the same prosecutor, and busted by the same people. He was white. So, I think all the difference in my case is I am black, and my wife is white.

HIGH TIMES: To argue with you a little bit, we get letters frequently at HIGH TIMES from readers who are white, who are given outrageous sentences just because they're drug offenders, not because of their race. And at more than one level of the court system, white judges made decisions in your favor. When the Supreme Court decided against you, they decided on the basis of a legal technicality, not on the basis of your race. Do you still see your situation as a result of racism?

DAVIS: Well, how else am I

supposed to see it? I mean, they didn't give me an explanation as to why they made that decision. In other words they just said that federal courts have no right to interfere in sentences handed down by state courts. If I were white, I could understand it not being a racial decision, but that's the only thing I can look at.

So I don't think they did their jobs. They told us what we already knew, that Reagan's federalism program is what we're going to be living under. The example they set tells us this is the way it's going to be, and you have to accept it. I can't accept it. They did not answer the question; so it's still up in the air. Is it right to give a man forty years and a twenty-thousand-dollar fine for marijuana? If the United States Supreme Court doesn't know then why in hell don't they accept my answer for it? I know it's wrong, because I'm the one in here doing the time. I've spent eleven years of my life struggling out of this shit, for something as petty as marijuana—without enough evidence to convict me in any other court in the world except that one in Wytheville, Virginia.

Of course I don't want to make anyone mad—nothing like that. They might send me that twenty years back down here. [Laughter] But that's the only way I can view it right now.

HIGH TIMES: But in another way, you've had it easier than a lot of people given long sentences. You had five years at home and a chance to find yourself as a human being in another context, outside of prison. Do you feel it damaged your personality in any way?

DAVIS: Of course it's damaged my personality. I haven't had it easy. When the man gave me forty years, he put forty years in my mind, and my ass in the penitentiary. When I went to the penitentiary, I was there for forty years; I wasn't going to leave in three years and get out on bond. I went there with that in my mind, forty years, which is a virtual life sentence. It's not so much

the physical, but the mental. It's difficult to make it hard physically, when they're only containing the flesh, but when they put it in your mind that you're going to be there, and you accept it. Then they open the doors one day and say, "All right, you can go." Then what's that going to do to your personality? When you lay down with dogs, you get up with fleas. When I walked out of there I had fleas, because that's where I had been—with dogs.

So it's impossible for a man to walk out of the situation that I walked out of—out onto the street, and fit right in, and expect to have the type of personality that's going to attract the kind of people that the so-called system wants you to be around.

You don't create a personality in a year or two years or even five years. It takes quite awhile to realize that all the truth that you've seen in the penitentiary, the situations that you've had to survive under—they're not out here. But yet it is the truth. A man under a life sentence will tell you the truth a lot quicker than a man out in the street, free, will—he's got nothing to lose.

Sure it changed me a lot. It took away just about everything I thought I was. It took away just about all the knowledge that I thought I had before I went in. So, when I came back out in the street, I was like a child learning how to walk all over again. I had to get the animalistic mentality out of my mind. You know—a very short fuse. It's something I don't know how much time it takes to do. I was not out that long.

HIGH TIMES: You don't think five years was sufficient?

DAVIS: Well, how could it be when I lived every day waiting on the phone to ring, to tell me, "Hey, Rog, it's time for you to go back to the penitentiary." Why should I let my soul be free, when the next thing you know, my ass is confined again. Once you get over the hurt, then you never want it again. I knew when I came out that I was out temporarily, and I expected to

come back in here. So why should I say, "Well, this is it I'm free," and make long-range plans, and then have that taken away from me?

The higher you fly, the harder you fall. I wouldn't let myself be free. If you're released on a yo-yo theory, any time they want to snatch that string, they can pull you right on back in. And that's when it really hurts.

HIGH TIMES: Have you made any plans for the day when you get out of here?

DAVIS: Well, it depends. I don't have any plans right now, other than to spend all the time I can with my family, whether it be here in this country, or maybe some other country. I just want my freedom.

HIGH TIMES: You say, "some other country"; does that mean you've thought about emigration?

DAVIS: Well, you know I'm always going to be Roger Davis, and I'm always going to be a man. I refuse to go from boy to uncle and not experience manhood. If I can't accomplish that here in this country, then my alternative is to try another country, as long as I have my family with me.

I feel that people and human nature are the same all over the world. I can get along with anybody. Anyone I want peace in my life. I don't want to have to worry about somebody coming and burning a cross in my yard, which happened to me in Wytheville, Virginia, right before I went to court. I don't want to have to worry about someone shooting at me, making threats on my life, because all this has happened.

HIGH TIMES: When did that happen, the cross-burning?

DAVIS: That was in '73, maybe a week or two before I went to court on the LSD charge. Late one night I wasn't even home.

My mom heard them. And she looked out the window and she saw it burning and heard em hollering down along the road in front of the house. Whoever was doing it was hollering and screaming and drove on up the highway. They were shooting a gun. We

"If you take drugs out of the penitentiaries, you've got mass murder everywhere you look."



didn't know whether they were shooting at the house or where. Late that night, she was telling me about it, and the next morning we went down in the yard and looked at it, and you know, *there* it was.

When we filed for a change of venue we carried the pieces to court and showed the judge and the prosecutor and said this had happened. And it was just like, "These people have got to be silly coming in here with these sticks and saying that somebody burned a cross in their yard." They didn't pay any attention to it whatsoever. None whatsoever. But that type of harassment—and then you take it to the highest officials that you've got, which is the court system, and you don't get any response from them. They look at you like, "Who do you think you are?"

You're lucky that we didn't have you on the cross, burning you."

That was the impression I got from the police and the court. Here I am going to trial, and the Klan comes and burns a damn cross in my yard, and the judge looks at me like he might have been one of 'em. **HIGH TIMES:** Did the fact that you were married to a white woman become a public issue at the time of your trial? Was it written about in the papers?

DAVIS: Well, I don't know if it was mentioned in the papers, but it was common knowledge.

HIGH TIMES: Did you know other interracial couples?

DAVIS: Sure, there was quite a bit of it that was going on. We'd been interracial-dating for years. We would go to places like Durham's Restaurant in Wytheville on Main Street to eat, and things like

that. A lot of people were doing it, but not as publicly as I was, because I didn't see any difference.

HIGH TIMES: Did you say, at the time of your trial, that your bust was racially motivated? Did you make statements about it, or speak through your lawyers?

DAVIS: You're the first person I've been able to sit down and talk to about all these things openly since 1973. Most of the things that have been printed have been printed and printed and printed. But they did talk about the case being racially motivated. I never said so. I didn't need to. Why?

Because I actually thought that I would get a fair trial. I didn't know it would be a total railroad. I knew what I was doing was wrong in the eyes of the law; I expected to get busted, but I expected to get some justice also.

HIGH TIMES: What was your feeling in the courtroom when the sentence was passed?

DAVIS: Disbelief. I said, "No, it's a mistake. There's no way they can mean that."

HIGH TIMES: Was your family there?

DAVIS: Yes. My wife was there; my mom was there. My lawyer had cautioned me about my wife being in court, because it might antagonize the jury. Then, of course, you had all the local hippies and long-hairs.

HIGH TIMES: You were a kind of symbol for them?

DAVIS: Right.

HIGH TIMES: So you had a lot of supporters there?

DAVIS: Right.

HIGH TIMES: Were these people you hung out with?

DAVIS: And a lot of people I didn't even know, I hadn't seen before. I think that kind of agitated the situation. I guess the judge felt, "Well, if we let this man get away, then tomorrow it'll be all these here."

HIGH TIMES: So, when he passed sentence, he was speaking not just to you, but to everyone in the courtroom, about drugs and about race-mixing and all of that?

DAVIS: The whole problem was that he was a little late. He was just a little late. □





Psychic Pedestrians on a Spiral Horizon (Barycenter).

A ROBERT WILLIAMS PORTFOLIO

Painter, illustrator and a founding father of underground comix, this master keeps exploring his closet full of sweet dreams and nightmares.



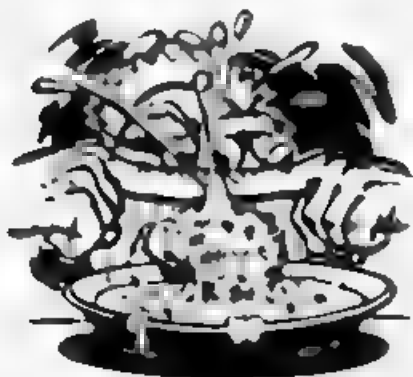
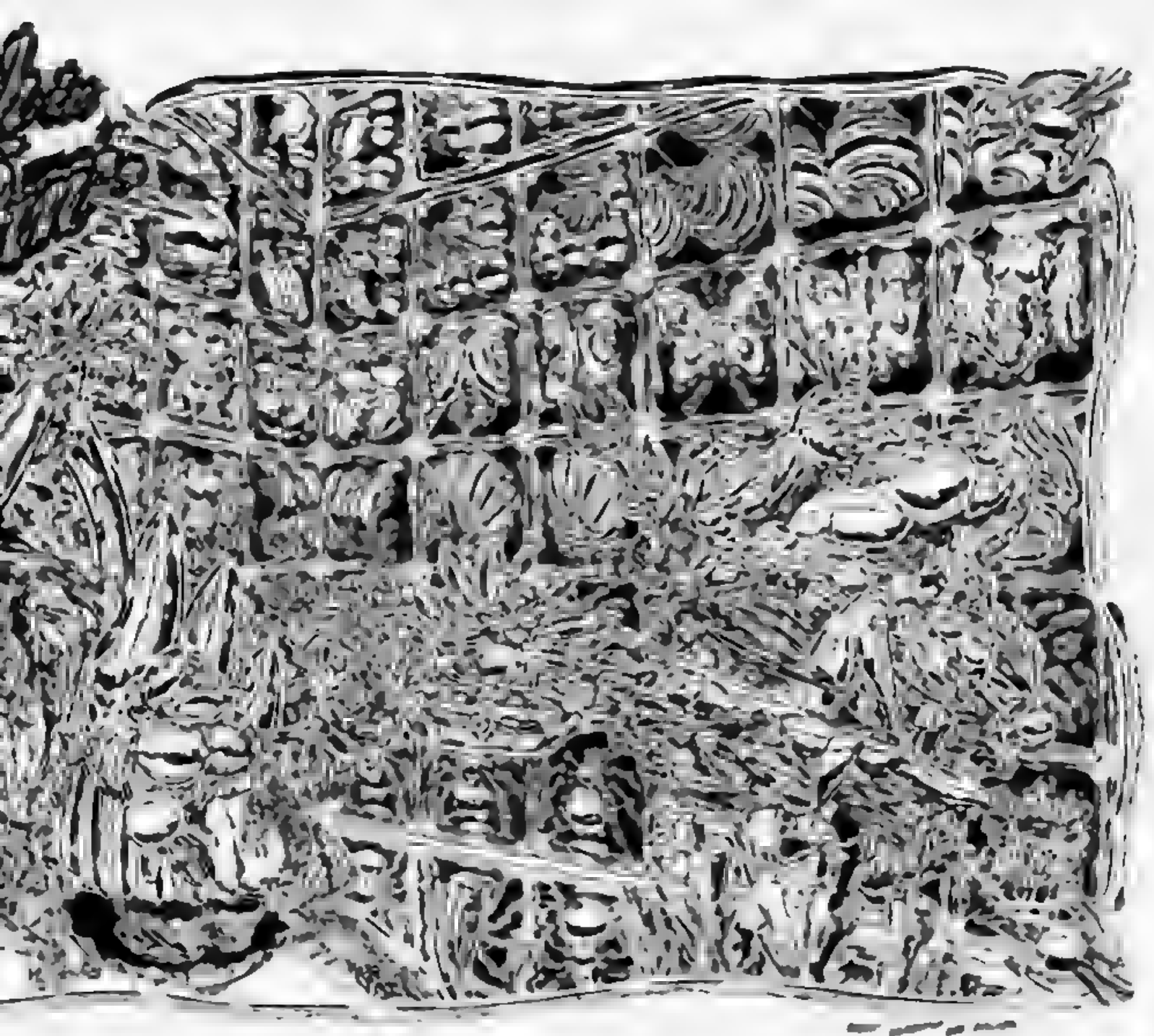
David Laury



Coochy Cooty in his most recent incarnation.



Left: "Appetite For Destruction"—Phantoms of the mind or actual monsters from outer space? Below: A few "Random Licks" studies for tattoos, cocktail napkins and Bar-B-Q Aprons Above: "A Flash in the Pan," is the ultimate in the intense, hard-to-make-out psychedelic style.



MILKED ACNE



HOT ROD NECROPHILIC



CHANGE YOUR SHORTS!





HAIT OR I'LL BLOW
YOUR BRAINS OUT!



RAIDERS OF THE LOST GOLD

PART VI by "R"

On the verge of breaking the most important story of his career, the Connoisseur is paid a visit by an old acquaintance bearing a deadly assortment of handguns and a blood-chilling threat from powerful people in high places.

The story so far: Could HIGH TIMES founder Tom Forcade still be alive? That was the shocking question confronting "R," Forcade's old friend and cannabis-connoisseur protégé, at the conclusion of our last episode. Could Forcade have faked his death in order to rebuild the Brotherhood, the legendary international psychedelic smuggling empire that rose and fell in the '70s? That was the theory two menacing narcs have posed to "R" in a strange confrontation over onion rolls at Wolfie's restaurant in Miami Beach.

"R" had flown down to Miami, that Casablanca of the contemporary coke and weed trade, when a mysterious woman in New York hinted that the true story of Forcade's 1978 suicide might only be found in "Chateau Forcade," the palatial Prohibition-era Miami waterfront mansion that served as the nerve center of Forcade's smuggling operations at the height of the Colombian gold rush of the '70s. The intrepid Connoisseur finds a seductive and treacherous Palm Beach pot party girl named Susannah residing in the mansion, and finds himself lured into a trap she's set for him with the feds. Threatening him with a hideous fate, the feds try to convince "R" to lead them to the born-again Brotherhood and the mysterious Mr. Big they claim is a reborn Forcade.

The last episode found "R" strenuously practicing investigative decadence in that notorious Lansky-land roadhouse motel, "Myron's Club Polynesia Towne"—the "Rick's Place" of the Caribbean Casablanca. When we left, we found him being lured to a sinister coke-tasting contest featuring a bizarre gallery of white-suited rasta dwarfs, cutthroats and coke whores. But something happened before "R" was able to reveal the outcome of that episode. In his mysterious ways, "R" contacted

HIGH TIMES and asked for a postponement of the conclusion to his astounding tale.

(Needless to say, all characters herein are fictional and have not the slightest resemblance to any smugglers living or dead. Even "R" doesn't have the slightest resemblance to himself. Only Forcade is real. Strange. Mythic. But real.)

Well. Back again. I know some of you have been suspicious about the one-month pause in this serialization. In scenes reminiscent of the heyday of Charles Dickens monthly serializations, anxious crowds were gathered around newsstands and headshops all over the country last month waiting for the June HIGH TIMES to hit the stands with the hotly anticipated final episode of "R"'s smuggling epic. Only to tear apart the issue in vain, finding only a cryptic announcement that "R" was giving his readers a month to "pause and reflect" upon the action in the past five episodes before ending the suspenseful saga.

The consternation has shaken up a lot of people. Rumors and paranoia theories have swept the venues of cannabis culture. What was the real story behind "R"'s postponement? Was he about to reveal something about Forcade (could he be alive?) that was too hot for HIGH TIMES to handle? Did certain people in the Old Brotherhood not want the truth to come out about the existence of the New Brotherhood? Were there threats? Pressures?

The answer to all these questions is yes.

There were certain people who just didn't want the truth to come out. Some people thought it was wrong to write about Tom at all, especially the side of

him that traveled in that whole clandestine world in which he was, by general acclamation, the Grass Tycoon. All I can say in that regard is that Tom deliberately allowed me glimpses of his underground empire, specifically because he knew I was a reporter and knew that—giving due consideration to the privacy of his associates and the First Amendment protection of confidential sources—someday, somehow, I'd write about it. In fact, I always assumed that he wanted me to write about that hidden world and his role in it. He was proud of it, as proud as he was of his achievements as political activist, publisher, editor and writer. More than proud of it—he believed in it, in some ways it was the part of his life that was closest to his heart. He believed that smugglers were part of a long tradition of free spirits and freedom fighters who fought authority and lived by their own code. "When you live outside the law you must be honest" was one of his favorite Dylan quotes. HIGH TIMES itself was created out of his devotion to the smuggler ethic, and I know he would want it to be the place that preserved something of his legendary exploits for history and myth.

Okay, okay, I can hear you say, what really happened to the missing episode? Was "R" about to reveal something about Tom, about the Brotherhood, about the actual survival of the global smuggling underground and the mysterious grass tycoon who headed it, something so explosive they couldn't allow it to be printed?

Well, all "R" is permitted to say at this point is that when you're dealing with Miami, when you're dealing with the tricky currents of intrigue, paranoia



and paranoid cocaine psychosis that can make tempers explode like fragmentation grenades, well, you're dealing with people who don't necessarily appreciate the fine distinction between fact and fiction that a skilled writer and reporter can make. You can't explain to these people the subtle nuances that distinguish imagination from incrimination, between description and deception, that has always been a hallmark of the Connoisseur in his deft mixture of investigative reporting and investigative decadence.

And so, to make a long story relatively short, just as I was about to deliver the final installment of this story, I received a call from a certain party who told me in a pronounced southern drawl that he was "up heah from Mahyamee" to speak to me "about the die-rection yo plot is goin'. Some of us folk down in what you call the 'Casablanca of the Caribbean' are concerned. From a literary point of view. They've asked me to discuss it with you."

And so, against my better judgment, I found myself showing up in a sleazo-modern airport motel suite near New York's Flushing Bay Too near the bay if you ask me. Especially when I walked in and discovered my host—a tall skinny guy in horn-rimmed glasses and badly fitting polyester cowboy clothes, and wild coked-up eyes that were oddly filled with what looked like tears as he opened the door.

"Har yew there, 'R'?" he asked, in his mean, dried-up cactus West Texas accent. "How's Mr. Big Shot Connoisseur. Excuse me," he said wiping his eyes. "Yew caught me at an emotional moment. That's the saddest goddamn song," he said, jerking a thumb back at the motel bed where a battered "ghetto blaster" tape box was playing a Willie Nelson song, "The Last Thing I Needed the First Thing This Morning Was to Have You Walk Out on Me."

But Tex didn't stay sentimental for too long.

"Wail now, Mr. Connoisseur, ah been readin' those stories you been printin' about me 'n Tom and ah kin see you got a mighty fine eye-magination."

"Gee, thanks, Tex, I'm glad you like them, but that's not you in the story. Just a fictional character. Is that why you wanted to see me? To discuss my prose?"

"Wail. Not exactly, 'R'." He ambled over to the motel bed and zipped open one of several expensive leather suitcases.

"That there frog, Mister Vweetone, he sure knows how to make fine travelin' bags. Next time I'm over Paree I plan to bring him some ostrich skins and get him to stitch up a set to match mah boots."

Casualty as he spoke he upended this particular Louis Vuitton bag, and several oiled and varnished handguns bounced out onto the cheap motel bedspread. Large handguns. The 357 size. With silencers.

"Uh, Tex what are you, uh—" "Ah thought you wanted to see these, R."

"Me? Why?"

"Well, I heard you were in the market for some protection."

"Protection?"

"Yeah, and ah don't mean no profolactics. Haw haw haw."

Now, I'd known Tex for a long time. He was one of Tom's oldest associates back from his days as psychedelic outlaw and itinerant pamphleteer on the Arizona-Mexico border. In all those years I'd never liked his laugh and I never thought he had much of a sense of humor. That night I didn't find him funny at all. I found him menacing.

"Why would I need protection, Tex?"

"Wail, 'R,' I was readin' your last episode, and while I always thought you were just a master at pushin' a pen, I thought you were headin' toward some very dangerous subject matter. Seemed to a casual reader like me, you was headin' toward tellin' the whole truth about our mutual friend. And you know you got some people who are not casual readers who would be kinda upset if you was to tell all you know. The way I heard it, from a confidential source, you understand, you're gonna need to be carrying protection if you get into the whole area of the New Alliance down there."

Well, there are some things I don't need spelled out for me, and this was one of them. Tex and whoever his confidential sources were weren't interested in selling me guns—they were interested in scaring the shit out of me and causing me to change the whole direction, the very climax of imaginative revelation, I was building up to. Would I let myself be intimidated?

"Uh, Tex," I said, in my best attempt at a steady tone, "just what direction do you think I should take if I don't, uh, get into the actual, you know—"

"Well, 'R,'" said Tex, relaxing, "speaking just as a humble reader, as a fella that loves a good yarn, I'd rather not hear all this *speckylation* about whether Tom's alive... Just speakin' now as a connoisseur of a good yarn, I'd like to hear the story of *why* he decided

to kill himself. I don't think anybody really knows the truth on that score."

"And you of course would supply that?"

"Ah thank there are things I can dredge up from my memory that will put all the rumors to rest and put things into perspective."

"And your price for giving me this story?"

"Final cut."

"Final cut?"

"On this episode just like in them Hollywood deals. One guy's got to be able to say whether the story has a happy ending or not. When you comes to the events in your story following that Mariani party down there in Myron's Polynesia Towne—by the way, ah loves the way you evoked the neon sleaze ambience of Myron's place, ah thought that was powerful evocative as they say—but yes, 'R,' I'd have to have final cut on the final question which I know you're heading toward. But in return you get to know the truth about what really drove our friend Tom to ice himself. You get to clear away all the bullshit and rumors that people who don't know have been spreading. 'Course there's always the added consideration that if you get story approval from me you might not need to buy one of these expensive pistols here—"

"Do I get to hear your story before I decide?"

"Sure thang, 'R,' I've been longin' to tell someone because it's been a heavy burden on my heart. Thang is, 'R,' I was *there* on the landing strip the night that Patrick bought it. Ah mean *raht there*. You know what landing strip I'm referrin' to, 'R'? You know the incident I'm referrin' to. You familiar with the circumstances of Patrick's death and its effects on Tom?"

That private landing strip in La Guajira. The one Tom used in the coup to corner the market on Santa Marta gold back in the '70s. The one his private air force of crack small-plane pilots used to run the air/sea Colombian blockade in the winter of '75. The escapade that made certain daring flyboys of the pot-pilot elite as legendary as the raffish aces who won the battle of Britain.

And Patrick. Some said he was Tom's closest buddy. They were like the Butch Cassidy and Sundance Kid of smuggling. I'd been subletting his apartment up north when he disappeared down there. Tom never told anybody about how Patrick died. Or *that* he died. But one evening he rang the bell at the apartment I was sublet-

ting. He just walked in with two big empty suitcases and started opening some hidden storage cabinets I never knew existed, pulling up floorboards, kicking down false walls, unlocking padlocked closets and removing certain personal effects of Patrick's. I had a girlfriend staying with me then, someone Tom didn't know, and so he refused to answer my questions at the time. He just repacked the things he'd removed from the suitcase and walked out looking as utterly grim and melancholy as I'd ever seen him—and I'd seen him at some of his lowest, blackest moods.

"My God," said my girlfriend, who was mystified by the whole thing. "That guy looks like his best friend just died!"

Later I found out she was right.

"Well, Tex, I know Tom was upset about it—I mean, he and Patrick went back a long way. I remember at that big wake for Tom on top of the World Trade Center I heard a story that Tom had hired a private eye to try and see what happened when Patrick's plane disappeared on some South America trip, right?"

"Yeah, that's the strange thing," Tex said. "Tom *did* hire a private eye for just that purpose, but he *knew* all along just how it happened."

"He knew. Then why—"

"He knew because he was there. He knew because—well, that's what I'm tryin' to get to. Took me awhile to figure out why he'd go through this private-eye thing and I knew he must have had a reason. I think maybe he just wanted to hold out the illusion that there was another explanation than the one that well, he blamed himself for. Than the truth."

"And what was the truth?"

"You know how close Tom and Patrick were, 'R.' I mean, those two had been through some shit together. But as Tom got more and more involved with that damned magazine, he had less and less time for the Game."

"The Game?"

"That's what he called it. Or sometimes, 'My Florida Scene.' You know Tom was a legend in the Game, but he became so visible after awhile—you know, his whole media tycoon trip with the movies and the records he was producing, and takin' on the feds. Well, sometimes I thought he just did all that to raise the stakes in the Game."

"Raise the stakes?"

"Yeah, smuggling had become too easy in a way. He could move a load of mersh, move a fuckin' *fleet* of mersh if he wanted to with just a couple of phone

calls. But he was in it for something more than the money. He was in it for the *thrill*, for the adrenalin high, for the challenge of smuggling. So he and Patrick would get high and try to dream up some project so outrageous, it would make smuggling history. They were like two kids trying to dream up some impossible adventure and then see if they fuckin' couldn't *do* the fucker.

"Hey, 'R,'" said Tex, going over to the Vuitton full of guns and rummaging through the murderous collection of firepower. "I got somethin' here that you as a Connoisseur should experience before you die."

He must have seen my face go pale.

"Here, try some of this. I think I'm gonna need some myself if I'm gonna get back into that airstrip where Tom and I watched Patrick die."

"You what?"

"Light up, 'R.'"

An arc of gold flashed across the room, gleaming even in the seedy glare of the motel-room light. It glowed with a radiance that only one substance on earth possessed.

"Chateau Forcade?" I asked Tex as the Ziploc bag of densely clumped Colombian landed on my lap.

"Chateau Forcade," Tex confirmed. "Here," he said, producing a fat pre-rolled joint and flaring it up. "A lot of people who didn't know Tom thought he was Mister Cynic, you know, 'Cap'n Bad Vibes,' the Prince of Sarcasm. But that guy was a *dreamer*. That little fucker had *visions*, man. Ah lahks the way you put it in your very first episode there, 'R. What you said Tom thought this Santa Marta gold was like—the philosophers' stone of grass. 'Like the legendary philosophers' stone that the alchemists claimed could transmute lead into gold, Tom thought this grass could transmute the tarnished metal of human nature itself, create a new golden age.' Hey, philosophers' *stone*. I lahks that. You surely can string them words together, 'R.' But, you know, it's true. Tom thinks that if he can just pull off one big Santa Marta gold harvest—"

"Tom thinks?"

"Did I say that? Sorry, Tom always thought this Santa Marta gold was going to return America to that golden age of innocence when the green hills first blossomed in the sight of the Dutch sailors."

"That's Gatsby"

"No shit, Sherlock. Tom kept a copy of it in the cockpit. I must have read it a dozen times waitin' to be refueled on some crummy excuse for a sandbar

"Hey, 'R,'" said Tex going over to the Vuitton full of guns, "I got somethin' here that you as a Connoisseur should experience before you die."

down here. But I see I've got off the track here," said Tex, lighting up a hefty joint of the inimitably sweet and spicy gold.

"Well, first of all, 'R,' you gotta understand that what happened wasn't necessary. And I think it was *that* that was eatin' away at Tom all the time afterwards. That it was just some of their macho badass gambler's pride that caused what happened to happen."

"Come on, man, cut to the chase," I pleaded. "What *did* happen?"

"Well, they were gonna try and run the blockade... Ah don't know if you realize it, but the navy air stations all over the South were sending up whole *squadrons* to harass smuggler planes out of the air. They were using look-down-see-down satellite radar to track them from above, and then just scrambling fuckin' F-16 interceptors to buzz the shit out of our planes. Fuckin' punchin' 'em out of the sky. Well, Tom had some kind of 'cloak of invisibility' radar his phone-phreak boys were working on and he wanted to be the first to test it."

"We had better pilots than Tom and Patrick. We had guys who'd rode Sam-6 flak over fuckin' *Hanoi* for years. But Tom and Patrick had this kind of boy-adventurer code, like they had to do it themselves."

"So anyways, there we was out on the landing strip. I was part of the ground crew. Been out in the bush with the growers, checkin' the bales and keepin' an eye on them, waitin' for Tom and Patrick to come in on these Lear Executive jets they were foolin' around with. See, neither one of them had a jet rating, but Tom was kind of a natural pilot, and Patrick, well, Tom had sent him to the best private jet-training school, so they thought they could handle it. So I'm sittin' on a mountain of certified Chateau Forcade gold. I've got some locals and some paid-off *federales* guarding the strip. Everything's cool till Tom's plane appears and he comes in too high and fast and he practically blows right off the end of the strip, off the fuckin' *cliff*. I mean, by the time he stops, that fucker's nose was hanging out over ten thousand feet of thin fuckin' air."

"But Tom just climbs out like nothin's happened and he opens the passenger door and a woman in a party dress steps out. I couldn't fuckin' believe it. We're two miles up in the Andes and she's dressed like she just excused herself from some Palm Beach tea party. Which, it turns out, she did. But I tell you, it blew the minds of my Inca boys when—"

"That woman," I asked, "was she—"

"That's right. You wrote about her in

your first episode. I noticed how coy you were there, 'R,' in not mentioning her name—not even *giving* her a name, but then in your *last* episode you practically print her whole rap sheet."

"So that was her? I swear I didn't know at the time I wrote that first episode. I didn't see her picture till I got the Senate testimony on the Brotherhood. And I didn't say anything more than the narcs who infiltrated the Brotherhood knew."

"You sure as hell did, man. You associated her with the other women fugitives from the Big Brotherhood bust, and in the first episode you talked about the rumors about the 'Sisterhood of Love.' Don't you think people are gonna make connections?"

First to
greet me was
the dwarf with
the dreadlocks.
He was
rubbing
his hands
with great
lubricity.

"Well," I said, "but after what happened in Miami—that whole episode at Myron's Polynesia Towne—she's not—"

"Precisely, 'R.' That's just what we're here for. Your plans to write about what happened at the Mariani party at Myron's club that night. That seemed to be where you were leading."

"Hey, Tex. How could I not tell about that?"

"Well, why don't you tell me just how much you *were* going to say and I'll be the judge of how much you *are* going to write about it."

"But you told me you'd tell me how Patrick's death explained Tom's suicide first."

"No," said Tex. "First you tell me how you were gonna handle the shit that went down at that Mariani party, *then*

I'll tell you what happened at the landing strip."

"Well, I was gonna start with the scene at the coke-tasting party down at that Hut Seven with the Cubans—"

"The Mariani party."

"Yeah, except I'd never heard of a Mariani party before. When this little bellhoppette I was with told me the Cuban coke dealers were having a Mariani party they wanted to invite me to, my first reaction was, hey, I'm all for investigative decadence but I just can't stand that kind of music and I don't care how good the coke is."

"Well, she gives me a look like I'm the single most uncool member of the human race she has yet encountered and tells me, 'No, dummy, I didn't say "*mariachi*" party; I said, "*Mariani*" party.'"

Of course I'd heard of Mariani before, the legendary cocaine-laced wine that had sparkled in the most select salons in *fin de siècle* France. Opera singers, poets, popes—yes, there were written endorsements from Pope Leo—statesmen, poets, all had sung the praises of Vin Mariani.

It was said to both intoxicate and clarify at the same time, to soothe and stimulate—the ultimate tonic. But this divine concoction of a Parisian chemist which combined French Bordeaux and Peruvian coca leaf disappeared from the market after World War I. Although one bottle did turn up at the office of HIGH TIMES in the early years and became the subject of a legendary Forcade temper tantrum. The unopened bottle of *vin coca*, which was said to be worth \$10,000 to collectors, suddenly disappeared from the office after it was photographed for a HIGH TIMES picture spread. Forcade went into a fury. He wanted all the employees to take lie-detector tests to try and find the thief. He practically closed down the magazine out of irritation, although I later heard rumors that the old trickster Forcade had taken and consumed the bottle *himself* with a certain woman and *then* faked a tantrum over an imaginary theft.

Well, anyway, what Maribeth the bellhoppette who'd been assigned by the dwarf to escort me to Hut Seven—what she'd said was, that for some reason in the past year or so the elite of Miami's Cuban coke dealers had gotten into a whole *thing* with Manani. Almost like freebasing for Californians. Only this was *wine* basing. And not with any old wine. Not with some cheap MD 20-20 or your run-of-the-mill Monsieur

/ continued on page 84

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE



Witness the ultimate miracle of base vegetable matter transmuted into dazzling gold worthy of Santa Marta royalty.









Montxo Algora

OUT OF THE BLUE BOOK

Tired of the same old bump and grind? Well, then, drop whatever you're doing and check out these unexpurgated excerpts from the hottest compendium of illustrated erotica ever. And then it's back to the mat with a whole new bunch of style and pizzazz.





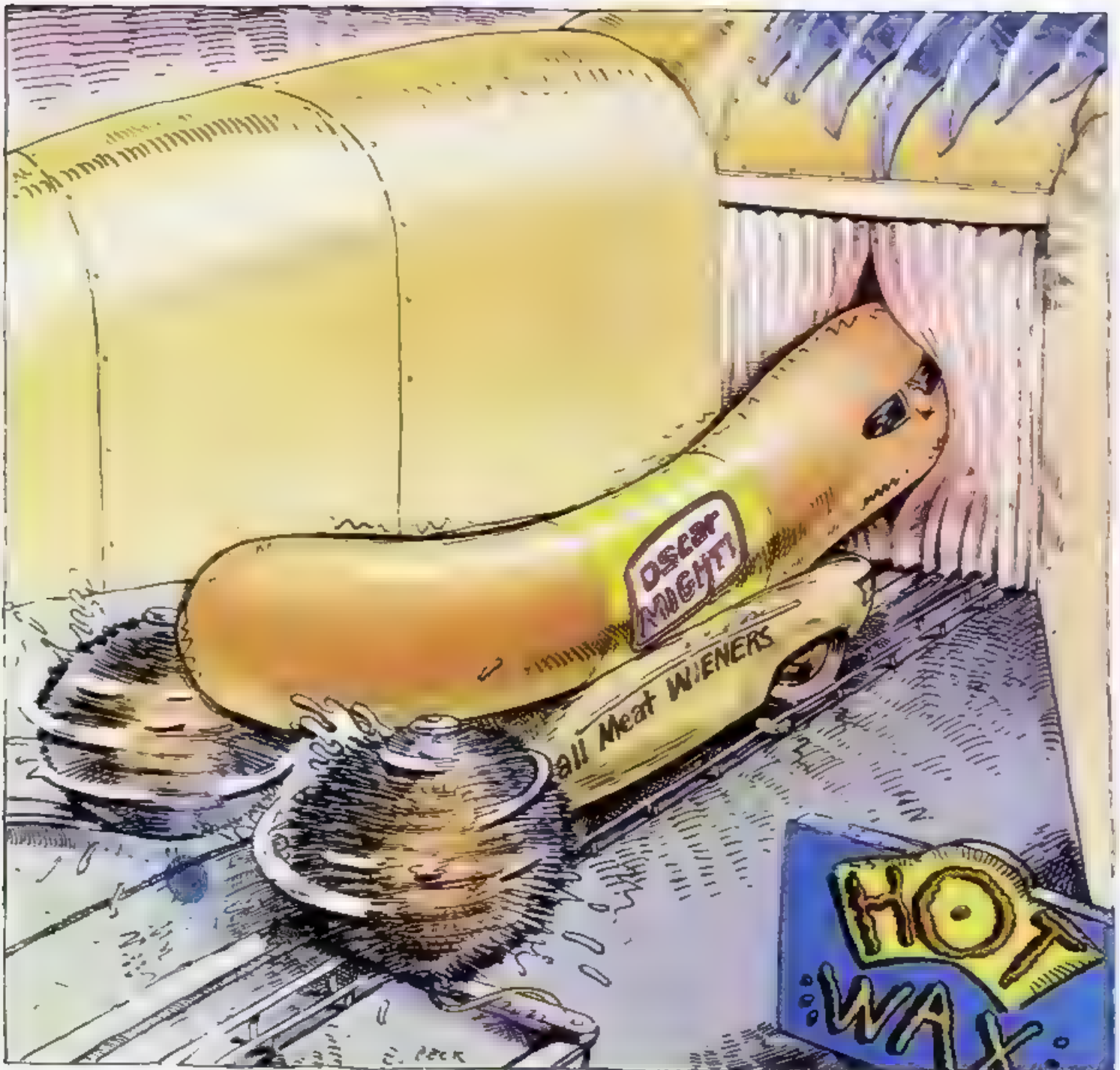


Satin Duck • Neon Park

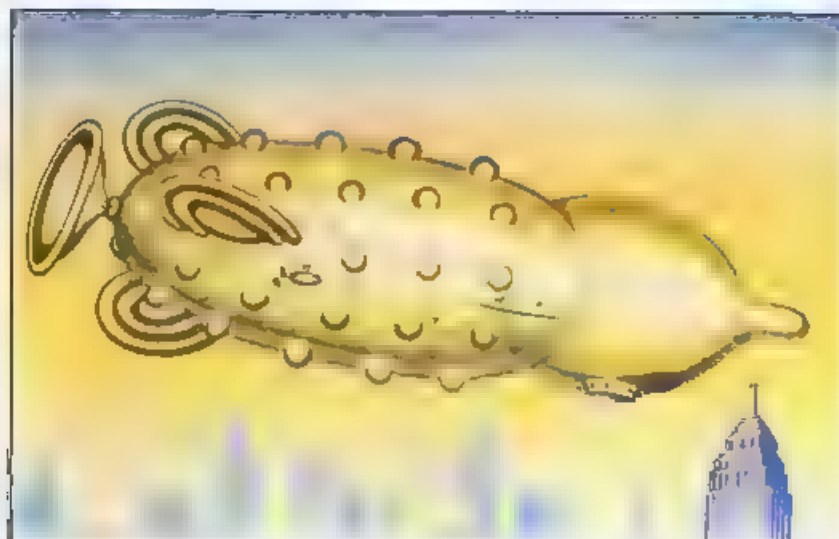


Pubic Television • Lesno Cabarga

Spuds & Dolls • Stan Watts

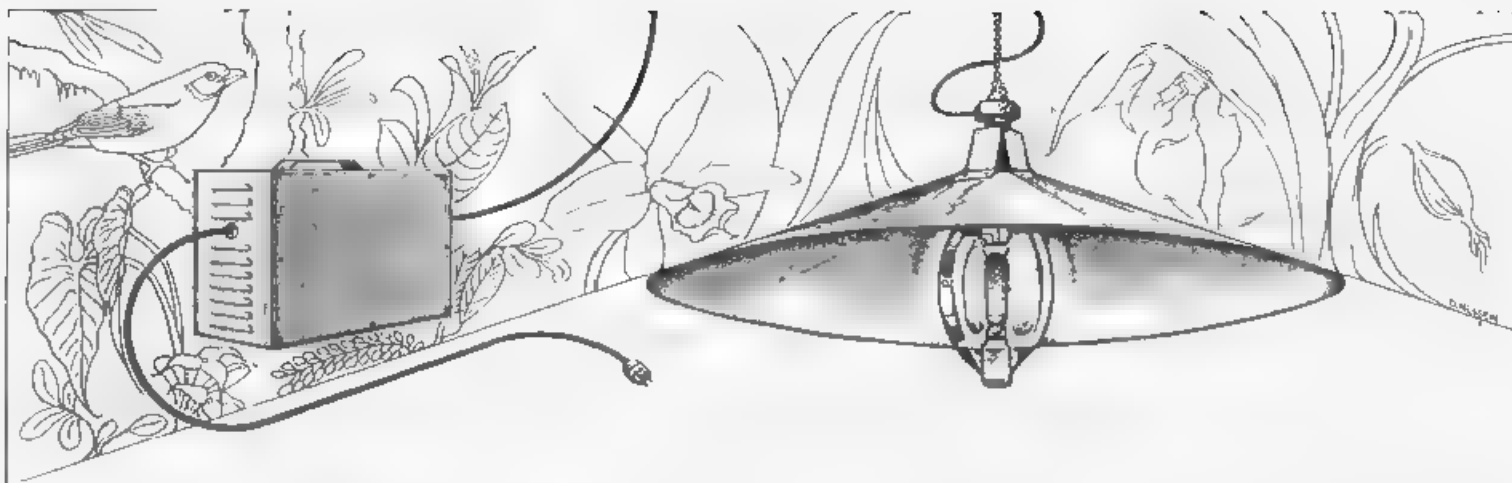


Hot Wax • Everett Peck



Goodrear Blump • Todd Schorr

The following illustrations are reprinted by permission from THE BLUE BOOK, copyright © Brad Benedict. THE BLUE BOOK is available from broad-minded bookstores everywhere, OR direct from Indigo Books, c/o American Showcase, NYC.



For all you grow, you'll need the best... We've got you covered.

At M&R, we take pride in producing high quality, Metal Halide Indoor Gardening Systems, at competitive prices. We use only the highest quality components available. You'll receive a one year unconditional guarantee on any system you purchase.

- Our systems surpass bulb and ballast manufacturers code
- Each system is equipped with an advanced low noise ballast and capacitor, solidly mounted in a steel box, uniquely designed to keep the ballast and capacitor at their optimum running temperature
- We use high temperature triple jacketed 600 volt wire for greater safety
- We use a 4-KV pulse rated bulb socket (5-KV for our high pressure sodium system)
- You'll receive your choice of hoods, A 21" porcelain hood or a 45" reflective hood

Good luck, and may your light always shine

M&R Lighting, "the no bullshit halide specialists."

Call our toll free number and talk with one of our specialists
TOLL FREE (1-800-426-5577)
 in Seattle call (206) 833-8280.



division of

Price list,

- System A; Sylvania M 1000 U Metal Halide
\$188.99* (110,000 lumens)
- System B; Sylvania MS 1000 Super Halide
\$198.99* (125,000 lumens)
- System C; Sylvania or G.E. LU 1000 H P Sodium
\$275.00* (140,000 lumens)
- Replacement Bulbs,
- MS 1000 C/BU Sylvania
\$71.50
 - MS 1000 BU Sylvania
\$64.50
 - M 47 Ballast core and coil
\$105.00

*Phosphorus coated Bulbs \$7.00 additional
 • You pay shipping

System _____
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

To Order; Send cashiers check, money order or C O D order (send 20% deposit) to,

M&R LIGHTING

420 Seattle Blvd N, Pacific, WA 98047

STIMULANTS

Whether you're into coffee, Coca-Cola or cocaine, there's a world of difference between being up and being strung out.

by Andrew Weil, M.D. & Winifred Rosen

"Stimulants" is excerpted out of *Chocolate to Morphine*, Andrew Weil's new book, written with professional kids-book author Winifred Rosen. Dr. Weil, Harvard physician and frequent *HIGH TIMES* contributor, has previously written on altered states of consciousness, promoted by everything from drugs to ceremonial singing to solar eclipses, in *The Natural Mind* (1972) and *The Marriage of the Sun and Moon* (1980). In *Chocolate to Morphine*, Weil endeavors now to simply explain drugs, what they are and how they work, to kids—and to everyone else who's curious about drugs.

This has never been done before—not by any sincere parties, anyway—and as this "Stimulants" chapter demonstrates, Weil and Rosen do a brilliant, original job of it. "Depressants," from Valium to opium, are described simply and even-handedly, along with "Hallucinogens" like LSD, and "Delirants" like glue and ketamine. The chapter on marijuana succeeds in thoroughly debunking the neo-reefer-madness "medical" myths of the New Right, while clearly and emphatically delineating the clinically demonstrated problems that attend compulsive potsmoking.

Drug pushers, drug educators, drug companies, drug laws and drug therapists are all examined with great penetration, and though the language is always gentle, none gets off lightly. Since drugs exist everywhere—as much a part of human experience as ceremonial singing and solar eclipses—then they will be integrated naturally into general human experience, in time. People who politically categorize particular drugs as inherently "good" or "bad" are only being human, Weil points out—but since they obstruct this process of integration, they obviously irritate him, and it shows even through Rosen's dulcet, luminous kids-book prose.

As icing on this exceedingly delectable

cake, *Chocolate to Morphine* concludes with an "Appendix" of first person drug experiences, incorporating numerous experiences unique in all drug literature. Besides the expectable recollections of junkies, chain-smokers, alcoholics, coffee addicts, speed freaks and such, there are stories from people who've done good things with all these drugs, and with drugs even weirder. There's also a junco-weed trip that will knock your socks off, and an account of "cotton poisoning" (in which the junkie, by accident, shoots up some of his cotton-swab strainer with his schmeck), guaranteed to give you the creeps for days.

Altogether, *Chocolate to Morphine* is about the most thoroughly enjoyable bit of drug-education literature ever to come down the pike. Worried parents everywhere should get it for their kids, and—better yet—kids should get it for their worried parents. And for anyone who wants to pick up a basic working knowledge of pharmacology in general, this is definitely the place to start.

Hell, nobody here at *HIGH TIMES* knew, before this book came out, exactly why all the med texts changed the word "adrenalin" to "epinephrine" in the '70s. And we checked around and found out that neither did a lot of degreed professional writers and educators. *Chocolate to Morphine* will definitely teach you a thing or two.

—Dean Latimer

Stimulants are drugs that make people feel more alert and energetic by activating or exciting the nervous system. There are many stimulant drugs in current use, some are plants found in nature, others are chemicals made in the laboratory. These different drugs produce somewhat different effects, lasting for varying lengths of time, but all of them raise the energy level of the nervous system in roughly the same way.

The individual nerves in our bodies communicate with each other both electrically and chemically. A nerve impulse is an electric discharge that moves

quickly along the fiber of a nerve cell. The fiber may end at a muscle, a gland or another nerve cell, but there is always a tiny space between the end of the nerve fiber and the next cell. To bridge this gap, the nerve fiber releases small amounts of powerful chemicals called neurotransmitters that affect the next cell. Some neurotransmitters are strong stimulants that cause muscle cells to fire off electrical discharges. The most common stimulant neurotransmitter is a chemical called noradrenalin or norepinephrine. This chemical is closely related to the hormone adrenalin (or epinephrine) which is produced by our adrenal glands.*

Stimulant drugs work by causing nerve fibers to release noradrenalin and other stimulating neurotransmitters. Although different stimulants bring about this release in different ways, the end result is always the same: the release of more stimulating neurotransmitters. So, the stimulation people feel when they take stimulant drugs is simply a result of the body's own chemical energy going to work in the nervous system. The drug just makes the body expend it sooner and in greater quantity than it would ordinarily.

This release of chemical energy in the form of noradrenalin causes certain predictable changes in the mind and body. It makes a person feel wakeful, alert and, often, happy. It makes the heart beat faster and may cause the blood pressure to rise. Because it produces changes in blood flow, the fingertips and tip of the nose may become cold. It gives a feeling of butterflies in the stomach and may cause a laxative effect.

Some of these changers are mediated

*Adrenal is a Latin word meaning "on the kidney," because the adrenal glands sit on top of the kidneys, like little caps. Epinephros means the same thing in Greek. In America the Parke Davis pharmaceutical company succeeded in registering Adrenalin as a trademark for their brand of adrenal hormone, and as a result American scientists have been forced to use the more cumbersome words epinephrine and norepinephrine. The British are not so constrained. They talk about adrenalin and noradrenalin, and so shall we.

From the book *Chocolate to Morphine: Understanding Mind Active Drugs*, by Andrew Weil, M.D. and Winifred Rosen published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Copyright © 1983 by Andrew Weil, M.D. and Winifred Rosen. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.



by a branch of the nervous system called the sympathetic nervous system. The main function of the sympathetic nervous system is to respond to emergencies by preparing the body for fight or flight. It does so by shutting down nonessential functions and speeding up vital ones. The sympathetic nervous system relies on noradrenalin as its chemical messenger.

Now, noradrenalin acts in many of the same ways as adrenalin, the hormone secreted by the adrenal glands, also in response to emergencies. Experiences that cause the adrenals to secrete adrenalin into the bloodstream produce feelings very much like those of stimulant drugs. The rush of excitement one gets on a roller-coaster ride, for example, may feel a lot like the effect of a dose of amphetamine, and no doubt both these techniques are popular for the same reason—because they give people a sense of increased mental and physical energy, and make them feel, temporarily at least, more alive.

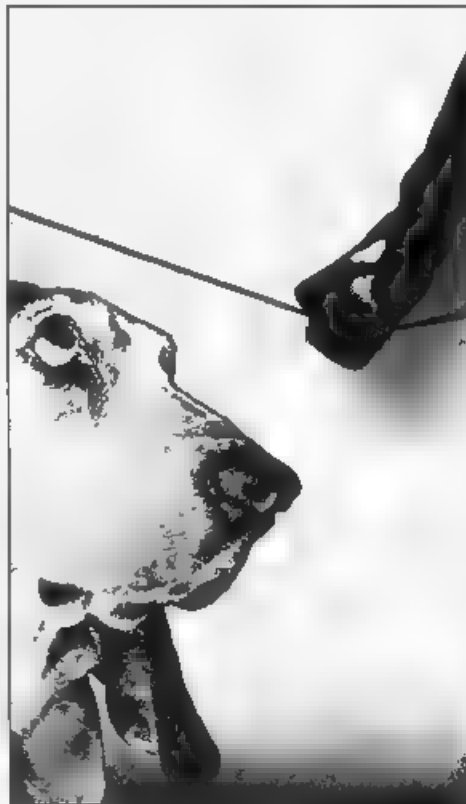
In recent years scientists have begun to find out many interesting things about biorhythms, the cycles by which our vital processes wax and wane. The most obvious daily biorhythm is that of sleeping and waking. Production of hormones and neurotransmitters has its own ups and downs, and these cycles probably explain why people feel naturally stimulated at certain times and naturally lethargic at others. A common pattern is to feel energetic and able to concentrate well in the morning but to become tired and mentally sluggish in the late afternoon.

One reason that stimulant drugs are popular is that they give temporary control over rhythms of wakefulness and the ups and downs of mood. If you have a mental task to do at 3 P.M., when your brain wants to rest, you can mobilize it to concentrate by taking a stimulant drug and thereby forcing your nervous system to release some of its stored-up chemical energy. Or if you have to drive a long distance at night when your whole nervous system is ready for sleep, you can stay awake by putting a stimulant into your body. Or if you are feeling depressed when you have to go out and meet important people, a stimulant might brighten your mood for a while.

Another reason people like stimulants is that they suppress hunger, making it possible to think about something other than food, and concentrate better on the task at hand. Not eating, moreover, tends to further increase one's energy and sense of alertness. The reason

stimulant drugs suppress hunger probably has to do with the preparation of the body for emergencies. In emergencies, all digestive functions become nonessential compared to such processes as blood circulation and speed of muscular response. Under stress, therefore, the body shifts energy away from the stomach and intestines to the brain, heart and blood vessels.

Because the nerves and muscles receive more attention under the effect of stimulants, these drugs may improve certain kinds of physical and mental performance for a time. They may enable people to concentrate longer and better, or to perform physical work more efficiently and with greater endurance. This probably explains why



these drugs are especially popular with students and athletes.

Of course, not everyone is affected by stimulants in the same way; some people find their effects unpleasant, just as some people find roller-coaster rides unpleasant. Far from making everyone cheerful and alert, these drugs make many people anxious, jittery and unable to sit still. Some people are so sensitive to stimulants that they cannot sleep at all, even 12 hours after taking a small dose. Others get such distressing symptoms as heart palpitations, diarrhea and urinary frequency. Instead of automatically improving physical and mental performance, stimulants sometimes just give people a false sense of confidence in what they are doing. There are famous stories of college stu-

dents who wrote what they imagined to be brilliant final exams under the influence of amphetamines, only to find later that they had written the same line over and over or scribbled the whole exam on one illegible page.

Still, at first glance, stimulants sound attractive: they can make you feel alert, happy, wakeful, energetic, strong and resistant to hunger, boredom and fatigue. But one of the greatest lessons of life is *You Never Get Something for Nothing* (or, *There Is No Such Thing as a Free Lunch*), and stimulants are no exception to this rule.

The most serious problems with stimulant drugs result from the way they work. For, instead of miraculously delivering free gifts of cosmic energy, stimulants merely force the body to give up some of its own energy reserves. So when the effect of a stimulant wears off, the body is left with less energy than usual and must replenish its supplies.

People experience this depletion of energy as a "down" or "low" state, marked by the very same feelings they take stimulants to avoid: namely, sleepiness, lethargy, laziness, mental fatigue and depression. The price you pay for the good feeling a stimulant gives you is a not-so-good feeling when the stimulant wears off.

Now, if you are willing to pay this price and let the body recharge itself, there is nothing wrong with using stimulants now and then. The trouble is that many people are not willing to let their bodies readjust, they want to feel good again right away, so they take another dose of the drug. It's very easy to fall into a pattern of using stimulants all the time in order to avoid the down feeling that follows the initial up.

Unfortunately, when they are used in this way, stimulants quickly produce dependence. People who take stimulants regularly find they cannot function normally without them. They need them just to open their eyes in the morning, move their bowels, work or do any of the tasks of everyday life. Without them they just don't feel like doing much of anything.

Kinds of Stimulants

Coffee and Other Caffeine-Containing Plants

Caffeine, the most common natural stimulant, is found in a number of plants throughout the world. The drug was first isolated from coffee in 1821 and was named for that plant, but the effects of coffee and caffeine differ. In many ways coffee seems to be more

powerful than refined caffeine or other caffeine-containing plants.

A shrubby tree native to Ethiopia, coffee is now cultivated in many tropical countries throughout the world. Its bright red fruits, called cherries, each contain two seeds or beans. The raw beans are gray-green, but when roasted they turn dark brown and develop the odor and flavor with which we are familiar. Legend has it that coffee was first discovered long ago by Ethiopian nomads who noticed that their domestic animals became frisky after eating the fruits of the trees. When people tried eating the seeds, they got frisky too, and eventually they learned to make a flavorful drink of the roasted seeds.

More than a thousand years ago, groups of Muslims in the Middle East began using coffee in religious rituals and ceremonies. Groups of men would meet one night a week, drink large amounts of coffee and stay up all night praying and chanting. These mystics confined their use of coffee to these ceremonies, but as coffee became more widely known, other people began to use it, not for religious reasons but just because they liked its stimulant effect. When people started to drink coffee every day in large amounts, many of them found they couldn't stop.

When coffee spread throughout Europe in the 17th century, it became extremely controversial, stirring up great opposition as a new and unapproved drug. Authorities tried to prohibit its use, but of course their efforts were to no avail, coffee soon established itself all over the world. In Europe, coffeehouses sprang up in all cities, and whole societies became dependent on the drug almost overnight. Johann Sebastian Bach is rumored to have been a coffee addict. He extolled the virtues of the new drink in his famous Coffee Cantata. The French writer Balzac could not work without coffee. He drank larger and larger amounts of brews so strong they looked like thick soup, and then complained of the stomach cramps they gave him.

Today coffee is a thoroughly approved drug—so approved, in fact, that many people who drink it regularly are surprised to learn it is a drug at all, let alone a powerful drug that can cause dependence and illness.

The truth is that coffee is a strong stimulant, one that is hard on certain parts of the body. It is irritating to the stomach, for example, and many people who drink a lot of it have indigestion most of the time. (In the United States, where coffee is regularly con-

sumed in large quantities, there are nearly as many brands of antacids as there are brands of coffee.) It is also irritating to the bladder, especially in women, and is a frequent cause of urinary complaints. Coffee makes many people shaky by upsetting the delicate balance between nerves and muscles.

Today dependence on coffee is very common in Western society. Many regular users cannot think clearly in the morning until they have had their first cup. Without it they can't concentrate, move their bowels or do their work. Also, they suffer real withdrawal symptoms—severe headaches, for example—if they stop using coffee suddenly. Such problems all come from using coffee too frequently so that the body



never gets a chance to replenish its stores of chemical energy and comes to rely more and more on the external drug.

Coffee and caffeine have been accused of causing birth defects. There is no agreement on this possibility among scientists, but pregnant women should remember that coffee and caffeine are drugs and should not consume them in large amounts. Recently, medical researchers have found evidence linking coffee (but not other caffeine drinks) with cancer of the pancreas, an untreatable form of cancer that has been on the increase among Americans. The evidence is still weak, however, so it would be premature to give up occasional cups of coffee for fear of developing this disease. Coffee drinkers should

watch for further information on this possible health risk.

Other caffeine beverages don't seem to be as powerful or as toxic as coffee—even though they may contain as much caffeine or equivalent drugs. Tea is not nearly so irritating to the body as coffee, and cases of dependence on tea are less common. This is probably because coffee contains other substances that, by adding to the effect of the caffeine, make it a stronger drug. (Pharmacologists call this kind of interaction "synergism.")

Of course, tea is a stimulant, and if you drink it in large amounts or make it strong enough, you can get powerful effects, including jitteriness and insomnia. In England, tea drinking has been a national pastime and habit ever since the early 17th century, when it was introduced from the Orient. In Japan, the tea ceremony is a very elaborate ritual built around the consumption of a special green tea powder that is whipped with water into a bitter, frothy drink.

Cola is a caffeine-containing seed, or nut, from a tropical tree, the cola tree. In some African countries cola nuts are so valuable they are used as money. The nuts have a bitter aromatic taste, and people chew them for their stimulating effect. Bottled cola drinks have very little cola nut in them and do not taste like cola nuts at all. Though they do contain caffeine, it is usually synthetic caffeine or caffeine extracted from coffee or tea. These soft drinks are also drugs, and people can become dependent on them, as with coffee. Also, they contain a lot of sugar.

The combination of sugar and caffeine seems to be especially habit-forming. Many people drink enormous amounts of cola, and though they may think they are merely quenching their thirst, they are also consuming calories, enough sugar to damage their teeth (and possibly upset their metabolism), not to mention large doses of caffeine. Like other stimulants, cola drinks are not unhealthy if used in moderation, people who like them should just be aware of their nature and their potential for abuse.

In other parts of the world, people use a number of less well known caffeine plants. The national drink of Brazil is guaraná (pronounced gwah-rah-NAH), made from the seeds of a jungle shrub. It contains more caffeine than coffee and is often made into sweet carbonated drinks. Recently, tablets of guaraná powder have appeared in health-food stores in the United States under such brand names as ZOOM and

ZING These are being marketed as new organic stimulants from the Amazon jungle.

In Argentina the most popular caffeine drink is maté (pronounced mah-TAY), which is made from the leaves of a holly plant. Some kinds of maté taste like smoky tea. Maté leaves can be bought in most health-food stores and are ingredients in some herbal tea mixtures, such as Celestial Seasonings Morning Thunder.

One of the most famous sources of caffeine is chocolate, also made from the seeds of a tropical tree. Chocolate, which contains a lot of fat and is very bitter, must be mixed with sugar to make it palatable. It, too, contains a stimulating drug, and cases of chocolate dependence are easy to find. You probably know a few "chocolate freaks." People who regularly consume chocolate or go on chocolate-eating binges may not realize they are involved with a drug, but their consumption usually follows the same sort of pattern as with coffee, tea and cola drinks. (Do you know any vanilla freaks or butterscotch freaks?)

Cacao was known to the ancient Aztecs, who considered it a sacred plant and used it in religious rituals. In moderation, chocolate is a pleasant and interesting addition to the diet, but overuse is not wise, especially since the combination of sugar, fat and drugs can be so habit-forming. People who tend to gain weight easily should be especially careful about their intake of chocolate.

Coca and Cocaine

Coca, a shrub native to the hot, humid valleys of the eastern slopes of the Andes, has been cultivated by the Indians of South America for thousands of years. Today the plant is legal in Peru and Bolivia, where millions of Indians still chew coca leaves every day as a stimulant and medicine. (Coca, by the way, is not related to cocoa.)

Coca contains 14 drugs, cocaine being the most important. The other drugs are present in smaller amounts and seem to modify the stimulating effect of the cocaine. In addition, coca leaves contain many vitamins and minerals that are probably important in the diets of Indians who use them. There are several varieties of coca: some taste like green tea, some like wintergreen. Coca is used by putting the dried leaves in the mouth and working them into a large wad. People suck on this wad for 30 minutes or so, swallowing the juices, after which they spit out the residue. To get an effect from coca, a tiny amount

of some alkali, such as lime (the mineral, a white powder) or ashes, must be added to the wad of leaves.

After a few minutes of chewing coca, the mouth and tongue become numb; then people begin to experience the usual effects of stimulants. Unlike coffee, however, coca soothes the stomach and doesn't produce jitteriness. It may also be more powerful than caffeine in producing a good mood.

In the late 1800s, coca became very popular in Europe and America in the form of tonics and wines. Coca-Cola began as one of these early preparations. At the same time, scientists isolated cocaine from the leaves and made it available to doctors in the form of a pure white powder. As the first local

**If
you let
the body
recharge
itself, there
is nothing
wrong with
using
stimulants
now and then.**

anesthetic, cocaine revolutionized surgery, especially eye operations, which had formerly been terribly painful and difficult. In the 1880s doctors began to prescribe cocaine for all sorts of medical problems, including dependence on opiates and alcohol. It soon became apparent, however, that this kind of treatment was not a good idea, because many patients suffered ill effects from cocaine, and many became dependent on it. So, in the early 1900s, laws were passed against the widespread use of coca and cocaine. The Coca-Cola Company took cocaine out of its drink (it still contains a drug-free extract of the leaves as a flavor). Other coca products swiftly disappeared from the shelves of drugstores. Safer local anesthetics were invented in laborato-

ries, and today doctors use cocaine only for certain operations in the eye, nose, throat and mouth.

Meanwhile, a huge black market has developed to supply cocaine to the many people who like the feeling it gives. All illegal cocaine comes from leaves grown in South America, where it is refined. It is always cut (diluted) with various substances before reaching consumers here. Most people snort cocaine: that is, they snuff the powder up their noses. Used in this way, the effects of cocaine come on very fast, are very intense and are very short-lived. Some people shoot cocaine, that is, inject it intravenously, which gives even faster, more intense and shorter effects; and some people smoke a special form of cocaine called freebase in water pipes. Freebasing has become popular recently. It puts cocaine into the bloodstream even faster than intravenous injection and gives similar effects—very intense and very brief. Few people take cocaine by mouth, even though it works and is actually much safer that way.

Coca and cocaine are very different, and the difference is a good illustration of how it is easier to form good relationships with natural drugs than with isolated and refined ones.

Coca leaves contain low concentrations of cocaine (usually only one half of one percent), which are combined with other drugs that modify the effects of cocaine in a good way, and with valuable nutrients. The cocaine is highly diluted by inactive leaf material. What's more, getting stimulation from coca takes work: you have to chew a mouthful of leaves for half an hour. In this natural form, small amounts of cocaine enter the bloodstream slowly through the mouth and stomach.

Relatively pure street cocaine may contain 60 percent of the drug, which, when it is put directly into the nose, lungs or veins, enters the bloodstream all at once. The stimulation, or rush, is therefore very intense, but it lasts only a short time—usually disappearing within 15 minutes to a half hour—after which the user feels very down: tired, sluggish, unhappy. Because cocaine feels so good for so short a time and not so good immediately thereafter, people tend to go on using it, trying to get back the good feeling. Many people can't leave it alone if they have it, even though all they get from it after awhile are the unpleasant effects characteristic of all stimulants used in excess: anxiety, insomnia and general feelings of discomfort. Besides, snorting too much cocaine leads to irritation of the nose,

while smoking it may be bad for the lungs and is even more likely to lead to overuse and a stubborn habit.

Indians in South America, on the other hand, rarely have any problems with coca leaf. They can take it or leave it, continue to get good effects from it over time, and use the stimulation to help them work or socialize. They also use it as a medicine for a variety of illnesses, especially digestive ones. Among South American Indians there is little abuse of coca leaf.

In recent years, cocaine has become very fashionable in the United States. It is now very expensive, costing upwards of \$100 a gram or \$2,000 an ounce. (The smokable freebase form is even more costly.) A few people can easily go through a gram of cocaine in a single evening, and heavy users may develop habits costing \$15,000 a year and more. Occasional snorting of cocaine in social situations is probably not harmful, but one should be aware that the possibility of using it to excess is very real, and that the abuse of cocaine can have ill effects on physical and emotional health as well as on productivity.

It seems a shame that the laws and policies on drugs in our society have led to the disappearance of coca along with knowledge of its uses and benefits. At the same time, by outlawing something that many people want, they have made it profitable to smuggle the concentrated drug, and so have encouraged the growth of a vast black market in cocaine.

Amphetamines and Related Drugs

Amphetamines are synthetic stimulants that were invented in Germany in the 1930s. Their chemical structures resemble those of adrenalin and noreadrenalin, the body's own stimulants. Their effects resemble those of cocaine but are much longer-lasting. A single oral dose of amphetamine usually stimulates the body for at least four hours.

Amphetamines are more toxic than cocaine and, when abused, cause worse problems. The body has a great capacity to metabolize and eliminate cocaine: the liver can detoxify a lethal dose of cocaine every 30 minutes. It cannot handle amphetamines as efficiently. At the same time, people can establish stable relationships with amphetamines more easily than they can with cocaine, probably because the intensely pleasurable but very short effect of cocaine is more seductive and invites repetitive dosing.

For many years after their invention,

amphetamines were tolerated and their use was even encouraged by authorities. Soldiers in World War II received rations of amphetamines to make them march longer and fight better. The governments of several countries, among them the Soviet Union, experimented with giving amphetamines to factory workers, hoping to make them more productive (which, in the long run, they failed to do). Doctors in this country have prescribed them in great quantity for even less justified reasons.


In the 1950s and 1960s, the U.S. pharmaceutical industry manufactured enormous quantities of amphetamines, many of which turned up on the black market. The companies urged doctors to prescribe their products for depressed housewives and people with weight problems.

There are a number of different amphetamines, but all have the same basic effect. Plain amphetamine (Benzedrine) was the first to become popular. Dextroamphetamine (Dexedrine) and methamphetamine (Methedrine) are effective in lower doses but otherwise are similar to the parent compound. A few other drugs—methylphenidate (Ritalin), for example—resemble amphetamines in effect even though they have a different chemical structure.

Today we know that regular use of amphetamines, especially by people who are neurotic, depressed or fat, is not a good idea. Not only do the drugs fail to help their problems, they often complicate matters by creating another kind of dependence. Most of the cases of amphetamine abuse in the past 30 years have involved legally manufactured and prescribed drugs. Beginning in the 1970s, criticism of the promotional practices of pharmaceutical companies and of the prescribing practices of physicians brought about severe restrictions on the medical use of these compounds. Today amphetamines can be prescribed for only a few conditions.

One of the more controversial uses still permitted is the control of hyperactivity in young children. For unknown reasons, amphetamines (and other stimulants) have calming effects on young children. Unfortunately, the diagnosis of hyperactivity often falls on children who simply misbehave or don't pay attention in school. Giving them amphetamines not only fails to get to the root of the problem, it introduces young people to powerful drugs and encourages the false notion that all of life's problems can be solved by taking pills.

/ continued on page 70



ILLUMINATION

We offer a grow light assembled from top quality components with safety and convenience in mind. Lightweight, easily handled, all connections covered for safety. Complete . . . \$188.95

PROPAGATION

Cherish your clones in a warm, nutrient laden, pulsing mist. Extra quick rooting time. Molded plastic unit will root up to 100 cuttings at a time. \$219.00

MATURATION

Hydroponics is the answer! Don't pay inflated retail prices for systems you can put together at 25% of the cost. **WE HAND YOU THE SYSTEM.** Hydro pans \$10.00.

Send \$2.00 for catalog

(503) 773-2772 ext. 144
1900 Table Rock Rd.
Medford, OR 97501
Money Order, Certified Check, COD

SEXING FOR SINSEMILLA



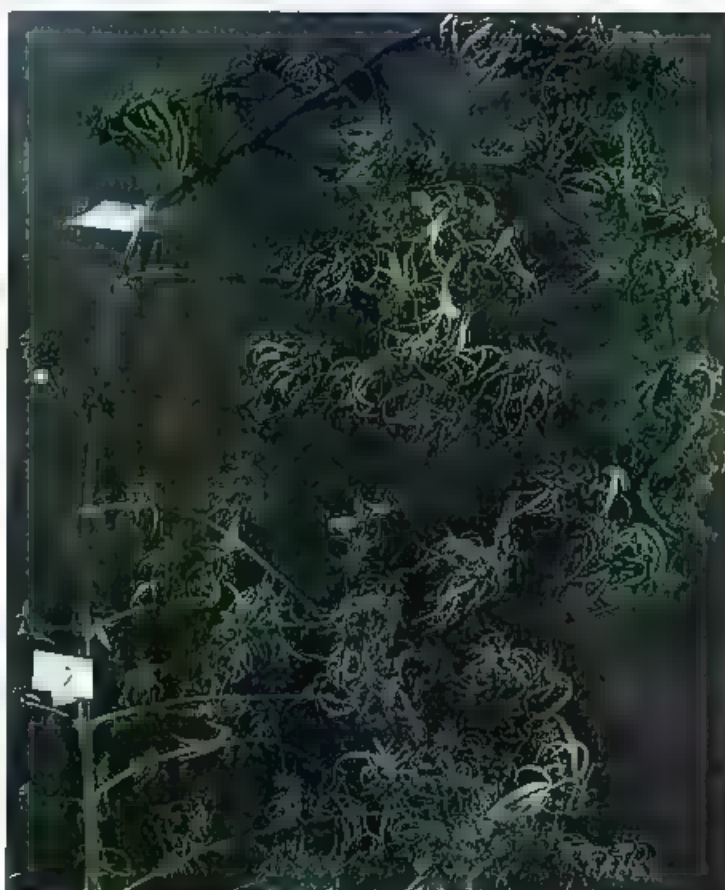
Above: Plants can be induced to flower at any time by regulating their growth cycle. This plant is barely a foot tall. Below, left: Female plants with young flowers. Below, right: Close-up of equatorial plant. When designing a garden, growers must take the plants' branching habits into account.

Government reports which discuss the perils of marijuana often refer to new sinsemilla marijuana strains that have a potency of 8 to 10 times the marijuana available 10 years ago. As usual, the government has messed up again. First of all, after working in the marijuana business for all these years, they should know that sinsemilla is a technique, not a variety.¹ Furthermore, 10 years ago, in 1973, there was some damn good dope around. Operation Intercept had put a dent in the Mexican market by forcing the Mexican authorities to crack down or risk interruption of economic ties with the United States. Mexican marijuana ranged in THC content from 1.5 to 4 percent. In its place, the Colombian market was coming on strong with beautiful high-grade blondes, golds and *punta rojas* ("red tips") which were upgrading American tastes. Southeast Asian varieties were

also in abundance back then, especially Vietnamese and Thai. They maintained a higher quality at that time, as did the occasional Laotian and Cambodian we'd get to see. The THC content of all these imports usually ranged from about 2.5 to 6.5 percent.

Sinsemilla's THC content ranges from about 3.5 to 7 percent, but can reach 11 percent. In the 10 years that sinsemilla growers have been perfecting their art, the quantity of THC has gone from an average of 4.5 to 5.25 percent, or a .75 percent increase.

The government is now trying to crack down on commercial plantations. This means that more aficionados will become homegrowers, many indoors. The quality of the marijuana they produce is generally 1 to 2 percent higher than the commercial now available, because the quality of the high is more important to them than the



Photography • Ed Rosenthal

Perfecting their art during the last 10 years, sinsemilla growers have managed to increase the THC content of their plants a whopping .75 percent.

economic factors that preoccupy commercial growers.

The government will probably view this situation with trepidation, figuring the better the pot, the more people who will want to smoke it. I see it as a healthy development: less smoke and fewer irritants will be inhaled while getting high, and the good pot will eventually drive the bad stuff out of circulation.

Sinsemilla is derived from the two Spanish words, "*sin*" and "*semilla*," meaning "without seed." Connoisseurs prize sinsemilla, partly because the marijuana has a greater potency and a richer aroma than the seeded, and partly because of its enhanced appearance. (Sinsemilla colas, though, do take two to four weeks longer than seeded marijuana to ripen.)

In order for the flowers to ripen unseeded, they must remain unfertilized. Since male and female flowers usually appear on separate plants, the males are removed as soon as they are recognized. This should be done early in their development, before any large flower clusters appear. Even a few open flowers can release enough pollen to fertilize thousands of female buds.

Males can be detected early by carefully examining the space where the leaf joins the stem (internode). Before the plant begins to develop flower clusters, a single male or female flower will sometimes develop in the internode. A male flower will have what looks like a bulb protruding out of a thin stem, and at the bulb's end there'll be a curved protrusion sticking out that looks something like a bent little finger. A female flower, on the other hand, will usually have two antennae-like protrusions jutting out. Sometimes a sexually indistinguishable flower will appear. This phenomenon occurs at different times, depending on the plant's variety.

Prior to flowering, the plants' growth patterns vary according to sex. Males start to elongate so that their spikes of flower clusters will tower over the females', allowing gravity and the wind to

carry their pollen grains to the female flowers ripening below. The female's leaves begin to grow closer together, forming a strong stem which will hold the clusters of flowers and later the ripening seed.

Of course, the males will never develop those long spikes because as soon as they indicate, they will be removed from the garden. They should be tasted for quality and other factors, such as early ripening and vigor, resistance to disease and pests, odor or any other characteristic important to you, and the best ones saved by either replanting them or taking cuttings of branches with developing flowers which can be kept alive in some water. The pollen collected from them can be used to produce next year's seeds.

Any plants which have not indicated should be watched closely, and the females should be watched for any signs of hermaphroditism. These plants are primarily female but they produce some fertile male flowers. This may consist of only a few clusters, an entire branch or occasional males throughout the plant. These plants are dangerous in any sinsemilla garden. Even a small cluster of flowers can ruin entire colas of buds on neighboring plants. Either the male flowers should be removed and the plant checked daily, or the plant should be removed from the garden—the safest course of action.

If after taking all these precautions, removing males and hermaphrodites from the garden before the flowers have completed development, the flowers still have more than a few seeds, then you have a sloppy neighbor growing pot within 500-600 feet of your garden.

A final word to those cultivators starting their plants indoors: you can sex your plants before transplanting them outside—just start the seedlings a month earlier than usual. When the plants have developed four sets of leaves, cut the light back to 12 hours a day. Within a week or two the plants will indicate. As soon as the plants are sexed, run the lights continuously so that the plants

are cycled back into the vegetative growth stage.

Different varieties have different growing habits and characteristic shapes. These shapes can be altered by pruning and training. Even plants that characteristically have little side-branching can be filled out by pinching the top growth at its earliest state. (To pinch a plant, remove the branch of the topmost leaves which are still developing. This can be done with a sharp knife, or even a fingernail.) Characteristically, the four topmost branches will start to accelerate growth. If the new growth is pinched again at the fourth or fifth internode, a bush will result. Usually it is easier to plant according to the varieties' growth habits, therefore not having to do much pinching. A little pinching increases the total weight of the plant as long as there are no limiting factors (lack of water, light or nutrients), but massive pinching operations only cause the plant to develop a larger number of smaller buds.

Plants that are self-branching may not need any help, but pinching the center stem will encourage them to bush even more. Conversely, the side stems can be removed so that all of the plant's growth is in the development of a giant center bud.

Marijuana plants can be trained by bending the whole plant or some of its branches down. A tall plant can be bent over, even if the stem is partially cracked. Just seal with pruning compound and keep the soil moist. If the day is hot the plant can be relieved from sun stress by shading it with a piece of white plastic or a thin cotton covering. Spread the branches out. In a few days the plant's new growth will start growing vertically again. Eventually the plant's colas will look like spikes growing from horizontal branches. Individual branches can be tied or weighted down to permit more light to penetrate the interior. □

At the University of Mississippi, the government pot farm still does not cultivate sinse

HIGH TIMES VINTAGE COLLECTION II



53 Jan '80



54 Feb '80



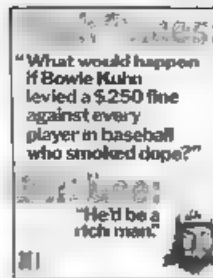
55 Mar '80



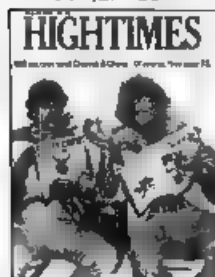
56 Apr '80



58 June '80



59 July '80



60 Aug '80



62 Oct '80



64 Dec '80



65 Jan '81



66 Feb '81



67 Mar '81



69 May '81



71 July '81



72 Aug '81



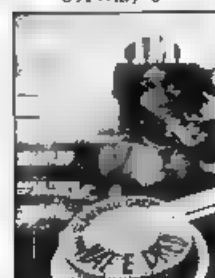
73 Sept '81



74 Oct '81



75 Nov '81



76 Dec '81



77 Jan '82



78 Feb '82



81 May '82



82 June '82



83 July '82



84 Aug '82



85 Sept '82



86 Oct '82



87 Nov '82

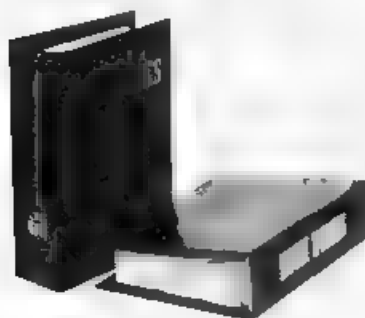


88 Dec '82



89 Jan '83

BE PROUD OF YOUR CLASSIC COLLECTION. DISPLAY HIGH TIMES IN OUR ATTRACTIVE BINDERS.



Please circle the issues you are ordering

#53	#54	#55
#56	#58	#59
#60	#62	#64
#65	#66	#67
#69	#71	#72
#73	#74	#75
#76	#77	#78
#81	#82	#83
#84	#85	#86
#87	#88	#89

Total Issues Ordered

Total Binders Ordered

Cost per Issue

\$4.00

Cost per Binder

\$9.95

Subtotal

NY Residents add appropriate tax

TOTAL

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

Make check or money order payable to HIGH TIMES, P.O. Box 1414, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023. Allow 6-8 weeks delivery. Overseas add \$1.00.

THE JOCKEY

He was already big enough to control one ton of racing beast. But could he tame the wild filly who served him his breakfast every morning?

Warming up *Blue Mongoose* on the backstretch before the last race, Larry Peterson noticed that the horse was really rank, almost spooked. Larry had been riding for 15 years and he knew his horses. This one really had a bug up its ass.

Larry tried to let the horse ease out of it, but at post time things weren't any better. He rode up to the gate ahead of the other horses and found McKelvey. He told McKelvey, "This fucking beast is unfit. I want him scratched."

"He looks all right to me," McKelvey answered. Larry knew that McKelvey was one of those stewards who worried that the money the track lost on a scratch was a serious matter. The money loss was negligible, though, because the fools got their money back and bet it on something else.

Larry dismounted and gave the reins to McKelvey: "Get a feel of this skitterish motherfucker! See if you can hold him on the ground!"

McKelvey was a big fat guy, he grabbed the reins. *Blue Mongoose* bucked, rolled his head. The horse was in a lather.

"You son of a bitch, calm down!" McKelvey yelled at the horse. He yanked at the reins and swung the horse in a circle, then in another and then another.

"McKelvey, you're only making him worse!"

McKelvey pulled the horse straight and glared at Peterson: "Nothing wrong with him, Larry! Either you mount up or I'm recommending they ground you five racing days for refusing to ride a fit mount!"

"You're taking the food out of my mouth, McKelvey!"

"Ride or starve, boy!"

"Shit!"



Illustration by Drew F. Johnson

Larry mounted. The crowd, not knowing anything, applauded *Blue Mongoose* was the 8 horse. They had the first seven in. *Mongoose* wouldn't enter his stall. Several of the gate men pushed at the horse's rump until they got him in. The beast was quivering and snorting. When they placed the 9 horse into the stall next to him, that did it—*Mongoose* spooked, he reared high in the gate and dumped Larry loose and backwards, hard into the dirt. It was some bang but he was still conscious. He moved slowly, getting up. Then he walked around, limping, his right leg

throbbing. He was dizzy and he had bitten his tongue.

Larry spit out some blood and there was the fat boy standing there looking at him. Larry said, "McKelvey, you son of a bitch, I hate every part of you!"

McKelvey gave the order and then the announcer came on over the public address system: "Ladies and Gentlemen, by order of the stewards, *Blue Mongoose* is scratched from this race. Your tickets will be refunded."

Larry walked off the track and down through the tunnel.

A bad day, one third-place finish and four out of the money and one of them had been a 6 to 5 shot. Larry liked to run on or near the pace. Seemed like his agent never got him any early foot horses anymore.

He got to the locker room, took off his tack. His valet was gone, the fucker had a hot date with a McDonald's counter girl

It was nice under the shower. Lance Griffith was a stall or two down—he'd finished second in the feature race with a 16 to 1 shot and was feeling pretty good

"Hey, Larry!"

"Yeah?"

"Let's go and get fucked tonight!"

"I'm a married man, Lance—"

"What the hell's that got to do with it? I am too!"

"I don't play it that way—"

"Don't be a fool, Larry, while we're riding those horses, our old ladies are riding something else"

"I don't look at it that way—"

"You think they sleep with us because we scale in at a hundred fourteen? You've got some learning coming your way, man"

"Listen, I just got thrown by my last mount. I don't want to listen to a lot of shit"

"Okay, Larry, okay"

The right leg had stiffened, and driving in was painful.

Goddamn McKelvey, worried about the track take. That track would be there long after all of them were gone.

He pulled into the drive, got it into the garage, went up the steps to the door, opened it and Karina was on the telephone, all lovely six feet of her. Larry was like most of the other jocks: he liked tall women. Long hair. Class. College education.

"Reena, baby," he said

Karina glanced at Larry, waved an arm, mostly to motion him off. She was heavy into the phone

"Yeah, mom, well, listen . you should take better care of yourself You need more friends . Oh, I can tell when you're down . . . I know your voice intonations . Listen, when are you coming to visit us? Everything's lovely here . . . The trees are bearing fruit, tangerines, oranges, lemons . . . Larry and I love your company! . . . What? Oh, don't be foolish! I mean it! Look, here's Larry!"

Karina glanced at him, forcefully said in a quiet voice "Say hello to mama"

Larry was like most jocks: he liked tall women. Long hair. Class. College education.

Larry took the phone. "Hello, Stella

How you doing? . That's good . .

Oh, I just got in . . . What? Oh, I've been riding . . No, no winners today . . Tomorrow maybe . . Yes, oh, yes, it's warm out here . . Well, look, you be good now . . Here's Karina "

He handed the phone to his wife. Then he walked across the room and up the stairway. He went into the bathroom and let the hot water run into the tub. The leg was really getting stiff

Larry walked to the bedroom, took off his shoes and stockings. Then, sitting on the bed, he tried to get out of his pants. The right leg had stiffened. The pain was immense. He could hardly get his pants off Struggling with it all, he laughed. It was so ridiculous Then he had the pants off

The undershirt and shorts were easier. He managed to get up. He took a few steps. The leg held up. He moved toward the bathroom. He got in there, bent over the tub, ran in some cold water and mixed it into the hot with his hand As he was bent over the tub like that, Karina walked in.

"I think you were a little offhand with mom—"

"Reena, I didn't mean to be. I just couldn't think of anything to say—"

"You couldn't? Well, you could try a little harder. Mother has feelings just like anybody else! That woman has been through a lot, she's a brave and a wonderful woman."

Larry stood up, looked at the bathroom wall behind the tub.

"Kid, I'm sure she is —"

"You really don't mean that, you're just saying that "

"Well, hell, I don't really know your mother"

Larry managed to climb into the tub. The water seemed about right. He eased himself into the water That hot water was so good on the leg. .

"Well, you should make an effort to know her."

Karina stood over him, so tall there, staring down at him. All that body. Those graceful legs. Some filly. And she knew how to dress. Style, class. Grooming.

That long hair. Red mixed with gold. And natural. Those green deep eyes. Those eyes that could laugh. And those perfect teeth. Nice nose, nice chin. Neck a bit long. But a good mind. And she knew how to dress. She had on his favorite, the dark blue dress that fit just right

"I said, 'You should make an effort to know her!'"

"Reena, I'm really beat—"

"Thinking of yourself Always thinking of yourself, your goddamned self!" "Goddamned self?"

"Don't you think there's anybody else around? Just you, the great jockey? And lately, the not-so-great jockey!"

"Reena, are you about to have your period?"

"No, are you? Are you about to have your period?"

Karina leaned over the tub, her hands resting on the edge, her gold red hair swirling down.

"Listen, babe, I'm sorry if—"

"Don't babe me!"

Larry decided to give it up. There was nothing to say Words would just lead to more ugliness.

Just peeking a bit he saw her smile and he thought, ah, it's going to get better, the whole thing was some kind of joke.

But it wasn't that kind of smile

And then it left. And then he heard her again

"So, now you're withdrawing! You don't want to talk to me!"

Larry splashed some water up under his chin, feeling quite foolish as he did so.

"Look, Reena, let's forget everything and start all over. Let's have a drink and ease off. Things aren't that bad—"

Karina leaned closer. "A drink? A drink, a drink, a drink, a drink. A little drink . . . That solves everything, doesn't it?"

"It helps—"

"Can't you face anything without a drink?"



BOOKS ON HIGHER EDUCATION

- **COMPLETE CANNABIS CULTIVATOR** - Details how to plant, grow, harvest, cure, plant diseases, soil problems, etc. **\$1 \$1.50**
- **SUPER GRASS GROWER'S GUIDE** - Growing super grass with hydroponics, lighting, special nutrients, more females, etc. **\$2 \$1.50**
- **MARIJUANA CONSUMER'S AND DEALER'S GUIDE** - Extract hash, LSD, mescaline, others. Clearly explained. **\$3 \$1.50**
- **D.M.T. GUIDE** - Make powerful smokeable psychedelic D.M.T., Khatu-Khi, an aphrodisiac, tips on hash. **\$4 \$1.50**
- **THE POT BOOK** - The story of pot history, cultivation and preparation. Many useful facts. **\$5 \$1.50**
- **HERBAL HIGHS** - Over 60 natural and legal narcotics, psychedelics, stimulants. Illustrated. **\$6 \$1.50**
- **SUPERMOTHER'S COOKING WITH GRASS** - Fifteen recipes for the sensual culinary connoisseur. Produces inspired dinner conversation. **\$7 \$1.50**
- **HERBAL APHRODISIACS** - Natural and mostly legal substances which excite erotic desire, nutrition for sexual potency and more. **\$8 \$1.50**
- **HOME GROWN HIGHS** - Organic highs at home: psychedelic mushrooms, peyote and other cacti, morning glory, wood rose and more. **\$9 \$1.50**
- **GUIDE TO GROWING CANNABIS UNDER FLORESCENTS** - Closet bumper crops at home. **\$10 \$2.00**



**SEND FOR
YOUR FLASH
BOOK
NOW**

FLASH MAIL ORDER

DEPT HT-283
P.O. Box 14416

Philadelphia, Pa. 19115

Amt. enclosed \$ ____ Plus \$1 handling

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for handling. PA residents include 6% sales tax. Sorry, offer good only in U.S.A. (Wholesale inquiries welcome.)

STIMULANTS

/ continued from page 63

As legal supplies and uses of amphetamines dwindled, black markets in them grew, and as so often happens, this change promoted abuse. In the days of legal pills, most users took them by mouth. Today many people snort powdered amphetamines in the same way as cocaine, and some even inject them intravenously.

Intravenous use of amphetamines first appeared in the late 1960s. Young "speed freaks" who fell into this pattern of use experienced very bad effects on their bodies and minds. After only a few weeks, they became emaciated and generally unhealthy; they stayed up for days on end, then "crashed" into stupors. They became jumpy, paranoid and even psychotic. The drug subculture itself, realizing the dangers of shooting amphetamines, warned people about it with the phrase "speed kills."

A number of people find amphetamines useful for specific purposes. For example, some college students use them to study for or take exams. Some writers take them to work. Truckers and other drivers sometimes take them for long-distance travel on highways, especially at night. Athletes, such as football players, sometimes use them to play big games. Actors and dancers take them occasionally to perform. Used in this way—that is, taken by mouth on occasion for specific purposes or projects—amphetamines do not usually cause problems, especially if people rest afterward. Problems arise when people take amphetamines all the time, just because they like the feeling of stimulation.

Some Rules for Using Stimulants Safely

Because stimulants are so common, most people will use one or another at some time. If you become involved with any stimulant, here are some rules that will help you stay in a good relationship with it.

1. *Limit your frequency of use.* All trouble with stimulants arises from using them too often. If you like the feeling a stimulant gives, it is all too easy to let your frequency of use creep up. Set limits! For example, never take a stimulant two days in a row.

2. *Use stimulants purposefully.* Taking these drugs just to feel good will not help you limit your use. If you are

going to take a stimulant, you should use the stimulation for something—a physical or mental task, for instance. One side-benefit of such purposeful use is that the satisfaction of accomplishment will offset the letdown when the drug wears off.

3. *Do not take stimulants to help you perform ordinary functions.* You should be able to get up in the morning, move your bowels and make it through the afternoon without drugs. If you cannot, you should change your patterns of diet, sleep and exercise. Relying on stimulants for everyday activity leads to too-frequent use and dependence.

4. *Take stimulants by mouth.* Putting these drugs more directly into the bloodstream (as by snorting, smoking or shooting) accentuates the letdown following the up and encourages frequent administration. It also increases the harmful effects on the body.

5. *Take dilute forms of stimulants rather than concentrated ones.* The more dilute the preparation of a stimulant, the easier it is for the body to adjust to it, and the more gentle the letdown at the end. Preparations of plants such as coffee and tea are naturally more dilute than refined or synthetic drugs, and are easier to stay in good relationships with.

6. *Maintain good habits of nutrition, rest and exercise.* Remember that stimulants force your body to give up its stores of chemical energy. Whenever you use stimulants, especially if you take them with any regularity, it is important to let your body recharge itself. The healthier you are, the less you will feel you need outside stimulation.

7. *Do not combine stimulants with depressants or other drugs.* Combinations of drugs always complicate matters. Some people can't sleep at night because they take too many stimulants during the day. So they take depressants at night. Then they can't get moving in the morning and have to take more stimulants. This pattern of drug-taking quickly leads to trouble.

It should not be difficult to use stimulants wisely and stay in good relationships with them. They are not answers to the ups and downs of life, and taking them to try to avoid the downs only leads to problems. Nor do they give anything for nothing. Users pay later for any energy and good feeling stimulants give them. If you remain aware of what stimulants are and how they work, you will be able to avoid the trap of becoming dependent on them. □

©1983 by Andrew Weil, M.D. and Winifred Rosen
All rights reserved.

REEFER MADNESS:

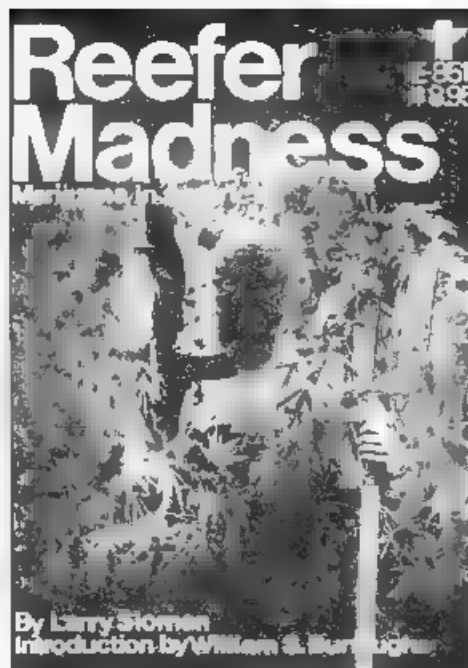
The History of Marijuana in America

Part II: The Gore File. by Larry Sloman

From 1932 to 1936 Anslinger strongly supported the Uniform State Laws, urging that the cannabis section be included by each state. The Bureau lobbied before each legislature in which the act was pending, oftentimes with agents doing the actual political pressuring. Anslinger himself made numerous speeches and radio broadcasts, drumming up public support for the legislation. However, by April 1933, only two states had enacted the Uniform Act in full, and by March 1935, only eight more had acted.

So by late 1934 Anslinger devised a new strategy to secure passage and arouse public opinion. Rather than merely noting the need for the Uniform Narcotic Act by states to combat drug problems, he focused specifically on the marijuana menace. By the 1935 issue of "Traffic in Opium," a substantial portion of that report dealt with marijuana. Whereas in the past, marijuana might have received a page or two, 13 pages of that year's report dealt with this new problem, including four full pages of photographs showing marijuana plants, leaves, cigarettes and seized bulk shipments.

By the end of 1935 it seemed that Anslinger's new strategy was working. Perhaps too well. By focusing on marijuana to secure the passage of the Uniform State Act, a Frankenstein was set loose on the land, driving our Mexican citizens loco, setting Negro against Negro, and tempting the innocent youth of our nation through an army of peddlers who would lurk by the schoolyards and entreat the innocents with "Wanna have fun? Hey, kid! Wanna have fun?"



The newspapers renewed their assault with a vengeance. In early 1936, under the headline MURDERS DUE TO 'KILLER DRUG' MARIHUANA SWEEPING UNITED STATES, Universal News Service writer Kenneth Clark wrote this lead for a widely syndicated story:

Shocking crimes of violence are increasing. Murders, slaughterings, cruel mutilations, maimings, done in cold blood, as if some hideous monster was amok in the land.

Alarmed Federal and State authorities attribute much of this violence to the "killer drug."

That's what experts call Marthuania. It is another name for hashish. It's a derivative of Indian hemp, a roadside weed in almost every State in the Union...

Those addicted to marihuana, after an early feeling of exhilaration, soon lose all restraints, all inhibitions. They become bestial demomacs, filled with the mad lust to kill...

And the solution of course, was not only the Uniform State Act, but a broader and stronger federal law that would bring marijuana under control.

Do you know the Federal Government has no authority to arrest and imprison traffickers in death-dealing marihuana?

Unfortunately, it's true. Uncle Sam can deal with opium, heroin, morphine, cocaine, but the production and use of marihuana within the United States are not prohibited by federal law. Strange, isn't it?

But, newspaper reports notwithstanding, the marijuana "problem" appeared to be overstated even by 1936. The majority of the public felt no concern for this issue, which was still, for all intents and purposes, limited to a small geographical and demographic segment of the country. And it is fair to say that the drive to federally outlaw marijuana had strong racial overtones. Not only were marijuana-crazed Mexicans and blacks objects of fear, but the possible association of blacks and young whites for the purpose of illicit thrills was enough to send any Rotarian, WCTU card-carrying member, Women's clubber, or any church-going WASP running for the cover of oppressive laws.

Indicative of the thinly veiled racism surrounding the issue was a letter to Anslinger from Floyd Baskette, a friend of the commissioner's, who was city ed-

itor of the Alamosa, Colorado, *Daily Courier*. On September 4, 1936, Baskette wrote the Bureau:

Two weeks ago a sex-mad degenerate, named Lee Fernandez, brutally attacked a young Alamosa girl. He was convicted of assault with intent to rape and sentenced to ten to fourteen in the state penitentiary. Police officers here know definitely that Fernandez was under the influence of marihuana.

But this case is one in hundreds of murders, rapes, petty crimes, insanity that has occurred in Southern Colorado in recent years...

The people and officials here want to know why something can't be done about marihuana...

Is there any assistance your bureau can give us in handling this drug? Can you suggest campaigns? Can you enlarge your department to deal with marihuana? Can you do anything to help us?

I wish I could show you what a small marihuana cigaret can do to one of our degenerate Spanish-speaking residents. That's why our problem is so great; the greatest percentage of our population is composed of Spanish-speaking persons, most of whom are low mentally, because of social and racial conditions.

While the pressure on the Bureau mounted, Anslinger cast about for solutions. In March 1936 he proposed a way around the constitutional objections of including marijuana in the Harrison Act. Anslinger proposed to his superiors in the Treasury Department that a treaty be enacted among the United States, Canada and Mexico. Basing this suggestion on the doctrine of *Missouri v. Holland*, the famous migratory-bird case, the commissioner felt that a cannabis treaty between these countries would enable Congress to enact legislation to enforce the treaty's terms, even if in so doing it would touch on matters ordinarily regarded as within the legislative province of the states. The *Missouri v. Holland* case of 1920 stated that treaties have precedence over local police powers.

On March 13, Herman Oliphant, a counsel for the Treasury Department, wrote a memo to Stephen Gibbons, assistant secretary of the treasury, stating that "both the time and the subject appear to be appropriate from the Government's point of view to test the treaty power." Anslinger then entered into negotiations with Mexico and Canada, but in a few months the negotiations had broken down.

By October 1936, things seemed to be

reaching a breaking point. Gibbons happened to meet the dean of the Medical School of the University of Texas en route to Europe, who was very perturbed that the Bureau of Narcotics was dragging its feet on federal legislation of marijuana. Gibbons himself, as early as April 13, 1935, had overruled Anslinger and threw the Treasury Department's support behind early draft versions of bills by Senator Hatch and Congressman Dempsey of New Mexico to prohibit the shipment and transportation of cannabis in interstate or foreign commerce.

On returning to Washington, Gibbons fired off a memo to Oliphant on October 5, 1936. In it he recounted his meeting with the Medical School dean and reinstated Anslinger's view on the constitutional difficulties:

I, of course, appreciate what is in the back of Commissioner Anslinger's mind. While he hasn't stated definitely, I am of the opinion that he and nearly everyone having anything to do with the Harrison Narcotics Act are continually fighting shy of making any move which might bring any feature of this Act before the United States Supreme Court. As you will recall, the law was upheld by a five to four decision. However, be that as it may, steps should be taken legally or otherwise that will definitely control this product, for if we are to believe a small fraction of what is written it is frightfully devastating.

Much of those "frightfully devastating" reports, of course, were emanating from Mr. Anslinger's office and being received by a grateful yellow-tinted press. The Bureau was beginning to amass scores and scores of case histories of crime and insanity due to marijuana. Even the most tenuous connections were accepted with open files. Anslinger at times would go overboard in his zeal to generate negative publicity about the green plant. On December 23, 1936, responding to an inquiry about crime and marijuana from P. F. Collier and Son, magazine publishers, Anslinger was forced to admit that the Bureau's data was suspect:

So far as I know, no student of crime has as yet made any direct study of the relative percentage of violent crime which is attributable to the use of Marihuana. [He obviously was not yet aware of Bromberg or had conveniently forgotten.] Recently we have received quite a number of reports showing crimes of violence committed by persons while under the influence of Marihuana; usually by dramatic methods...

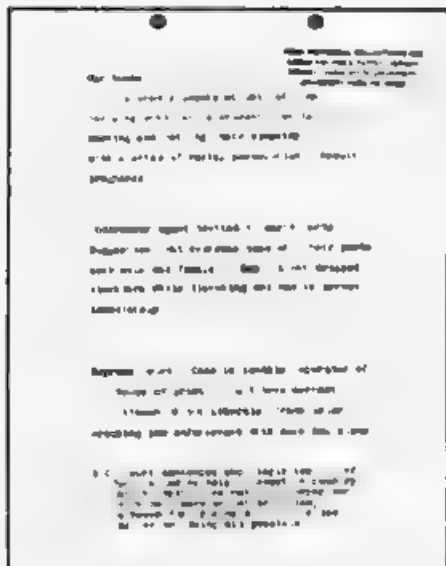
Apparently many of the users of Marihuana are quickly reduced to insanity and to criminal acts; and it is my opinion that the incidents shown in the enclosed summary bear rather eloquent testimony as to the relation of crime with Marihuana.

However, in many of the cases, we are unacquainted with the previous mental and moral characteristics and habits of the persons committing crimes while under the influence of Marihuana, so it can readily be seen that a final and conclusive statement in this regard is not yet in order. In most of the cases under observation, we do not have their criminal records; we do not know whether they were psychopaths, neurotics, moral delinquents, or normal individuals.

The Marihuana problem is of comparatively recent origin in this country, and further investigations, both scientific and statistical, must be made and carefully studied. In the meantime, conclusions must be drawn from the facts at hand, which in themselves are enlightening, as witness the enclosed.

The letter went out intact except for the last sentence, which was deleted at the request of one of Anslinger's superiors, assistant secretary Gaston. It would mark the last time Anslinger would be so candid with respect to the highly questionable nature of the "facts" the Bureau was propagating about marijuana. In seven short months, in *American Magazine*, there would be no inkling that psychopaths might be committing these murders, or that severely disturbed persons might be crushing their bodies to a pulp in long suicide leaps. No, by July the sociological questions raised in the letter would be irrelevant to the commissioner. By July the nation would be poised on the brink of its second great Prohibition, and Anslinger, good soldier that he was, would be merely doing his best to isolate the enemy, strip it of sympathy, infuse it with supernatural powers which, in the hands of the weak-willed, spelled certain doom. Even if it was, after all, just a sturdy old weed.

By 1937 the Treasury Department was poised to strike. Gibbons and Gaston, working with Oliphant, were convinced that federal legislation was inevitable and necessary even if the steps taken were "legal or otherwise." So proposed legislation was drawn up. And with an eye toward preparing a satisfactory legal definition of marijuana, a conference on *Cannabis sativa* was called at the Treasury Department in Washington on January 14, 1937. Repre-



From the files of Harry Anslinger.

sented were the foremost pharmacological authorities and consultants on the weed in government, along with representatives from Oliphant's office, the Alcohol Tax Unit laboratory, the National Institute of Health, the Department of Agriculture and, of course, Anslinger and his right-hand man Tennyson from the Bureau of Narcotics—in all, 14 conferees.

The conference began by attempting to isolate the constituent parts of canna-

bis that produce the deleterious physiological effects upon the body. They agreed that it was cannabinal, but no one was certain how much of it was present in different parts of the plant. Wollner, the Treasury Department chemist, complicated things further by raising the possibility that copious quantities of the active ingredient might be generated from the stalk of the plant, which had been thought harmless. "We might be in a bad position if we eliminated the stalks and later found it [cannabinal] to be present in them," Anslinger moaned, in one of his rare contributions to the discussion.

Dr. Munch, a professor of pharmacology from Princeton, made things worse by implicating the seed in the nefarious drug syndrome. Munch was Anslinger's discovery. They met shortly after Munch had developed a new method of determining whether racehorses had been doped. It was a splendid test, involving an injection of a sample of the horse's urine into laboratory mice and observing the mice to see if they exhibited the symptoms of narcosis. Using Munch as a consultant, Anslinger went on to make headlines for the Bureau by exposing a horse-doping scandal. Subsequently, Anslinger asked Munch to bring his innovative skills to

bear on the marijuana issue, and one of Munch's first contributions was the discovery that both the male and female plants contained enough cannabinal to wreak havoc with one's psyche.

"The active material from the fruits does not produce the same type of pharmacological response as the active material from the leaves," Munch noted. "We have instances recorded in literature of narcotic effects on children from the fruit."

"When you speak of fruits, do you include seed?" Tennyson, one of Anslinger's aides, seemed puzzled.

"Technically, this is a fruit, and not seed," Munch replied.

"The words are more or less synonymous in the way they are used," clarified Dr. Fuller, a chemist.

"There is a case on record—" Anslinger delved deep into his case-file memory bank—"I believe, of a prisoner who had a canary bird in the cell, and the warden found that he was taking the seed they brought in for the bird."

All this talk seemed to upset Tennyson. Alfred Tennyson was Anslinger's first lieutenant, generally conceded to be the most intelligent and cultured man in the Bureau. As such, he was invaluable to Anslinger, whose deficiencies in those areas had a certain charm



of their own.

"It occurs to me, Dr. Wollner, that if we get a law, we have to support it and everything in it when we go before the committee." Tennyson was catching on. "We have here some other uses—I don't know whether I am anticipating one of these questions or not. There is a use for fiber, for birdseed and for oil in the varnish industry. Those people will probably come in and complain about what they consider a foolish attempt to control if we try to make this all-inclusive. If we are going to cast suspicion on every part of the plant we certainly will have to be fortified."

Of course Tennyson was right. In 1937 cannabis still had a multitude of legitimate industrial uses, the above-mentioned including a good bulk of them. And, as we shall see later, Tennyson was also right about the protests on behalf of those industries during the deliberations on the bill.

The problem was complicated by the fact that there was no technology available to determine how much of the active part of the plant was in each constituent part. After throwing around a few more suggestions, Valaer of the Alcohol Tax Unit suggested that the bill should tax the green resin, rather than any constituent parts of the plant. "I would rather see us go further and, say, identify a green resin which is apparently in both male and female plants... If it is not a definite structure we could say it is a green resin. We have been very successful in court. I don't know of any case where anybody has fallen down. If we go too far I'm afraid we are going to get into trouble... If you want to get this into effect within the next year or so, if we get as far as a green resin characteristic of the plant, we will accomplish something."

This suggestion seemed to disturb Anslinger. "I'm afraid of making it too complicated," the commissioner broke in. "The agents out in the sticks would be confused."

Wollner then suggested that the bill's definition of marijuana include the resin, the leaves and the flowering tops of the plant. The seeds would be excluded from the bill. Anslinger demurred again. "The reason I'm after the seed is the preventive measure. Getting the seed out will make our trouble disappear." It was a pipe dream. Sievers, a Department of Agriculture pharmacologist, noted the parallel situation with respect to poppies from which heroin was made. "Isn't that the same situation you have with regard to poppy? You can grow them in this country for seed

legally, can't you?"

"That's probably true," Tennyson admitted, "but we like to discourage that as far as possible."

"There is no law at present that would prohibit me from growing poppy as seed poppy," Sievers continued.

"In every case I know of where it was done, we got the defendant," Anslinger boasted ominously.

Tipton, who was from the General Counsel's office of the Treasury Department, the drafters of the bill, attempted to turn up. "Your suggested definition is the flowering tops, the leaves and this greenish resin?" he asked Wollner.

"But that doesn't satisfy Commissioner Anslinger because potentially every seed is harmful?" Wollner repeated respectfully.

"Our experience has been that in almost every large seizure made we got a large quantity of the seed from the defendant for growing purposes," Anslinger cautioned.

Wollner's face lit up. "What would happen if we proscribed the use of seed for birdseed?"

"Dr. Munch told me it would stop the birds from singing," Anslinger noted ruefully.

After more discussion centering on the advisability of using the term marijuana or cannabis in the language of the bill, Wollner began interrogating Tipton with respect to the motivation of the counsel's staff in regard to the bill.

"Would you be authorized to issue specific regulations interpreting this?" he asked.

"You have to be pretty specific in your act," Tipton replied.

"Would you be undertaking too much if you exempted the oil?" Wollner wondered.

"In our transfer tax we could make exemptions for the paint companies," Pierce, also from the General Counsel's office, was mindful of the paint industry that utilized large volumes of cannabis seed oil.

"If you're going to take care of those things in your transfer tax, why not take care of the stalk there too?" Wollner suggested.

"We could," Pierce agreed. "We are attempting to thrust the marijuana traffic into legal channels where it will be taxed some."

Wollner pressed on. "What is that predicated on?"

"Physical transfer," Tennyson piped in.

Wollner then had a brainstorm. "Suppose I grew the stuff myself?"

"You are taxed as a producer," Tip-

ton, the eternal bureaucrat, replied.

"Would the tax on that be prohibitive?" Wollner was acting as the devil weed's advocate.

"No; by paying twenty-five dollars, I think you can grow and smoke all the marijuana you like," Tipton theorized.

"Is it incumbent upon you to see that no one else smokes it?" Wollner's questions were beginning to have a practical ring about them.

"There is a transfer tax which is prohibitive and, of course, criminal penalties," Pierce explained patiently.

"And the responsibility rests on the enforcement officer to show that there was a transfer?" Wollner's thumb was getting greener by the minute.

"Yes," Pierce answered succinctly, and the conference moved on.

But what an exchange! Here was the principal architect behind the federal bill that would be the major marijuana prohibitionist legislation for the next 32 years candidly admitting that the intent of the bill was not to outlaw personal use. And here was Anslinger, prohibitionist extraordinaire, remaining silent as Tipton allowed Wollner his theoretical grass for personal consumption. So it seemed that the alcohol prohibition model was really in operation here, the sanctions being directed against the exchange and transfer of marijuana, not the individual personal consumption per se. But could this revisionist interpretation of the 1937 Marijuana Tax Act be valid? Wasn't someone going to mention the state laws that, in some cases, outlawed possession of the dread substance? Surely Anslinger was about to say something—he who was so concerned with every last birdseed being accounted for. Wollner, after this incredible exchange with Tipton and Pierce, gave Anslinger his chance.

"Commissioner Anslinger, have you any suggestions?" The talk had shifted to the proposed definition.

"No, I think that's going to be a great improvement over the definition we started with," Anslinger crowed. "I wanted to show the extent of the traffic and give some of the gentlemen an idea of this problem to show we are not on a fishing expedition." How defensive! Were these the words of a moral entrepreneur or a good soldier? "Last year there were two hundred ninety-six seizures we know about. The illicit traffic has shown up in almost every state. There was a question about forms of cannabis derivatives employed medically. This will take care of that trade, won't it? Is the tax to be prohibitive as to the trade? We prepared for the legal



Licata killed his mother and father and Anslinger blamed it on boo.



THE MOST UNINFORMED CRIME OF 1933

Victor Licata, Tampa, Florida, on October 17, 1933, while under the influence of marijuana, murdered his mother, father, sister and two brothers.

division a statement as to what was used. We had a list of about three hundred compounds."

"We have allowed exemptions in another part of the law for medical or veterinary uses," Pierce was succinct.

"Even that's going to be awfully expensive, Mr. Pierce," Tennyson worried.

"I was surprised to hear some medical experts at Geneva recently say that it has absolutely no medical use," Anslinger broke in. "I think the Indian delegate wanted to know what he was going to do for his corn plaster, and one of the medicos said it wasn't the cannabis, but something else, that had this analgesic effect."

"We have shown that cannabis has no local analgesic effect," Munch, the horse expert, concluded glibly.

Apparently the conference was getting to Anslinger. All this talk about resin and corn plasters and bioassays seemed to have given the commissioner what would be known in the late '60s among acidheads as the "Swiss-Cheese Effect." Anslinger's contributions were getting more and more inappropriate. But then again, perhaps it was only the dread manifestations of Case Envy rearing its ugly head. After all, it had been a few hours, experts from all sides of this issue had wielded their knowledge so adroitly with respect to this issue, and there sat the commissioner of the Bureau of Narcotics, the agency that for godsakes was entrusted to enforce this damn proposed Act—there

he sat like a bump on a log, reduced to counting birdseed. It was ignoble, and Anslinger would put a stop to it. After all, he was the master of the case history. Ever since the first rumblings from the provinces suggesting that some political hay be made from this psychic hay, Anslinger was there, snip-snipping newspaper articles, magazine pieces, letters, building up a file on this new deadly drug. All those hours of research, documenting the depravity in the wake of the weed, and not one of these goddamn chemists or medicos or legal-beagles was going to ask him about spattered cerebrums or stonewild libidos or addlebrained adolescents. Anslinger could take it no longer. If these out-to-lunch academics wouldn't ask the right questions, he'd ask himself. This he did.

"What are the proofs that the use of marihuana, in any of its forms, is habit-forming or addictive, and what are the indications and positive proofs that such addiction develops socially undesirable characteristics in the user?" Anslinger was reading question number 14 from the marijuana questionnaire that his own Bureau had circulated in anticipation of this conference. And of course he answered himself.

"We have a lot of cases showing that it certainly develops undesirable characteristics. We have a case of a boy about fifteen." At last he was reading from one of his files. He was giving expert testimony! Unfortunately for the

sake of history, the poor stenographer who was taking down this meeting apparently blanched at the grisly details of this horror story, for the transcript discreetly reads "reads from report of case" at this point. However, given the track record of the Bureau, we may rest assured that our wildest, most lurid, debased and grotesque fantasies probably do not hold a candle to what happened on that playground to those innocent youngsters in Finley, Ohio. Perhaps it is better that we remain ignorant. "This took place in a community playground in Finley, Ohio. The playground supervisors were the men who were selling the stuff. It all developed from the case of this youngster who was evidently going crazy. That's only one of the many cases we have."

A silence fell on the room. This was strong stuff for these gentle chemists, so used to administering their measured doses of cannabis extract to their lab dogs or cats or cute furry little mice. Anslinger had dragged those angry urban streets into their sterile environments, and they were uneasy. But the story struck a cord in the cagey Mr. Tipton. He saw just the thing he needed to ramrod this objectionable bill down the throats of a lackluster Congress. Something that could shut up those noisy birdseed manufacturers or those paint distributors or paper makers or whoever would suddenly get very pissed to find out that their legitimate industry was about to be wiped off the face of

BE A MEMBER OF THE DE LOREAN FAN CLUB

You too, can have a
good nose for business
DON'T BLOW IT!
Join now.



Membership includes:

One T shirt

(Specify size S M L XL)



One bumper sticker

The 25 latest De Lorean jokes

Send \$9.95 plus \$1.00 for postage
& handling to

The De Lorean Fan Club
P.O. Box 610

Waimanalo, Hawaii 96795

JUST IN TIME FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

Your
**DIRECT
SOURCE**

to all your smoking and snuff acces-
sories, comics, lingerie, jewelry, tee-
shirts, leather goods, plus much more

Call our National Toll Free Number
1-800-848-1408

In Ohio Dial 1-614-871-1668

Send \$2.00 for our catalog and receive
10 packets of cigarette rolling papers
absolutely Free, Free, Free

☐ Money Order

☐ Visa or M/C # exp.

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

Mail To **Direct Source**
P.O. Box 543
Grove City, OH 43123

the earth because a few loco spics and some sex-crazed niggers were smoking a goddamn wild weed and going bananas behind it. No, Anslinger had really whetted Tipton's appetite, and a sly smile crossed the counselor's face.

"Have you a lot of cases on this?" Tipton politely inquired. "Horror stories—that's what we want."

That's what they got, too. Anslinger had always had a bent for the tawdry, as the shark episode demonstrated. And with a green light from his superiors, the commissioner gave full rein to the seamiest, darkest side of his personality. Anslinger the ghoul reigned supreme. A gore file was started, and the ghastliest, most heinous cases, some with very flimsy substantiation, became grist for the "horror story" mill. And, not surprisingly, many of these stories involved interracial contact. The following were some of Anslinger's "Top Ten".

West Va.—Negro raped a girl eight years of age.

Two Negroes took a girl fourteen years old and kept her for two days in a hut under the influence of marihuana. Upon recovery she was found to be suffering from syphilis.

Negro, charged with burglary, so impressed jury with his story of people jumping out of their graves and grabbing him that he got a hung jury. He admitted that he was a marihuana smoker.

Colored students at the Univ. of Minn. partying with female students (white) smoking and getting their sympathy with stories of racial persecution. Result pregnancy.

Undercover agent invited to marihuana party. Suggestion that everyone take off their pants, both male and female. Agent dropped blackjack while disrobing and had to arrest immediately.

In New Jersey in 1936, a particularly brutal murder occurred, in which case one young man killed another, literally smashing his face and head to a pulp. One of the defenses was that the defendant's intellect was so prostrated from his smoking Marihuana cigarettes that he did not know what he was doing. The defendant was found guilty and sentenced to a long term of years. The prosecutor was convinced that Marihuana had been indulged in, that the smoking had occurred, and the brutality of the murder was accounted for by the narcotic, though the defendant's intellect had not been totally prostrate, so the ver-

dict was legally correct. The fury of the murderer was apparent. Not content with killing his friend, he tore out his tongue, his eyes, and so mutilated him that even the hardened coroner had to turn his eyes away from the gruesome sight.

Corpus Christi—Gov. of Texas told me of a case he knew about personally, and one which in some measure influenced him to destroy 600 acres of hemp. An oil worker, good character, smoked a cigarette, raped his six-year-old daughter. When his wife returned home in the evening, she found him lying across the bed in a stupor and the little child torn and bleeding. He couldn't remember. Was sentenced to death.

A gang of seven young men, all under 20 years of age, who for more than two months terrorized central Ohio with a series of about thirty-eight stick-ups, were arrested in March 1937 in Columbus, Ohio, on robbery charges. They confessed that they operated while "high" on Marihuana. One of the youths admitted that he had smoked "reefers" on and off for at least two years, and said that when he went with the others on stick-ups he was "ready to tear anybody apart" who opposed him. He claimed the practice of smoking marihuana first started among his friends about four or five years ago, while most of them were still in high school. He also stated that dozens of his youthful acquaintances are addicts. In describing his crimes he said: "If I had killed somebody on a job, I'd never known it." This was verified by the officer obtaining the confessions, who explained that the hardest problem was to get these youths to remember who committed the stick-ups, or when or where they happened. When police told them how a filling station attendant reported a robber threatened to beat his brains out with a revolver butt, one admitted he was the robber, but had forgotten his own words. It was almost impossible for them to break off the habit when they could still get "tea" so easily, they claimed. "When you try to break off, you get jumpy, your hands shake and you hear the least little noise. A dopey feeling comes when you're going down, and you get mopey. You get so you smoke a 'stick' a day, and you can't stop."

Nov. 1935—As for the girl—three months of smoking the weed have not spoiled entirely her beauty. She is still attractive, but her glazed eyes, her deathly pale face and her restless fingers are visible aspects of her degradation. A few quickly sucked pulls at a marihuana weed, and her eyes sparkle, her tongue is unloosed and for a little while she is the vivacious girl her years entitle her to be.

While under the influence of the drug, the subject thrust his hand through his hair and found that his fingers passed through his crackling skull and into his warm cheesy brain. Another time, his head rolled off his shoulders, broke and burst like a huge egg upon the carpet. Another time, his innards fell out with a hideous splash. Nightmares were of horror, disgust, rebellion and fiendish vengefulness and exultation.

And thus from a man who had never smoked one joint in his entire life! What vivid, pulsating detail for such a linear thinker. And what an improvement over the "shark" period. Washington seemed to bring out the most creative side of the commissioner.

But there was one case that became Anslinger's favorite; his pet marijuana story, a story that was circulated to all the media with the regularity of a big-titted, two-bit whore at a fraternity party. It was the Victor Licata case, and it was one of the foundations on which the marijuana-crime-insanity edifice rested.

Anslinger first became aware of this case on February 1, 1937, when he received a letter from the chief inspector of the Florida State Board of Health. The letter came a scant two weeks after Tipton's admonition to get "horror stories" and, as such, it was indeed a god-send. In fact, Anslinger was so grateful for this information that he fired off a letter that same day to the inspector, thanking him for the information and the photograph and asking him to forward similar cases in the future.

But a case like Licata's was one in a lifetime, and the Florida inspector could never hope to top it. In his files Anslinger would later sum up the case succinctly:

A twenty-one-year-old boy in Florida killed his parents, two brothers and a sister while under the influence of a Marijuana "dream" which he later described to law enforcement officials. He told rambling stories of being attacked in his bedroom by his "uncle, a strange old woman and two men and two women," whom he said hacked off his arms and otherwise mutilated him, later in the dream he saw "real blood" dripping from an axe.

The Licata case became a cause célèbre in Anslinger's newly renewed war against marijuana. It was picked up in the popular press of the time, and it was repeated many times over the years in Anslinger's own writings. Dr. Munch mentions it prominently in a widely

NEED GAS?

Nitrous Oxide, N₂O, for your Whip Cream Machine.
BOXES OF 10 CAPSULES \$4.25
PER BOX, ADD \$.75 P&H PER BOX.
Order of 5 boxes or more at \$3.75
Add \$.75 P&H per box.

New & Improved Brass Inflator.
Deluxe @ \$9.00

Add \$.75 postage and handling.
Orders to be shipped promptly from
CREATIVE ITEMS COMPANY.

P.O. Box 34, Caryville, New York 12521.
(N.Y. Res. add 8% sales tax).
Send Ck., M.O.

MC VISA

Signature and phone # to above address.



UNTREATED BABY WOODROSE SEEDS

(ARGYREIA NERVOZA)

NOT INTENDED FOR ILLEGAL
USE, SOLD FOR GROWING
PURPOSES ONLY.

\$3 FOR 40 SEEDS

\$15 FOR 280 SEEDS (1 oz.)

\$27 FOR 560 SEEDS (2 ozs.)

\$160 FOR 1 pound

GUARANA

NATURE'S
HIGHEST QUALITY
ORGANIC
ST. MULANT
GUARANA SEED POWDER
550 Mg. CAPSULES

25 CAPSULES \$5

100 CAPSULES \$15

1,000 CAPSULES \$100

10,000 CAPSULES \$750

CATALOG WITH ORDER
FOR FAST SERVICE SEND A
BANK OR POSTAL MONEY
ORDER TO

MAGIC EARTH
BOX 1783

Modesto, CA 95353-1783

Coming to your newsstand soon: THE BEST OF HIGH TIMES, VOL. 3

HAWK DESIGNS PRESENTS... "T-Shirts That Makes Sense"



CHECK
ONE ☐



USA MAKES
SENSE



CALIFORNIA
MAKES
SENSE



JAMAICA
MAKES
SENSE

50/50 Poly-cotton T-shirts imprinted
with 4 color silk-screened designs.
USA makes sense rd, wht, blu, grn
on white shirt. California makes
sense: gld, ylw, rd, grn on ylw shirt.
Jamaica makes sense: ylw, rd, brn,
blk on red shirt. Sizes: Sm, Med, Lg,
X-Lg.

Send me _____ "makes sense" T-shirts @ \$9.95 each plus \$1.00 post-
age and handling. Chicago residents add 7% sales tax. Please allow 4-6
weeks for delivery. ☐ Sm. ☐ Med. ☐ Lge. ☐ X-Lge.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Make check or money order payable to: Hawk Designs, 5426 N. Broadway, Chicago, IL 60640

GROW LIGHTS

No fancy graphics here. We've been manufacturing lights, hydroponic systems and nutrients for 8 years here in the Santa Cruz Mountains of Northern California. We are competitively priced. Everything is guaranteed. Any repairs are done immediately, on the premises. All types and styles of HID light available.

Examples:

METAL HALIDE LAMP KIT
w/reflector and MS1000 bulb **\$157**

METAL HALIDE COMPLETE,
assembled in vented box and w/MS1000 bulb **\$189**

COMPLETE HYDROPONIC SYSTEM **\$25**

SPECIAL NUTRIENTS
\$3/lb., — \$13/5 lbs.

GEOTECHNOLOGY
POST OFFICE BOX 695
BEN LOMOND, CA 95005
(408) 336-2321

CA residents add 6.5% sales tax.
Freight collect unless you pick it up here. Call for directions. Sorry, no credit cards.

LOSE UP TO TWENTY POUNDS IN TWO SHORT WEEKS Astrological Weight Loss Method

Here is an amazing development that can mean a slimmer, trimmer, happier you. Now through the wonders of Astrology Research the day, month and hour you were born will be translated into an easy to follow meal and diet plan that will enable you to shed as much as twenty pounds of fat in only two weeks.

YOUR SIGN TELLS YOUR NEEDS

One of the answers to this weight puzzle is the pituitary gland. The proper foods chosen specifically for you will stimulate this important gland and you will burn up fat without any effort on your part.

LET THE ASTROLOGIST TELL HOW
When the astrologist receives the information on your birth date, an astrological diet will be designed just for you and your personality, mood and character. You will watch pounds, inches, fat melt away disappear.

SUCCEEDS EVEN WHEN OTHER DIET PLANS HAVEN'T WORKED
Now through this science you can lose fat and never worry about it again because this weight loss plan will be charted specifically for you, your needs, your personality, your desires. There is no risk. Enter the world of astrology weight loss today.

enclose check or money
order for \$7.95 and month,
day, year of birth WITH
NAME AND ADDRESS TO
ASTRAL DIETS, Dept. 7155
7168 Melrose Ave.,
Los Angeles, CA 90046

circulated article called "Marihuana and Crime" that originally appeared in the United Nations *Bulletin of Narcotics* in 1966.

But a closer examination of the case reveals the unreliability of the data that Anslinger was so quick to herald. In his book *Marijuana—The New Prohibition*, Stanford law professor John Kaplan dug a little deeper into this case. The slaying occurred on October 17, 1933, and Kaplan reported that the next day's *Tampa Times* carried the following story:

CRAZED YOUTH KILLS FIVE OF FAMILY WITH AX IN TAMPA

...dazed and staring wild-eyed [he] was arrested at the scene as officers broke into the home...Licata was crouched in a chair in the bathroom and offered no resistance as officers searched him for weapons. He mumbled incoherently when asked about the crime.

The first mention of marijuana came a few paragraphs into the story:

W.D. Bush, city detective chief, said he had made an investigation prior to the crime and learned the slayer had been addicted to smoking marihuana cigarettes for more than six months. This he said had unbalanced his mind at least temporarily. A similar statement was made by Frank S. Caston, state drug and narcotic inspector, who said he had aided Bush in the investigation and was prepared to make charges against the youth when he heard of the ax slaying. He had also heard of several places where Licata bought the doped cigarettes.

The incident brought a quick reaction from Tampa's police chief, who vowed in the same paper: "Maybe the weed only had a small indirect part in the alleged insanity of the youth, but I am declaring now for all time that the increasing use of this narcotic must stop and will be stopped." Two days later the paper expressed these same sentiments in their lead editorial:

STOP THIS MURDEROUS SMOKE

...it may or may not be wholly true that the pernicious marijuana cigarette is responsible for the murderous mania of a Tampa young man in exterminating all the members of his family within his reach—but whether or not the poisonous mind-wrecking weed is mainly accountable for the tragedy its sale should not be and should never have been permitted here or elsewhere...It required five murders to impress the Tampa public and Tampa offi-

DETECT PLANT SEX

Don't Waste Growing Space
Get Rid of Male Plants.

**GROW ONLY
FEMALE PLANTS**

Each Female Plant Detection Kit Contains
Everything You Need to Detect the Sex of Ten Plants

WORKS ON • Just Starting or Full-Grown
ALL PLANTS • Outdoors or Indoors
• All Seasons

100% EFFECTIVE
**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR
YOUR MONEY BACK**

RUSH ME ☐ 4 KITS \$19.95
☐ 8 KITS \$34.95
☐ 1 KIT \$7.95 ☐ 20 KITS \$79.95
☐ 2 KITS \$13.95 ☐ 100 KITS \$345.00

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Diesel Botanical Research and Study Group
P.O. Box 7665, Stanford, CA 94305
NOW AVAILABLE IN EUROPE TOO.
Ask for one at your local shop.



REACH THE AWARE GENERATION

With the 1983 Alternative Press
Syndicate Directory! Containing listings
for nearly 200 alternative publications
from around the world

YES! Send me the 1983
APS DIRECTORY

Enclosed is \$5, plus \$1 postage and
handling (Overseas and Canada add \$1)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Make check or money order payable to
APS P.O. Box 1347, Ansonia Station,
New York, NY 10023

cials with the serious effects of the habit

Of course Anslinger was not at all hesitant to impute the casualty directed to the "influence of marihuana." If he had followed the case, he would have learned that 11 days later, a psychiatric examination of Licata revealed that he was criminally insane, his condition being "acute and chronic." Licata was said to be "subject to hallucinations accompanied by homicidal impulses and occasional periods of excitement." The psychiatrist also asserted that his insanity was probably inherited, since the parents were first cousins, his paternal granduncle and two paternal cousins had been committed to insane asylums, and his brother, who was one of the victims, had been diagnosed as suffering from dementia praecox. As if that weren't enough, it was revealed that a year before, the Tampa police had filed a lunacy petition in an attempt to have Licata committed, but withdrew it when his parents pledged that they could take better care of him at home.

On November 3 Licata was committed to the state mental hospital, where he was diagnosed as suffering with "Dementia Praecox with homicidal tendencies." His behavior was adjudged "overtly psychotic," and nowhere in his file was his marijuana use mentioned. Licata resided at the Florida State Mental Hospital from 1933 until December 4, 1950, when he hanged himself.

But of course the commissioner was too busy tracking down new gore reports to examine any one case thoroughly. So, in his famous *American Magazine* article of July 1937, four years after these killings, Anslinger would write of Licata

An entire family was murdered by a youthful addict in Florida. When officers arrived at the home, they found the youth staggering about in a human slaughterhouse. With an ax he had killed his father, mother, two brothers, and a sister. He seemed to be in a daze... He had no recollection of having committed the multiple crime. The officers knew him ordinarily as a sane, rather quiet young man; now he was pitifully crazed. They sought the reason. The boy said he had been in the habit of smoking something which youthful friends called "muggles," a childish name for marihuana.

And even years after Licata's tragic suicide, Anslinger, in numerous articles, would invoke the ghost of this once "sane, rather quiet young man."

**Next month: The 1937
Marihuana Tax Act Hearing**

CLEARANCE PRICES

THIS MONTH'S SPECIAL



**FREE FLYER
ON OUR
COMPLETE PRODUCT LINE**

MASTERCARD • VISA • C.O.D.

- CAPSULES
- TABLETS
- INCENSE
- AROMAS
- DIET-AIDS

**CALL TO ORDER
(919) 762-1531**

M - F

ISLAND BRAND DIST., INC.
Box 2189, Wilmington, NC 28402

UNTREATED BABY WOODROSE SEEDS (ARGYREIA NERVOSA)

NOT INTENDED FOR ILLEGAL USE. SOLD FOR GROWING PURPOSES ONLY.

\$ 3 for	50 SEEDS
\$ 7 for	140 SEEDS - 1/2 OZ
\$ 13 for	280 SEEDS - 1 OZ
\$ 24 for	2 OZS
\$ 46 for	4 OZS
\$ 85 for	8 OZS
\$ 150 for	1 POUND
\$ 700 for	5 POUNDS
\$ 1,300 for	10 POUNDS
\$ 2,400 for	20 POUNDS

COMPARE OUR SUPER LOW PRICES

WHY PAY MORE?

WE REALLY WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

TO ORDER SEND A MONEY ORDER TO

EARTH WONDERS

P.O. BOX 429

JAMESTOWN, CA. 95327

PSYCHEDELIC CHEMISTRY



PSYCHEDELIC CHEMISTRY
by Michael Valentine Smith

5 1/2 x 8 1/2, 204 pp, illustrated, soft cover.

The best and most complete book ever written on how to manufacture drugs! Out-of-print for years, now available again in a completely revised and updated edition. THC, Magic Mushrooms, Mescaline, Harmaline, Muscimole, LSD, Cocaine, and much, much more! Use the handy coupon below to order your copy today -- you will be very pleased we know.

Loompanics Unlimited

P.O. Box 1197 Pt. Townsend, WA 98368

Please send me _____ copies of PSYCHEDELIC CHEMISTRY. I enclose \$14.95 + \$2.00 postage & handling for each copy.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip Code _____

**Violence,
sex, and
drug-drenched
corruption,
South-American
style...**

"Like reading a movie...a film noir running wild."—PAULINE Kael

"Unforgettable characterizations."—WILLIAM BURROUGHS

\$12.95, now at your bookstore.

**COLOMBIAN
GOLD**
by Jaime Manrique

Clarkson N. Potter, Inc.



HIGH TIMES CLASSIFIED

GROWING AIDS

Attention! Growers! Maximize harvest potential with 12-volt products. Catalog \$1, refundable with order. D C POWER P.O. Box 19030, Dept 123-HT1, Houston, TX 77224

Carbon Dioxide Generators for faster, lush growth and Super Growrooms. Safer low pressure system. Build and fill yourself for \$45. Complete plans and info \$5.95. SPECIALTY SYSTEMS, P.O. Box 429, Sutter Creek, CA 95685

DISGUISE YOUR PLANTS: Protect from thieves, helicopters, nosy neighbors. Simply toss these lightweight nets on your valuable tropical plants and transform them into flowering daisy bushes. Doesn't affect growth. Ideal for apt or condo balconies. 3x3 ft \$6, 5x6 ft \$18 includes shipping. CAR DIFF ENT., 1106 Second St., #122 Encinitas, CA 92024

Explore the world of magic mushrooms. Grow your own from Psilocybe cubensis mycelium \$17 per tube, culture kits \$35. Satisfaction guaranteed. SHROOMERS, R.R. 2, Box 732 Florence, WI 54121

MORE FEMALE FLOWERS MEANS MORE YIELD! Miraculous SENSE-SOAK and SENSE-SPRAY can produce up to 90% female plants. Not just fertilizer but female hormone stimulators to genetically manipulate your plants' sexual expression. Completely nontoxic. Totally unique. \$9.95 each. PLANTASTIC PLANT PRODUCTS, 1442A Walnut St Berkeley, CA 94709

ATTENTION SHROOMERS Easy-to-grow kits, over 140 cultured species, thousands of products, 50¢, ARL, P.O. Box 628 Springfield, OR 97477

SPIDER MITES? Predator Mites control them naturally! \$15/100, \$30/500 postpaid. Free brochure. NATURE'S CONTROL, 2518-H Stewart, Medford, OR 97501

MUSHROOM COMPOST — prepasteurized Grain medias, cubensis cultures and supplies. Catalog 20¢ stamp. Flowering plant fertilizer 5 lbs. \$7. CGS, Inc., P.O. Box 722, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010

Stimulate growth, obtain "higher" yields, non-toxic non-pollutant natural liquid plant food. 1/2 pt. \$3 postpaid. GREENLEAF, P.O. Box 2064, Largo, FL 33540



Complete Hydroponic Catalog \$3. HYDROPONIC AND HA LIDES, 5666 Lajolla Blvd #29 Lajolla, CA 92037

MERCHANDISE

Todd's Pharmacal. Prices range from \$5 to \$45 per 1000. \$15 per \$100. We carry 37 different varieties. Call now for free samples of our caffeine-based products. Call (614) 342-1360. Corning, OH 43730

Stay alert. Control excessive weight with legal stimulant tablets not for illicit use. \$10/hundred \$40/thousand. STIMILEAN, 299 Park Ave., Babylon, NY 11702

Pipe Manufacturers Tooling. Processes and Equipment for Sale. (714) 645-8466.

Beautifully Illustrated full- color catalogue of 190 old concert posters (Doors, Hendrix, Who, Yardbirds, Stones, Zeppelin, Zappa, Dead etc.) \$3. HAIGHT STREET GRAPHICS, Box 27394, San Francisco, CA 94127

5¢ Psychedelics, details \$1. N.W., P.O. Box 962, Orlando, FL 32802-0962

Drug Antiques bought, sold. Catalog \$1. CAPE ANN ANTIQUES, P.O. Box 3502, Peabody, MA 01960

THAI STICKS—Hermetically sealed \$10 ea. (No quantity discounts.) Hurry while supplies last. Money-back guarantee. Send check or money order to: CGC, 1548 D. Adams Ave., Costa Mesa CA 92626

Pure Inositol Powder, 2 oz. \$9.52. 4 oz. \$17.52. 1 lb. bulk \$49.95. Add \$1.50 shipping. CA residents 6 1/2% tax. NUTRABIOTICS, P.O. Box 1247Z, Capitola, CA 95010

Hemostats 5" Surgical Stain- less Steel—straight or curved. \$4 each. ALICE BROCKSON, P.O. Box 33152, Philadelphia, PA 19142

Deluxe Tokin sportscaps with "The Head of Joint Affairs" logo and gold embroidered marijuana leaflets. Money orders only \$9 U.S. and \$1.50 P&H. CHIPPER PROMOTIONS, 45 Owasassa St., St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada N5P1T1. Phone evenings: (519) 633-0661

BEHIND BARS

Two white men on death row need to have some smiles from the streets. C'mon, give us something to look forward to because our future is looking grim. Send kites and photos—all will be answered quickly. Write GUS BASSETT #071445 and BILL RENOLD #076259, P.O. Box 747 Starke FL 32091

REAL ESTATE

Secluded PUNA Land, write: HOMELAND SERVICES, SR 7 299. Keaau, HI 96749.

POTFARM - \$10,500, Sale, Trade, Lease. P.O. Box 1164, Colledale, TN 37315

Secluded house with "lookout tower," cul-de-sac street in hills of Los Angeles. 10 minutes from Beverly Hills. Pool, hot tub, wine cellar \$395,000. All cash only, discretion assured. OWNER, P.O. Box 5074, Sherman Oaks, Calif 91413 (213) 469-9804.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CASH CROP IS ILLEGAL but many experts agree that legalization has to come about in the not-too-distant future. Millions and millions could be made overnight. We plan on being ready, and as a shareholder in Lonestar Plantations, this is your chance to share in the potential profits with us. \$25 entitles you to one square foot of crop yield for the next 5 years. You receive personal deed suitable for framing. Send \$25 to LONESTAR PLANTATIONS, P.O. Box 43451, Seven Points, TX 75143

SERVICES

Busted? Use your one tele- phone call to call me instead of calling your mother. Attorney ROBERT CRAWFORD, (414) 272-7246. Practice limited to federal courts.

DON'T LET IRS INHALE OUR PROFITS! Utilize our discreet and confidential specialized financial services network of domestic and offshore enterprises. JERSEY ASSOCIATES LTD., P.O. Box 1244, Union City, NJ 07087 (201) 865-5263.

MISCELLANEOUS

Free Caine Incense—Sample Call (207) 562-8363. Void where prohibited.

The ultimate rocky incenses, pills, accessories—send 50¢ for sample and catalog. We will not be undersold! P.O. Box 17502, Seattle WA 98117, or call (206) 363-5651

HALLUCINOGENIC CACTUS. San Pedro cactus seeds and growing instructions, \$5. 12-inch cutting \$15. SPECTRA, P.O. Box 203 Capitola, CA 95010.

WITCHCRAFT'S POWER SECRETS! Gavin & Yvonne Frost, world's foremost Witches, now accept students. Box 1502-H, New Bern, NC 28560.

SAN PEDRO CACTUS—HIGH QUALITY—Send SASE to MR. PEDRO, Box 4611 Berkeley, CA 94704-0611

College students! Improve your grades. Term-paper catalog —306 pages—10,278 topics. Rush \$1. RESEARCH, Box 25916-J, Los Angeles, CA 90025, (213) 477-8226.

Grass. Two grams seed. Send \$3. HEADGEAR, P.O. Box 1479 Destin FL 32541

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

Consumer's guide to Magic Mushrooms of the Pacific Northwest. How, where, when to find limited printing collector's item \$3. BLUE CHIP ENTERPRISES, P.O. Box 699, Cannon Beach, OR 97110

Fuck Your Way to WEALTH and POWER. A Beginner's Guide to Sex Magic. Send \$3.98 to: ESTRELLUS, P.O. Box 25012, Dallas, TX 75225.

Paradise Register? The last word in ID. Over 300 different sources. If you need it, it's here! \$10. Details \$1, refundable. EAB, P.O. Box 5127A, Dearborn, MI 48128

PERSONALS

Oriental ladies want to write you. CHERRY BLOSSOMS, Box 1021HT, Honolulu, HI

Lady wants pen pals into exotic plants. Box 596, Renton, WA 98057

Wanted: Dynamic female sing- er to front new conceptual art/rock group. Send résumé, photo and cassette to RATS MUSIC, INC., P.O. Box 280, Village Station, NY 10014

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BUMPER STICKER Printing Device, Cheap, simple, portable. Free details, BUMPER, P.O. Box 22791, FE, Tampa, FL 33622

FINISHED YOUR BOOK on How To . . . Exotica, Esoterica, Erotica, etc. Empathic Press will help you publish — write for brochure. Empathic, Rm 1411, 225 West 34th Street, NY, NY 10001

Kemper Pharmaceutical Is Having an Inventory Reduction SALE



With Prices You Won't Believe! For FREE Samples CALL 807-643-4363

Frozen Love

from
North Pole
Alaska

Will enhance
& prolong
your orgasm

Centuries
old Eskimo
Love-Making
technique will
add a new
dimension to
your love life!

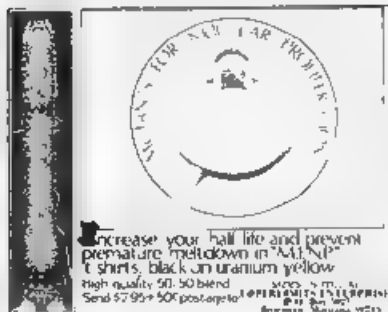
Send \$9.95 + \$1 shipping
add \$5 for each additional unit

Frozen Pack
Box 56065
North Pole, Alaska 99705

Detailed instructions with each order

VISA MASTER CHARGE
Name _____
Signature _____
Card # _____
Expires _____

GROWERS! REDUCE VISIBILITY!!!
Increase Yields - Proven Growth
Hormones. 3-9 significantly
reduces plant height, increases
branching - more buds - 1oz \$10
Plus... CYTOKININ promotes cell
division - larger buds, greater
yields 4oz \$10. SAFE. Indoors
or out, alone or together. Both
\$15. **SYNTHETIC RESEARCH COMPANY**
104 Charles - 372, Boston, Ma. 02114



A NEW, EASY WAY TO GROW MUSHROOMS

- without compost
- without daily spraying
- without contamination
- 90-100% success rate

AMERICAN MUSHROOM TECHNOLOGY BY J. J. JAMES
\$9.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling
RHMC Publishing Co.
P.O. Box 8486, Green Bay, WI 54305

BELOW WHOLESALE PRICES

MS1000 Watt/SUPER LAMP Metal Halide ... 55.00
C1000 Watt HI Pressure Sodium Lamp ... 65.00
(Discount of 5.00 per lamp with SIX or more)
1000 Watt Metal Halide Ballast Kit ... 75.00
1000 Watt HI Pressure Sodium Ballast Kit ... 145.00
CO₂ Generator (400 Sq Ft. Model) ... 245.00

All Products Warranted. Dealer Inquiries Invited

\$2.00 Handling & Shipping Charge Each Item

COD Shipments made upon 20% Deposit

DANSCO, 3100 W Howe, Seattle, WA 98199

Blank Certificates

• BIRTH CERTIFICATES •
• Award Certificates and Medals •
• High School & College Diplomas •
QUALITY BLANK FORMS
on heavy parchment with gold emboss

Call 1-804-396-1744 for retail
C.O.D. = 7 Certificate minimum

CARDINAL PUBLISHING CO. DEPT P54
2071 Emerson • Jacksonville, FL 32207

\$3 ANY 2
GUARANTEED
ADDITIONAL
\$1.00 EACH



LOVE, MONEY & News for You!

Send stamped, self-ad-
dressed envelope to:
CELESTE
Post Office Box 2030
Las Vegas, Nevada 89125

The HIGH TIMES Classified Reaches Over 2 Million People Each Month.
Whether Your Message is for Business or Pleasure,
put it in HIGH TIMES for Maximum Results.

RATES

One time ad \$4.00/word

Discount for contracts:

Three consecutive ads \$3.75/word

Six consecutive ads \$3.50/word

Twelve consecutive ads \$3.25/word

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY

\$125 per column inch

Column width is 1 7/8 inches.

Discount for contracts:

Three consecutive ads \$115/inch

Six consecutive ads \$105/inch

Twelve consecutive ads \$95/inch

All display ads must be delivered camera-ready

TO ORDER

MINIMUM AD IS TEN WORDS

Post Office Box #'s and telephone #'s count as two words each

All ads must be typewritten

ALL ADVERTISING MUST BE

FULLY PAID IN ADVANCE WITH

CHECK OR MONEY ORDER, NO CASH.

Ad will appear 60 to 90 days after receipt

All ads are accepted at the discretion of the Publisher

Call for Advertising Acceptability Policy (212-974-1990)

Mail to **HIGH TIMES Classified**

17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023

Please include a sample of your product or catalog with your ad, and
your street address and phone number

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9
10	11	12
13	14	15
16	17	18
19	20	21
22	23	24
25	26	27
28	29	30
31	32	33
34	35	36
37	38	39

Cost of Ad

_____ words at _____ per word = _____ Total

Payment must be enclosed with order

(Check or money order only, please)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



DOPE LORE

1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

THIRTY-SECOND OF A MONTHLY SERIES

443 ALTHOUGH BOOKS AND PAPERS continue to be published describing apparently new aspects of cocaine, fatalities from the drug are certainly not new. As early as 1891, J.B. Mattison discussed cocaine poisoning and reported four well-documented fatalities which occurred in 1887 and three in 1888. E. Mayer (1924) documented 21 deaths attributed to cocaine, and all editions of R.W. Webster's (1930) classic text, *Legal Medicine and Toxicology*, discuss fatal cocaine poisoning from the turn of the century through the 1920's. Cocaine is not a benign drug which is clearly supported by its known pharmacology (L.W. Goodman & A. Gilman, 1975), R. Byck & C. Van Dyke, Chapter 5, this volume.

Bryan S. Finkle & Kevin L. McCloskey, chap. 8, "The Forensic Toxicology of Cocaine," in *Cocaine, 1977, NIDA Research Monograph, no. 13*

444 AFTER THE GRIEVOUS DEATH OF his daughter, it next happened to Mycerinus that an oracle was sent to him from the city of Buto, declaring that he had but six years to live and must die in the seventh. The king deemed this unjust, and sent back to the oracle a message of reproach, blaming the god: why must he die so soon who was pious, whereas his father and his uncle had lived long, who shut up the temples, and regarded not the gods, and destroyed men? But a second utterance from the place of divination declared to him that his good deeds were the very cause of shortening his life: for he had done what was contrary to fate; Egypt should have been afflicted for an hundred and fifty years, whereof the two kings before him had been aware, but not Mycerinus. Hearing this, he knew that his doom was fixed. Therefore he caused many lamps to be made, and would light these at nightfall and drink and make merry, by day or night he never ceased from reveling, roaming to the marsh country and the groves and wherever he heard of the likeliest places of pleasure. Thus he planned by turning night into day he might make his six years into twelve and so prove the oracle false.

Herodotus, Book II, 133.

445 ABBOTT WHENEVER YOU GO INTO a bar, the devil goes in with you. Costello: If he goes in with me, he buys his own drink.
movie: *Keep em Flying*, 1941

446 I LOVE IRENE. GOD KNOWS, I DO Love her till the seas run dry And if Irene turns her back on me I'm gonna take morphine and die
from song, "Goodnight Irene," by Huddie Ledbetter and John Lomax, 1936

447 IT'S DRUGS AHOY ABOARD S.I. FERRY Following yesterday's attack by an alleged drug peddler on an off-duty transit policeman on the Staten Island ferry, authorities said the sale and use of drugs on the ferries are ever-increasing problems.

A spokesman for the city Transportation Department said many passengers have complained about drug use on the boats, and police reported that drug arrests are running well ahead of 1982. Last year, 100 people were arrested on the boats on drug charges. And with 1983 less than two months old, there have already been 46 drug arrests on the ferry.
New York Daily News, Feb. 23, 1983

448 I TASTED A LIQUOR NEVER BREWED From tankards scooped in pearl Not all the vats upon the Rhine Yield such an alcohol
Emily Dickinson, about 1860

449 I SAID I HOPE NO PERSON EVER ENJOYED with more relish the infusion of that fragrant leaf [tea] than [Samuel] Johnson. The quantities that he drank of it at all hours were so great, that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong, not to have been extremely relaxed by such intemperate use of it.

James Boswell, *Life of Johnson*, 1791

450 ALL I GOT OUT OF YEARS OF smoking [marijuana] was a drawer of empty baggies.
Patient in drug-abuse program, San Francisco, 1982

451 BEER & DECENCY The Eastern Brewing Co. in Hammonton, N.J., has found a way to get around federal regulators' objections to its marketing its Nude Beer with a picture of a topless woman on the label. A bikini top label will be pasted over the original, and consumers will do the undressing themselves.

New York Post, Feb. 14, 1983

452 A DOPE-SNIFFING DOG AT THE Mexico City airport named "Bob" has been shipped off to the mountains to recover after he apparently lost his sharp sense of smell. In recent weeks, Bob had been snatching the purses and luggage of travelers who weren't carrying any drugs at all. As a result, Bob has been sent to the clean-air mountains in Sinaloa, in north-eastern Mexico, for rest and recuperation.
Extra, June 1977

453 "ONE TOKE OVER THE LINE," is one toke over the line as far as WNBC radio is concerned, and the new hit single has been banned from the station because of its "drug-oriented" lyrics. Other local stations, including WPLJ (formerly WABC-FM) and WCBS-FM, say they are also banning songs, but refuse to give examples.

"One Toke," by Brewer and Shipley goes in part:
"One toke over the line sweet Jesus, one toke over the line
Sittin' downtown in a railway station, one toke over the line
Waitin' for a train that goes home sweet Mary, hopin' that train is on time
Sittin' downtown in a railway station, one toke over the line."

The "one toke" in the Brewer and Shipley number, means one puff from a marijuana cigaret and is intended to suggest that the young person, who wants to go home, is afraid he has passed the point of no return. The tune is number 25 on Variety's list of hit records, and rising fast.
New York Post, Mar. 24, 1971

454 NUL DIE SINE LINEA "No day without a line [of coke]" This has become the motto of some of our leading writers.
Gerald Ratigan, 1982

The HIGH TIMES Bookstore

Zap-10

Crumb's 10-page masterpiece on the history of his sex life. S. Clay Wilson's Captain Pissgums in new high-sea adventure that will make you eat your teeth. 10 pages of sweet greaser violence by Spain. HTB/35 \$2.50

Pipe Dreams

by Don Naye

An inside look at the pleasures and hazards of freebase cocaine. HTB/19 \$12.00

Book of the Month The Sinsemilla Technique

by Kayo

Written for the curious as well as the experienced, this technique tells how fewer plants in smaller pots can yield more cannabis of higher quality. The book includes photographs and illustrations. HTB/30 \$10.95



The Primo Plant

by Mountain Girl

Complete instructions for growing fine, organic sinsemilla marijuana. The seedless variety prized by connoisseurs for its exquisite high. HTB/23 \$4.50

Mama Coca

by Antoni

A well-documented presentation of how wholesale dope movers and narcotics officials actively collaborate in the international drug trade. HTB/21 \$8.95

Indoor/Outdoor Marijuana Grower's Guide

by Mel F. Stark and Ed Kuenzli

The classic introductory work on cannabis cultivation. HTB/4 \$5.95

The Art and Science of Cooking with Cannabis

by Adam Gottlieb

More than just another collection of marijuana recipes, this book teaches the reader the nature of cannabis, how it combines with other foods and how it is best assimilated by the digestive tract. A must for anyone serious about cooking with g. ass. HTB/14 \$2.95

Snow Blind

by Robert Sabing

An all-out, nonstop, mind-jolting journey through the dazzling high-altitude world of an international cocaine smuggler. HTB/18 \$11.50

X-Capees—A punk rock documentary

Three of San Francisco's finest photographers combine to produce this stunning survey of the development of the punk/new wave culture with enlightening text. HTB/34 \$7.95

Cannabis Alchemy: The Art of Modern Hashmaking Deluxe Edition

by David Huyle

Turn that moldy old bag of ditchweed into some hot test hashish by simply following the method outlined in this book. Written specifically for the layman, with diagrams. HTB/13 \$4.95



Marijuana Potency

by Michael Starks

The best current book dealing with the question of what makes marijuana potent. Get the latest scientific literature in an easy-to-understand format. HTB/7 \$10.95

Growing for Growth

Grow the most luxurious cannabis known to man, learn the science of an Herbal Oasis. This latest in technology can reap you a 33-sq.-ft. crop in only a 5-sq.-ft. area. Great for apartment dwellers. From seed to mature plant in 45 days. HTB/32 \$7.95



Cocaine, the Mystique and the Reality

by Joel L. Phillips and Ronald D. Wynne, Ph.D.

The most comprehensive book ever published on every aspect of cocaine, including the results of over 100 interviews with users, dealers, smugglers and law-enforcement officials. HTB/20 \$3.95

Cultivator's Handbook ~

by Bill Drake

The most up-to-date marijuana cultivation manual. Includes a section on psychoactive tobacco. HTB/25 \$5.95

Temporarily Out of Print
The outdoor and indoor 100 photographs, drawings, charts, maps, and diagrams on psychoactive tobacco.

How to Build a Bigger and Better Hydroponic Garden

by Ed Sherman

How to make a super garden that will grow anything anywhere, from scrap materials. HTB/27 \$3.95

The Dead

by Hank Harris

Chronicles the rise and enduring popularity of the Grateful Dead with all the incredible highs, nightmares, lows, loopy, toone humor and high-wire tension surrounding one of the most prolific, powerful "families" in music. HTB/33 \$9.95



Mail to: HIGH TIMES Bookstore, Box 1414,
Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023

Please send me the books I have checked off
I am enclosing ☐ check ☐ money order

<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/4	Marijuana Grower's Guide	\$5.95
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/7	Marijuana Potency	\$10.95
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/13	Cannabis Alchemy	\$4.95
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/14	Cooking With Cannabis	\$2.95
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/18	Snow Blind	\$3.50
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/19	Pipe Dreams	\$12.00
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/20	Coke: Mystique & Reality	\$3.95
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/21	Mama Coca	\$8.95
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/23	The Primo Plant	\$4.50
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/27	Hydroponic Garden Building	\$3.95
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/30	Sinsemilla Technique	\$10.95
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/32	Growing for Growth	\$7.95
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/33	The Dead	\$9.95
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/34	X Capees	\$7.95
<input type="checkbox"/>	HTB/35	Zap-10	\$2.50

Subtotal \$_____

Sales tax NYS residents \$_____

Add \$1.75 shipping for each book \$_____

Grand Total \$_____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Prices subject to change without notification

Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. New York residents please add applicable sales tax. Alaska, Hawaii, Canada & foreign add \$2.50 per book for postage and handling.



RAIDERS

/ continued from page 48

Henri selection. No way. These Cubans were so macho about how good their coke was, that when they started getting into Mariani, they only added it with the very rarest of vintages. Lafite-Rothschild for starters. Roederer Kristall champagne for variations. No, Mari-beth said no one could figure out exactly why they started getting into Mariani, but she'd heard that the Cuban women had started doing it and telling the men how it made them better lovers than mere mother-of-pearl coke alone.

Well, once they heard *that*, these dudes really got into it. It got to be a major macho thing to have the oldest, rarest vintage wine—I mean, they'd show up at auctions and buy up entire cellars of the stuff when the big wine connoisseurs croaked. Then they'd take their finest flake and rocks so big they almost wouldn't fit down the neck of the bottle and they'd marinate the coke in the wine, then have their ladies feed it to them from their mouths with warm love-numb lips. And that was what was mainly going on that night when I walked into the big thatched Hut Seven of Myron's Polynesia Towne.

First to greet me was the dwarf with the dreadlocks. He was rubbing his hands and grinning with great lubricity.

He was bearing a big fat brandy snifter full of blood red vintage Bordeaux that glowed with the holy antiquity of the stained glass at Chartres. At the bottom, a few undissolved silver crystals still nestled in the womblike hollow of the snifter, glowing like Saint Elmo's fire in a wine dark sea. The rasta dwarf's eyes glowed as he handed me the snifter and raised his own in a toast.

"Hey, mon, you big-name fella here. These Cuban boys all know the friend of the ganja gringo, they all want the Connoisseur to honor their brew. And the women, they want you to honor their lips, mon. This is your lucky day, eh?"

Well, of course it's like that everywhere if you're a folk hero like me, but I wondered how lucky I was. I wondered about the unctuous enthusiasm of the little rasta rascal. And the atmosphere was getting, well, *intense*. First of all, the entire garish Trader Vic Holiday Inn Polynesian Inn motif interior of Hut Seven was filled with shards of broken glass and the sounds of breaking glass, and it was getting on my nerves. This bacchanalia was like a coked-up scene out of Hieronymus Bosch: every five minutes one of the

The Definitive Drug Sourcebook

Gives you complete and unbiased information about everything from coffee, marijuana, and antihistamines, to psychedelics, amphetamines, medical drugs, and herbal remedies.

- * What Is a Drug?
- * Why People Use Drugs
- * Types of Drugs
- * Stimulants
- * Depressants
- * Hallucinations
- * Inhalants
- * Delirants
- * Problems with Drugs
- * Alternatives to Taking Drugs

Andrew Weil, M.D.
& Winifred Rosen

**CHOCOLATE
TO UNDERSTANDING
MIND-ACTIVE DRUGS
MORPHINE**

Clip and Mail Today!

☐ Yes, please send me _____ copy(ies) of CHOCOLATE TO MORPHINE at \$10.50 each (includes postage handling, and applicable tax). My check/money order for \$_____ is enclosed.

Sp. Sales Dept. Hit
Houghton Mifflin
2 Park Street
Boston, MA 02108

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery)

HIT583

hundred or so off-white-suited gentlemen and off-the-shoulder sweet-cinnamon-cappuccino-skinned lovelies would tip a bottle upside down to their mouth to suck the last bloody crystals out of the bottom—suck them out slowly with a lot of tongue-action, in fact—and then dash the bottle against the wall, smashing it and spraying everyone around with broken-glass drops of wine and occasional drops of blood from the crystal shrapnel. But nobody seemed to notice the injuries because their facial muscles were in the sweet trippy boozy numbness that overtakes any overindulger in Mariani. In the brief intervals between the explosions of antique vintage bottles there were other sounds: shrieks of laughter and coked-up gasps of pleasure from the couples writhing on the periphery and the bedrooms of the suite.

"Well," I told Tex, "I planned to really get into that whole scene with all its weirdness, its sleazy glamour, its strange, uh—"

"Felliniesque atmosphere," suggested Tex.

"That's it, right. Well, I was going to tell how I wandered into the bedroom and began feeling the Mariani go to my head and the dwarf introduced me to two women who started whispering things to me in my ears and—"

"Okay, 'R' Now it's my turn to ask you to cut to the chase. Ah been to those coke orgies and they're hot stuff and all that, but let's get to the point. Were you planning to reveal what happened when the lights went out?"

"Well, I guess I was getting to that point. Because what they were whispering in my ears was 'You're coming with us, 'R.' We're the Sisterhood and we've got your friend Tom'."

"The Sisterhood, 'R,'" said Tex. "I don't think we can permit you to describe the Sisterhood. Or any of its members or activities."

"Hey, come on, Tex, I already mentioned it in a previous episode. People have been speculating about it for a long time. You realize in the first episode I associate the mystery lady who got me into this with the Sisterhood."

"I think the ladies agree you've done enough damage as it is, and no more will be permitted."

"But how can I tell the readers about the Connoisseur's Choice. I mean, that was gonna be the title of the final episode. I mean, you have to admit that's the fucking climax of the story. I mean, if I can't tell that, well, it's like *Sophie's Choice* without the choice."

"Who's this 'Sophie,' 'R'? If she's in the

COCAINE COWBOYS POSTER GAME

**FUN • EXCITING • RUTHLESS • PRICELESS & DEADLY
ATTRACTIVE WALL POSTER — FUN BOARD GAME!**
SEND \$14.95 PLUS \$2 SHIPPING & HANDLING

(Florida Residents add 5% tax)



**TO: COCOPOGA
P O BOX 143921
CORAL GABLES
FLORIDA 33114-3921**

Also available:
**COCAINE COWBOYS
TEE SHIRTS**
Black Only (White Lettering)
S, M, L, XL
**\$7.50 PLUS \$1 SHIPPING &
HANDLING**

SIZE _____

NOT AVAILABLE IN STORES
(Money Back Guarantee)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LEGAL BODY STIMULANTS BUY NOW AND SAVE!

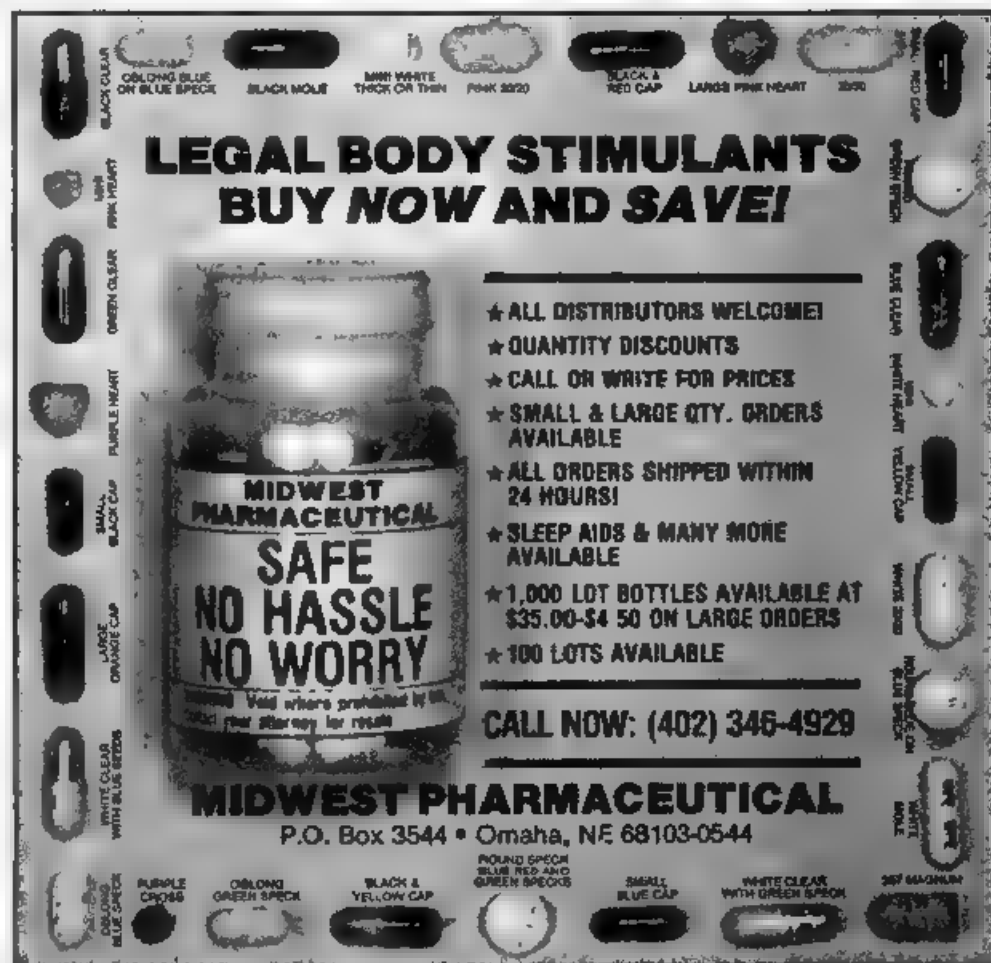


- ★ ALL DISTRIBUTORS WELCOME!
- ★ QUANTITY DISCOUNTS
- ★ CALL OR WRITE FOR PRICES
- ★ SMALL & LARGE QTY. ORDERS AVAILABLE
- ★ ALL ORDERS SHIPPED WITHIN 24 HOURS!
- ★ SLEEP AIDS & MANY MORE AVAILABLE
- ★ 1,000 LOT BOTTLES AVAILABLE AT \$35.00-\$4.50 ON LARGE ORDERS
- ★ 100 LOTS AVAILABLE

CALL NOW: (402) 346-4929

MIDWEST PHARMACEUTICAL

P.O. Box 3544 • Omaha, NE 68103-0544





What do the Experts Say?

High Times says:
 "Thanks to its unique hydroponic system the Hydropot just sits under its light and pops out plants. No dirt, no manure, no sweat... each Hydropot unit is good for four to six husky plants, six feet tall... a whole room full can make one the most prosperous grower in town."

Hydropot™
\$59.95

Hydrolite™
Standard
\$166.95

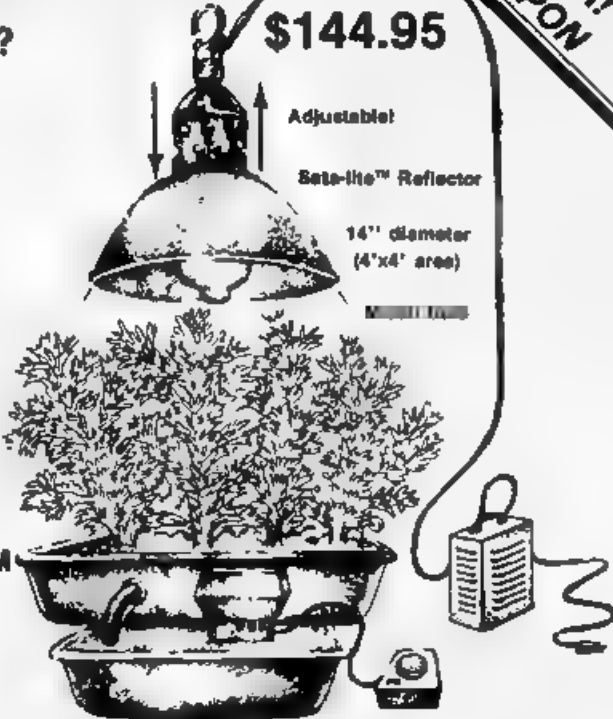


Hydropot™
Duo
\$109.95

Phone/write for **FREE**
 catalog and info.



Hydrolite™
250



\$144.95

FREE TIMER!
SEE COUPON

Only Hydropot™ Systems have...

Flo-thru™ circulation—only our exclusive automatic flush systems can give the high energy nutrient flow your kind of plants need. Soil, wick or drip set-ups can't compare. They're made for slow growing houseplants or vegetables and hold only one plant.

Kona Lava™ medium—our porous lava rock gives maximum aeration, the best plant support, and it's reusable. It's the best! Soggy vermiculite mixes don't retain air and can't hold up plants.

Special nutrients—not just plain vegetable food, but two formulas, both complete and balanced, specially blended for what you want to grow. Fastest growth, biggest yields, and highest potency! 1 lb. = 100 gal.

No wonder all the experts agree — our Hydropot Systems are the only way to grow!

Cylinders of Sunlight™

Only Super-Twists™ have:

- same spectrum as the sun
- patent for ultra-violet
- twist for more light

Recommended by every leading authority! for:

- seedling starts
- side lighting
- low ceilings

For low ceilings:

- box of 6 (48") for one Hydropot — **\$69.95**
- box of 6 (96") for the Hydropot Duo — **\$139.95**

Sisterhood, you can't—"

"No, man, she's not in the Sisterhood, I'm not gonna name any names, but the point is I got to be able to say something about the Sisterhood and the Forcade Imposter problem."

"I think we're heading for a serious literary conflict of interest then, 'R.' Even to mention the Imposter Problem—"

"Look, Tex, all I'm gonna do is just give a kind of shadowy glimpse of it, just a skeletal outline—"

"You're lookin' to end up a skeletal outline yourself, son. Now, just what would this shadowy glimpse consist of?"

"Well, you know I was in the dark most of the time anyway. These two women were whispering in my ear then, the whole room went black, everyone was screaming, they put a blindfold over my eyes, they dragged me out to the dock on the inland waterway back of Myron's, stashed me in the hole of a small boat and brought me to some house on the water. I never saw the outside of it. Then they tell me about the choice they were gonna force me to make."

"Well, it seems, according to these women—and of course they never identified themselves as the Sisterhood, you see I'm gonna make that clear—anyway, it seems this group of high-level woman smugglers who don't trust men at all, since certain male informers broke up the Brotherhood these women find themselves approached through very trustworthy intermediaries down in South America. There's a gringo down there who wants to meet with them. He sends them certain tokens—including a kilo brick of Chateau Forcade gold—that reminds them of a certain said-to-be-deceased individual many of them had known—many of them had apprenticed with Tom, in fact—he always liked to work with women in the Game, until the end, of course, when he found that a few of the ones he trusted the most had betrayed him to his enemies."

"Now, these women turn this guy's intermediaries down flat, but they start checking out this guy who is hinting something very strange, and refusing to show his face to other gringos. And it turns out he's put together a very extensive network down there. Some people calling it 'the New Brotherhood,' and it's very big. It's got acid chemists turning out psychedelic love drugs like MDA, it's deep into the hash fields of the Afghan freedom fighters and it's got an elite collective of sinsemilla chemists flown down from Humboldt County to begin carpeting the Andes with North-

ern California agricultural ingenuity marked to spectacular South American seed stocks; he's got an elite of phone phreaks accessing Customs top-secret deployment computers so he knows where every single ship in the narc navy is. He's got some kind of radar evasion equipment on his planes so they have a 'cloak of invisibility' from satellite surveillance. He's supplying cash flow to the heroic resistance movements in Chile and Argentina. He's living out a lot of fantasies Forcade had, all of projects he wanted to undertake but couldn't when he was hampered by his public position as publisher of HIGH TIMES. And he's claiming to be Tom.

"The only problem is, he won't let anyone see him. Claims he's had his identity changed through plastic surgery to disguise himself from his enemies inside and outside the law and can't trust anyone to see him.

"The women don't buy any of that. The Caribbean is swarming with people who are all claiming to have been 'close dealing buddies' of Tom, or flown copilot with him, and there are all sorts of jokers and informers down there running false 'Brotherhoods' and selling fraudulent 'cloaks of invisibility.' The women are very suspicious and don't like this guy knowing as much as he does about them. They decide to bring him in, interrogate him and waste him.

"So they take him in and put him under guard and give him a chance to prove he's not an imposter. He's a good talker, but they don't trust him. Finally they decided to call in an expert. One of the last of Tom's friends who hadn't turned informer or gone underground. Someone known for being able to detect the fine nuances of identity. A connoisseur of the Forcadian sensibility, 'R.' They were going to put me in a room with the suspected imposter Tom, fill us both full of acid—still the standard truth serum in such cases—and 12 hours later they were going to ask me to make a choice that would determine whether the would-be Tom was Tom. Whether he'd live or die.

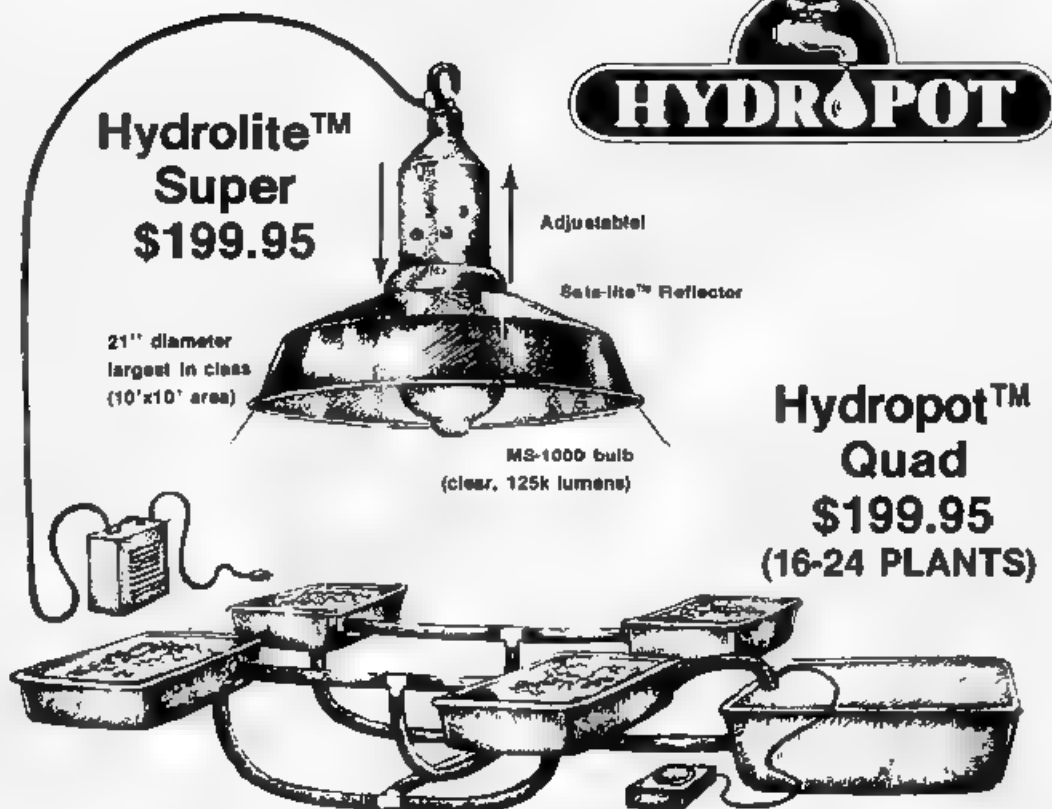
"Well, of course I resisted this role. But they didn't give me a choice.

"You can't turn down a chance to save your friend's life, 'R.'"

"But what if I made a mistake and condemned him to death?"

"You're a Connoisseur," the women told me. "It's your job to make distinctions, to separate the real lamb's bread from the mock, it's your job to make the judgments the whole con-

/ continued on page 96



**Hydrolite™
Super
\$199.95**

Adjustable
Sata-lite™ Reflector
21" diameter
largest in class
(10'x10' area)
MS-1000 bulb
(clear, 125k lumens)

**Hydropot™
Quad
\$199.95
(16-24 PLANTS)**

Compare Hydrolite™ features:

- **Bulbs**... more blue—more red—more lumens! Newest design! Improved spectrum! Faster growth, better flowering!
- **Adjustable reflectors**... made of Sata-lite™, an alloy developed for the space program for perfect reflection and smooth, even diffusion. Ours exclusively! Reflects up to 40% better than plastic, polished aluminum or porcelain. **Adjustable**—focus or spread the light as your plants grow!
- **Remote lowered ballasts**... steel enclosed, watertight, all UL approved components (Note: common "ventilated" covers are just screens over open components, they're dangerous around water).

All Hydropot™ systems include:

heavy-duty pump and timer, reservoir and cover, garden containers, Kona Lava, all drains, hoses and fittings, etc., nutrients A & B, peat seed starters, pH test kit, and complete instruction manual—all you add are seeds and water!

All Hydrolite™ systems come with:

bulb, reflector, ballast, all pre-wired with heavy-duty UL cord (lights from others require wiring), lightweight and ready to hang from any swag hook! Simply plug into your timer and any normal 120V home outlet. For high pressure sodium, 400W halides, etc., see catalog.

Why Buy From Us?

Applied Hydroponics has been the leader in the indoor growing field since 1976. We're the oldest and the largest. We are the only company in the field to be issued a U.S. patent in hydroponics — U.S. PATENT No. 4,315,381. Time-tested and proven by tens of thousands of satisfied High Times buyers, our record speaks for itself. High quality and low price, backed by a full year guarantee on all our products, makes us the only answer for those who want to grow their own.

Phone/send for FREE catalog and info

	Qty.	Price	
Hydropot™		59.95	Money orders, cashier's checks, and credit card orders shipped immediately. Credit card phone orders welcome. (415) 459-7898. VISA <input type="checkbox"/> MC <input type="checkbox"/> Acct # _____ Exp. date _____ Signature _____ Print _____ Name: _____ Address _____ City/State/Zip: _____ Applied Hydroponics, 150 Bellam Blvd., Suite 300, San Rafael, CA 94901 (415) 459-7898 One Year Guarantee on all products. Shipped in plain, unmarked boxes.
Hydropot Duo		109.95	
Hydropot Quad		199.95	
Hydrolite™ 250		144.95	
Hydrolite Standard		188.95	
Hydrolite Super		199.95	
Replacement bulb MS 1000		74.95	
Replacement bulb MS 1000C		69.95	
Super Twists: 6 bulb/box 48"		69.95	
6 bulb/box 96"		139.95	
Heavy duty grounded light timer		29.95	
Hydropot nutrients			
A (20-8-16) 1 lb		12.00	
B (9-30-12) 1 lb		13.00	
Subtotal			
CA residents add 6% sales tax			
All items shipped freight collect			
Total			

Free Timer (\$29.95 value) when you order both hydroponics and lighting. Check here ☐

TALES OF ORDINARY BUKOWSKI

High Times' resident Dirty Old Man goes Hollywood

Tales of Ordinary Madness is the cinematic immortalization of HIGH TIMES' resident genius on low life, booze, cooze and survival in the American underbelly—Charles Bukowski. The screenplay was inspired by Bukowski's writings, and the central character, "Charles Serking" (a razor-keen, deeply affecting performance by Ben Gazzara), is obviously none other than the Dirty Old Man himself, thinly disguised for popular consumption. Interestingly, it has taken Europeans to deify (after a fashion) Bukowski. The cast of *Madness* is American, but the writer-director is Marco Ferreri—the ballsy and iconoclastic creator of *The Ape Woman*, the brilliant *Dillinger Is Dead*, the excruciating *The Last Woman* (in which Gerard Depardieu wandered around for hours, buck-naked and fingering his prick—only to chop it off at the climax) and the unforgettable *La Grande Bouffe* (whose erotic gastronomic orgy—four bourgeois hedonists eating and fucking themselves to death—sent waves of shock through "moral" audiences a decade ago). The coscreenwriter is the legendary Sergio Amidei, and the cinematographer is Tonino deli Colli. (The third screenwriter—who translated Ferreri's and Amidei's Italian translation of Bukowski back into English—is Tony Foutz.)

So, *Tales of Ordinary Madness* becomes a fascinating blend of Bukowski's gritty, superrealistic observations; and two disparate Italian movie styles—the madly colored surrealism of a Fellini or a Wertmüller, and the close fidelity and humanism of the neorealists. (Amidei was, in fact, along with Cesare Zavattini, one of the two great scenarists of the whole neorealist era; he wrote *Open City* and *Paisa* for Rossellini.) The movie shows us all the grunge and puke and social grime that Bukowski



Michael Honnor

can evoke in one perfectly honed switchblade of a sentence; but the viewpoint is colorful, sensuous, full of honeyed sunlight and the cold sting of iced gin. It's like a carnival of decay, sex and death, filtered through a shot glass.

For the first half hour, Ferreri and Gazzara take us on a low-life picaresque tour: a poetry-reading in an empty, cavernous auditorium; cock-teasing from an underage runaway, philosophy and *mano-a-mano* in the barroom; and a pickup and quasi-rape after Bukowski spots a seething, sleazy blonde boarding a bus (this last, an amazing, almost gut-wrenching performance by Fat City's Susan Tyrell). Then we hunker down into one of the Master's customary fatalistic fables on sexual twists and the impermanence of love—as "Serking" tries to make it with an improbably gorgeous, wildly self-destructive hooker named Cass (the ethereally sexy Ornella Muti)—but wakes up with ashes, and the newly rising sun.

Tales of Ordinary Madness keeps

swerving between raunchy comedy and pathos, sensuality and despair, light and darkness all the way through, but this emotional careening gives it an excitement and a feeling of truth. Like Bruce Beresford's recent *Tender Mercies*, *Madness* shows us a foreign director reinventing the American landscape with a fresh eye—and finding a strangeness, an intoxication, and an idiosyncratic beauty that most native filmmakers miss. There are taverns and streets out of Edward Hopper, and a serene white light pouring down on everything. The movie is not 100 percent Bukowski; the "revisions" of his style pale beside the original, a few scenes are strained. But it does give you something unusual, something of Bukowski's relish for life—*real* life, the sour and the sweet, the life of the senses and spirit (and spirits). And it also gives you Ferreri's savage, Bunuelian eye and knack, his flair for the outrageous. It's one of the most affecting, different, oddly rich American movies around right now—and a fitting testament to (as Gazzara calls him in the following interview) "The Buk."

Ben Gazzara started out as the cocky, arrogant, antihero of End as a Man or Anatomy of a Murder, but now, in mid career, his acting and his screen image have begun to resemble Bogart's in the '40s and '50s. Like Bogart, he's eased into a cynical-romantic screen persona, a jaded-but-idealistic, slightly sodden world-weary professional, principles still intact in a corrupt, imperfect world. In place of the earlier cockiness, that undertone of insolent menace, there's now a mellowness. His characters have become more vulnerable, richer, more human, perhaps. They have wounds.

Larry Sloman and I interviewed Gazzara in the offices of his publicist, after awhile—with employees scurrying in and

out, beer bottles all over the table, the gray river flowing sullenly outside and clouds of Ratso's cigar smoke wafting into the next room (to everyone's dismay)—it began to resemble that scene in *Ordinary Madness* where Serking runs amok in a sterile Manhattan cubicle, pitching beer cans over the partitions.

HIGH TIMES: Has Bukowski seen *Tales of Ordinary Madness*?

BEN GAZZARA: The Buk saw the picture; liked it a lot. I was pleased as hell. 'Cause, you know, it ain't all Bukowski; it's a mixture of Ferrerri, Bukowski.

I never thought of *playing* Bukowski. I think that would have been a mistake. I mean, first of all, just *visually*, it would be tough to do. I would have had to acne my face; add a few years to my life. The thing is that he's a poet, an *artist*. A guy who likes to drink, likes to fuck; that doesn't mind getting down there with the—like, say—the alienated, the bizarre, the freaky; doesn't mind getting his hands dirty. Those are the important things. And then, ultimately, the character's stuck with *you*; you're not stuck with the character.

I remember we had only met; we

had been four or five weeks into the shoot, when he came up over to the office, the motel, with three bottles of Mouton Cadet—

HIGH TIMES: Only three bottles?

GAZZARA: Yeah—instead of Thunderbird. Well, he *knew* there'd be free wine there. I figured: you really got up in the

world, Chuck. Mouton Cadet: that's fancy stuff! But, we had fun; we had a lot of laughs. That was the first and last time I saw him.

HIGH TIMES: You told me the other night you outdrank him

GAZZARA: I did

HIGH TIMES: I didn't get *his* side of the



Fred Bake Films

Opposite page:

HIGH TIMES

Contributing Editor
and Literary Legend,
Charles Bukowski

Top: Ben Gazzara
picks up Ornella Muti
in a sleazy L.A. bar.
Below: Gazzara in the
throes of epiphany/
arousal on a wind-
swept beach.



Fred Bake Films

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

DEXTROPHIN™ STIMULANT CAPSULES

	QTY.	PRICE
100 BLACK CAPSULES	7.95	
250 BLACK CAPSULES	14.95	
100 YELLOW CAPSULES	7.95	
250 YELLOW CAPSULES	14.95	

C.O.D. Orders only Add Shipping & Handling \$2.00
Call Toll Free/-800-221-6677 TOTAL

SIGNATURE _____

*By my signature I certify that I am 18 years of age or older
*No sales to minors — Offer void where prohibited

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

OR CHOOSE 100 FREE

(100 comparable tablets or capsules)

FREE WITH ANY **AKS** PURCHASE

TABLETS \$39.00 per 1000	QTY	PRICE
A. Pink Heart Tablet		
B. White Tablet with Blue Specs		
C. White Tablet with Green Specs		
D. 20-20 Tablet with Red & Blue Specs		
CAPSULES \$49.00 per 1000		
E. Blue Clear Capsule		
F. Green Clear Capsule		
G. Double Strength Orange		
H. Triple Strength Blue		
TOTAL		



P.O. Box 71, Howard Beach, N.Y. 11414

C.O.D. Orders only call toll-free 800-221-6677

Send \$1.00 for full color catalog for info call 212-835-7474

Caution: Individuals with high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes, depression, thyroid disease, under the age of 18 or over 60 should use only as directed by a physician. If you are pregnant or nursing a baby seek the advice of a health professional before using these products.

All of our products contain Caffeine and ephedrine sulfate. All of our products carry the manufacturer's trademarks and can not be confused with any other product on the market.

BLUE BOOK

Illustration by Lou Brooks

ALL THE KINK THAT'S FIT TO INK.

Introducing THE BLUE BOOK—The sexual and humorous fantasies of over 100 of the world's greatest contemporary artists*...unlike anything you've ever curled up in bed with! Never before has erotica been illustrated so daringly, so outrageously, so hilariously!

Sizzling-hot off the presses and available now at broad-minded bookstores everywhere. (The demure can use our coupon.) Just lie back & laugh it's All the Kink That's Fit to Ink! (*Including Andy Warhol, Tom Wesselmann, Lou Brooks, Mel Odum, Robert Grossman, Tadanoiri Yokoo and 102 others!)

THE BLUE BOOK
100 Color Pages
176 Illustrations
\$13.95
NAME _____

Mail and make checks payable to:
INDIGO BOOKS
c/o American Showcase
724 Fifth Ave., N.Y. N.Y. 10019

ADDRESS _____
TOTAL ENCLOSED _____

Please rush me _____ copies of THE BLUE BOOK @ \$13.95 plus \$2.00 per book for postage and handling (N.Y.S. residents add appropriate sales tax.)
Not fully satisfied? Return book(s) within 15 days for a full refund. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

G7

Illustration by Elaine Soreyana

story yet

GAZZARA: He said when he met me, he said: "So, I'm meetin' Gazzara. You know, I had this chick I was crazy about—and she was crazy about you. Wanted to do a plaster cast of your dick. I put the kibosh on that. I didn't want her looking you up." Very funny

HIGH TIMES: What attracted you to the role?

GAZZARA: Well, I had read Bukowski. I'd read him. The first time I read him, interestingly enough, was in Paris, four years ago. Barbet Schroeder was just trying to put together a film—to write one with Bukowski—called *Barfly*. Anyway, he introduced me to Bukowski—a Frenchman. Well, that's the way it is—

HIGH TIMES: One thing that frustrated me terribly in *Tales of Ordinary Madness* was the way Ferrerri would never show us Ornella Muti's breasts. Why?

GAZZARA: She just had surgery; on her tits.

HIGH TIMES: Aw, come on! What surgery?

GAZZARA: That's the reason. She had just had a tit job done

HIGH TIMES: What? To take some off? I heard they were gorgeous!

GAZZARA: Yeah. In *The Last Woman*, they sloped down. I liked them better. The new ones are okay.

HIGH TIMES: We were talking with Susan Tyrell after the screening.

GAZZARA [Affectionately]: Sue-Sue. Oh, Sue-Sue is a space cadet—I love her

HIGH TIMES: ...and she was complaining about the "rape" scene. She claims you shoved a banana up her pussy without you or Ferrerri warning her

GAZZARA: Oh, I just put it on her, gently. Gently. She wasn't prepared for it, but she went with it.

HIGH TIMES: One difficult thing you accomplished well was giving the impression of a guy who could actually write a book

GAZZARA: I think one of the most difficult things in the world—not that I succeeded or didn't succeed; I hope I did—is to play an artist, because an artist's reality is so hidden from himself, so unconscious. You have very little to go on.

I didn't worry about it. I worried about really portraying the guy, because he's an odd kind of writer, isn't he? He doesn't. He's not a middle-class guy who writes about his psychological problems, and why he has to go into analysis to cure them—which is the most boring kind of fucking individual to play. The guy's life is the interesting aspect. And the writing is the center, I

guess, of his soul. But his life is so interesting that, if you make that believable, I decided, then everything will fall into place. So long as the typewriter was there, and the booze was there, I figured it would take care of itself.

HIGH TIMES: How do you account for the change in your acting—from cocky and menacing to mellow and philosophical?

GAZZARA: You get older, you know. You bring along a lot of baggage. You've already lived through so much fucking stuff, that you don't have to do the kind of digging and searching that you did as a young actor—because you haven't lived yet, as a young actor. You don't know what pain is, really; you haven't known what life is, you haven't known what love is, you haven't known what anything is. You can imagine it. If you're a sensitive young actor, you can do it. But, hopefully, as you get older, it gets richer and it flows more easily. I think an actor, after a certain time in his life—assuming he has any craft—his real growth comes through life. It doesn't come from anywhere else.

HIGH TIMES: We were looking at your bio—noticing you came from the Lower East Side—

GAZZARA: It's not Lower, it's Twentieth Street. Lower would be Mulberry Street.

HIGH TIMES: Like in Little Italy? What did your father do?

GAZZARA: My father was an immigrant who did anything he could to make a living. He laid the asphalt for many streets in New York; worked with his hands, carpentry, any job.

HIGH TIMES: Was it a big family?

GAZZARA: Immediate? Just me and my brother. We're very extended. A lot of uncles; a lot of cousins. At least, in feast days, there was always a tableful of people. But when that generation died, we all wandered away into our insular lives. Cousins don't see each other anymore. They kept the family together. They had real communion, the family was very important to them.

HIGH TIMES: That kind of thing has gone.

GAZZARA: Paying your duty, your respects—it's true.

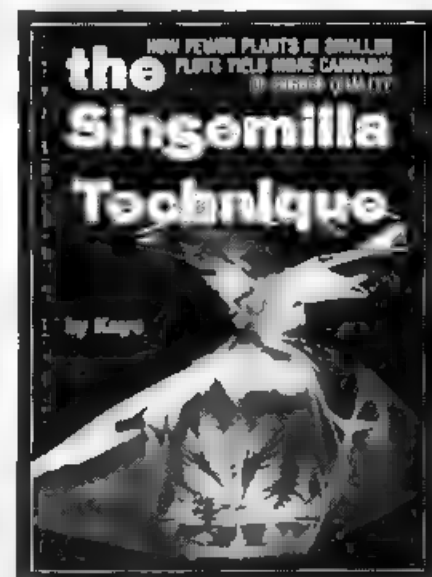
HIGH TIMES: Hearing all this, I'm surprised you never worked with Scorsese.

GAZZARA: Well, Marty is, you know, the next generation. He has his own friends.

HIGH TIMES: What was it like, breaking in as a young actor from that background, in the '50s?

GAZZARA: It was unbelievable. I was really on a roll in those days. I had done

INSIDE AMERICA'S #1 HOMEGROWN INDUSTRY



A MUST FOR YOUR CANNABIS LIBRARY

THE SINSEMILLA TECHNIQUE

is an insight into a cultivation production technique. It details how cultivators grow more, higher-quality cannabis in smaller, less conspicuous gardens. It provides inside information from cultivators and law enforcement alike. It graphically illustrates sinsemilla gardens, farms, greenhouses and lightrooms from throughout the United States with beautiful line drawings together with B W and color photographs

LEARN

YES! Send me a copy of THE SINSEMILLA TECHNIQUE.

Send me _____ copies at \$11.95 each (NOTE: Publisher will pay postage and handling on two or more copies.)

Send me a Last Gasp of San Francisco catalog
(Send check or money order plus \$1.00 for postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

TO: Last Gasp of San Francisco
PO Box 212
Berkeley, California 94701

End as a Man, which was an enormous success; and I got cast by Kazan, who was the star director in those days. [Tennessee] Williams was the star playwright, and Gadge [Kazan] was the director everyone wanted to work with.

Gadge (you know, he got the name "Gadget" because he had all these gadgets going, things that'll make scenes more interesting) did very little directing, I remember; he just said a couple of lines to guide you, and then he let you go—which is the way I like to work... And, of course, you were flattered—being a young actor, asked by Kazan to work. That was an acceptance that was probably more important than winning the Oscar.

HIGH TIMES: Seems like that whole era is dying. I'm not sure what has come along to replace it.

GAZZARA: I'm not either. So I don't talk about it much. You sound very old when you say, "I think I was there in the heyday. I was there when things were really terrific, when the work was really juicy," etc. But I think that's true.

HIGH TIMES: That was near the time you played a junkie onstage in *A Hatful of Rain*. Did you do any research?

GAZZARA: The most I'd done is smoke some grass. That's the most I've done. Yeah, there you did research. You did research on the symptoms of withdrawal, with guys who went through it.

HIGH TIMES: Why in the world did Don Murray do the movie, and not you?

GAZZARA: Well, Don Murray had a seven-year deal with 20th Century Fox at the time. And I think they wanted to clean up the picture: they took it out of the tenements and put it into Stuyvesant Town. But what it did, it failed. The movie was a disaster. So... *Fuck 'em!*

HIGH TIMES: How did you get this reputation for being an *enfant terrible*?

GAZZARA: I never was.

HIGH TIMES: I know, but I thought you—

GAZZARA: I have no idea. I think it's because I turned down roles. I was portrayed as a New York wise guy... *Fuck 'em!* There were long articles by Hedda Hopper attacking me.

HIGH TIMES: So here you are: Actor's Studio, hotshot, working with the best, great reviews... How'd you wind up on TV [in "Run for Your Life"]?

GAZZARA: 'Cause the plays stop coming. And the phone stops ringing.

HIGH TIMES: You were full of ideals?

GAZZARA: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: Was there something wrong with that?

GAZZARA: No, there's nothing wrong with it. But, you know, all things come

to an end. An actor has to work. Fuck it; you're not an actor if you're not acting. You're not an actor if you're home saying I only work if it's the best material in the world and if God calls me. An actor has to act.

HIGH TIMES: You lived in Hollywood?

GAZZARA: Yeah, I had a house there, and a Japanese gardener, and a blond poolman; the tree surgeon. All that fucking shit. I had this swimming pool I used to stare at a lot; I probably went in it twice in five years. But, you know, I don't think it was L.A. so much, as not enjoying what I was doing. I think any place is fun, if you're working with creative people and you're doing creative things.

HIGH TIMES: After the series, you had a rough period, right?

GAZZARA: No. After the series, things were terrific. I did *Husbands* and—

HIGH TIMES: Well, during the series.

GAZZARA: That was it; yes.

HIGH TIMES: A lot of booze and self-pity?

GAZZARA: A lot of booze. A lot of booze... and cooze.

HIGH TIMES: So—what was it like working for Cassavetes? Doesn't he want the actors to make a lot of contributions?

GAZZARA: Well, sure. Ferreri, too. Ferreri is very open, and that's how I like to work, as a matter of fact.

But, if he comes in like a lot of assholes do—prepared and set and "This is how it's going to be"—he's losing a big opportunity. And there are quite a few directors like that. They do their homework and they come in and God forbid you should say, "Listen, I'd rather go over there."

But John has some of the same struggles as any personal filmmaker, you know. It's difficult when you're not—the American audience likes everything framed. They want to be led; they want to be told what to feel about the leading character. A kind of sorta classical way of storytelling... And John's films don't do that.

HIGH TIMES: What are your politics these days?

GAZZARA: I'm apolitical. If anything, I was over to the Left. I mean, certainly left of Ronald Reagan.

HIGH TIMES: But you worked for Kennedy? And Al Lowenstein?

GAZZARA: Yeah. I think when those guys got murdered, it ended for a lot of us.

HIGH TIMES: In 1965 you were quoted as saying that you wanted to make your TV character an antihero... that in the age of atom bombs, we're victims more

than victors. Do you still feel that way?

GAZZARA: Sure.

HIGH TIMES: Feel worse?

GAZZARA: It's the same. Just keep your sense of humor and try to have a good time—because they're all out to nail you to the fuckin' cross. It's a tough world out there. I think you've got to create your private haven. To think that you can do it politically, that your life is going to change dramatically when you change political philosophies or political systems... I think it's all charades.

HIGH TIMES: So what's your private haven?

GAZZARA: My family and my work and my friends. And, after that, everything is extra.

HIGH TIMES: You know, I went down to get the beer, and this black dude comes in the elevator, and goes, "Is he Ben Gazzara?" I said, "Yeah." He says—I think he was from Jamaica—he says, "He was Al Capone, wasn't he? Boy, does he look young!"

GAZZARA: He made my day.

HIGH TIMES: Then he said to me, "He must be rich."

GAZZARA: [Laughs his ass off.] □

The King of Comedy (D: Martin Scorsese. Sc: Paul Zimmerman. With Robert DeNiro, Jerry Lewis, Sarah Bernhardt, Diahnne Abbott)—Scorsese in a comic mood—which, for him, means kidnapping, humiliation, extortion and sexual bondage; but no murders or blasted lives. Paul Zimmerman's story—about a daffy, obsessive, aspiring young comic named Rupert Pupkin, who kidnaps talk-show superstar "Jerry Langford," and holds him hostage for an opening monologue—is a sort of "critic's script": rich in concepts, weak in spontaneity. (Also, the last two minutes of this movie—whoever was responsible—should be chopped off and burned.) But spontaneity is exactly what Scorsese can give you: this is a wonderful "actor's movie." Jerry Lewis, as Langford, gives a murderously restrained performance, full of pent-up, mounting fury; Sarah Bernhardt, as Pupkin's whacked-out, rich-bitch accomplice, plays so nakedly, she makes the nerves in your teeth itch. And, as Pupkin, Robert DeNiro could not possibly be better. With a masochist's grin, and tons of glib bullshit patter and wired-up paranoia, DeNiro defines for all time the lunatic determination of the star-crossed showbiz hopeful—always "on," always smiling, always coming on with the goombah-goombah razzmatazz, a hide bazookas couldn't pierce, and a crust you could skate on. □

CREATING A SCANDAL

Prepackaged, premarketed and preeminently commercial, Scandal rides to success on the crest of the MTV wave.

Scandal is the perfect example of how a rock band is put together in the '80s. They had a video before they had a name; they had a contract before they had a band; they had a reputation before they had ever played a live performance. Masterminded by songwriter/conceptualist Zack Smith, the group idea was premarketed so perfectly that a high-placed official at Columbia Records went out on a limb to sign them.

The story is not new. What is remarkable is that the band is good—good enough to live up to the hype and even to make it seem a bit beside the point. Their five-song debut EP includes several instant classics—"Goodbye to You," "She Can't Say No" and "Love's Got a Line on You." But what really makes Scandal click is Patty Smyth, a no-nonsense, big-voiced focal point for a group that would be anonymous without her.

Smyth's natural performance sense and relaxed musical ability was learned literally at the feet of any number of '60s folk musicians. Her mother worked at several Greenwich Village clubs including the Gaslight, the Café Wha, the Four Winds and the Zig Zag. "I hung out from when I was five or six to about when I was thirteen," she says. "I would go down all the time I was really terrible, I could get my mother to let me do anything. I would beg her to take me with her and she would. If you look at my school records you could see that I didn't make it to school much the next day. We'd have breakfast at five in the morning."

"I remember Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, and Mimi Fariña, Eric Anderson, Richie Havens. It's something I think was a real subtle influence because as a kid I always knew that I wanted to grow up and be a singer, and I think because I was around performers all the time—I would hang out with them when they came offstage, they would take me to the feast in Little



Scandal's Zack Smith and Patty Smyth

Italy and stuff so it wasn't an unachievable goal, it wasn't a fantasy, it was a reality, and I think it must have enabled me to be more comfortable onstage. I also saw it through its negative stage with the drugs—I saw great musicians, who were wiped out on speed or something. I remember seeing guitar players—this is very strange—who were really together, who were great musicians, and then three or four years would go by and they'd be broken. I remember seeing the Italian people in the neighborhood putting pressure on the club owners and on New York City to get rid of the nightclubs. You know that's really what happened to the Village. The neighborhood people didn't want that element."

Patty made her first public appearance at Folk City when she was 15, then began writing songs a year later. She played solo, accompanying herself on piano, at various clubs around

New York during the '70s, a time when she felt alienated from the rock 'n' roll scene. "I hated punk rock when it came out," she says. "I was into soul music. That was the '70s, and as far as I was concerned the only thing that was happening was black music, and that's what I listened to—the OJs, the Stylistics, the Funkadelics and all that stuff I didn't really start liking it until '79 when I got into Elvis Costello and the Clash."

After a brief stint leading her own trio, Patty was introduced to Zack Smith, who was looking for the right lead vocalist. The combination worked immediately, and before long the group had a video and an album's worth of material. The decision to release a shorter EP record as the debut came as a result of the current record industry slump.

"At the time we were releasing our record," Smyth explains, "Columbia was releasing all these huge records—Paul McCartney, Michael Jackson, Billy Joel, Kenny Loggins. It was decided that for a new artist, unless you're in the top one hundred, you're not discounted to five forty-nine, they sell your record for nine dollars and somehow that seemed, when we thought about the little kids who buy the records, nine dollars is a lot of money. It's a lot of money for me to spend on a record. I don't spend nine dollars unless it's Otis Redding's *Greatest Hits*. We just thought it would be better to price the record cheaply. We tried to pick the five strongest tunes and it seems to have worked for us. If you hit them with five you can really get them wanting more."

Patty admits that she wasn't exactly thrilled with the name Scandal at first. "I'll be answering this question until I'm about eighty-five years old," she laughs. "We had decided that we needed a name, right? Because we are a band we had to be called something, and it couldn't be Patty Smyth and it couldn't be Smith and Smyth because

Revolutionary, new Sound Lifters

Never before, has it been possible to control sound like this ... to actually lift your speakers out of the vibration mode with air. Stop transmitting sound through floors, walls, furniture, etc. Works well for guitar amplifiers as well as stereo.

- For 15-65 lb. speakers ... one placed at each corner
- Bases are smoothly, hand-turned from solid walnut. Finish: Oil or plain. Balls: Black.
- All are sound tested
- No assembly required.
- In sets of eight at \$59.95 ... or singles at \$7.95. Include \$4.50 postage & handling. Allow 5-8 weeks for delivery.

SOUND LIFTERS
Box 81451 Lincoln, NE 68501
VISA & MASTERCARD
CALL (402) 473-1979

Nebr. res. add 4% sales tax

PATENT PENDING BY DOSS

Not sold in stores

○ Air-floatation system for speakers

○ Minimizes Sub-sonic sounds

○ Improvement described as "awesome" by new listeners

○ A giant step for sound quality in less than 3 inches



people get us totally confused anyway —Zack Smyth and Patty Smyth. Oh, of course you're married.' 'No, we're not married.' So we sat down and we had a list of about four names, like Brutal Jr High, Manhattan Fruit Flies... I guess the fourth name on the list was Scandal, and our manager said, 'This is the name.' I flipped out because I thought, 'Scandal? Gimme a break!' I hated the name, I told them I wanted to change it. They said, 'It's gonna grow on you.' When you think about a name it's like changing your own name — it's a name you have to live with, you could hate everything, it doesn't matter if you think, 'Oh, God, this is what I'm always gonna be called.' But I really don't mind it and they were right, it did grow on me. I threw a tantrum and they wouldn't change it, so, you know."

Smyth is convinced that the band, which has still only played a handful of gigs together, is only beginning to show what they can do. "We've been writing since the first record, so I've got a lot more songs now," she says. "We get better at writing together as we go along. I write all the lyrics for the songs except for 'Goodbye to You' and 'Love's Got a Line on You,' which were written before I met Zack. He wasn't even gonna play 'Goodbye to You' for me, and I came across the lyric sheet or heard it on a tape and said, 'Great, we've got to do this one.' It's a great song, the audience goes crazy when we play it. I get this feeling that they don't know who we are until they hear that song. It's the last song that we do and everybody starts dancing and running around like I do—I can see them doing me in the video. They say, 'Oh, that's who you are.' MTV has an amazing impact—it's helped us tremendously. I walked into a bar in Norfolk, Virginia, and people said, 'You're Scandal, I saw you on MTV.' That kills me." □

First Blues, Allen Ginsberg (John Hammond Records W2X 37673). You might think that four sides of Allen Ginsberg's singing and songwriting would make for some swampy listening, in which case *First Blues* is likely to stun and delight you in its range and accessibility. Ginsberg fans may be less surprised, but will certainly get as much enjoyment out of this record.

The album's tone is set by three tracks recorded in 1971 with a band that included Bob Dylan, Happy Traum, David Amram and Perry Robinson. The spontaneous, offhanded feel of

HIGH TIMES and BIG APPLE REGGAE

presents Reggae King
Winston Grennan's latest album

BIG APPLE REGGAE

Winston Grennan's driving drums have powered hundreds of hits from Jimmy Cliff's, "The Harder They Come" to Paul Simon's, "Mother and Child Reunion."

He is truly the King of Reggae Drums! BIG APPLE REGGAE is Winston Grennan's masterpiece. It is for music lovers the world over!

Winston records at
Cannings Recording Studios, Inc.
244 West 49th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) 581-0120



get this record!

7.99

+ postage



Send check or money order
While supplies last

MAIL 7.99 (+ 1.50 postage) to: NAME _____

HIGH TIMES/
BIG APPLE REGGAE
17 W. 60th St. 9th Fl.
New York, NY 10019

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

this material is coaxed from the Dylan magic as Ginsberg took Dylan's suggestions about improvisation to heart, coming up with off-the-cuff lyrics and crude melodies. "Jimmy Berman (Gay Lib Rag)" shows Dylan in telepathic communication with Ginsberg, who starts chanting in the studio just as Dylan and Happy Traum block out the song's structure.

Right after Ginsberg appeared with



Dylan's Rolling Thunder tour in '76, a number of tracks were cut with a smaller band built around Arthur Russell, Jon Sholle, David Mansfield and Stephen Taylor. "New York Youth Call Annunciation," a traditional folk chant of the "Come all ye..." variety is what Ginsberg describes as "The kind of song I'd sing... if I were a demonic tearful old-fashioned song man." "CIA Dope Calypso" is a history of CIA involvement with Southeast Asian opium deals, taken from Al McCoy's *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* done in a pretty amusing calypso format

"Subsidizing the traffickers to drive the reds away till Colby was the head of the whole world CIA"

"Put Down Yr Cigarette Rag (Don't Smoke)," a chanted mantra designed to kick the cigarette habit, offers the suggestion that smokers satisfy their desires with oral sex rather than with a butt. Ginsberg describes this one as a "Central Australian Desert Aborigine Pitjijara tongue song-form."

The rest of the '76 session, plus another 11 tunes recorded in '81 to fill out the concept, are a mixed bag of folk, blues, chants and novelty-shop curios covering such subjects as the necessity of avoiding the desire to be president (the only way to stave off Vajra hell),

what to do on a bus ride in Fiji and Ginsberg's exhaustive supply of hymns to, and advertisements for, homosexuality. The ridiculously graphic "Hardon Blues" gets the hilarious disclaimer "old blues songs were allowed to be dirty like this."

Also included are two William Blake poems set to music, "The Tyger" and "My Pretty Rose Tree"; a Ginsberg takeoff on a 17th-century haiku by Basho, "Old Pond"; Peter Orlovsky's "You Are My Dildo"; and a moving song written by Ginsberg on the occasion of his father's death, "Father Death Blues."

The Dub Factor, Black Uhuru (Island 9756). This is the Black Uhuru album we've been waiting for. This most experimental of reggae outfits has consistently shown the ability to transcend the traditional instrumental limitations of the form to concoct a big sound easily



on a par with the most advanced rock, jazz and new music performers. Drummer Sly Dunbar and bassist Robbie Shakespeare are the architects of this sonic breakthrough, but before this album you really had to hear the band live to appreciate their true contribution.

The Dub Factor changes all that. Dub tracks are instrumentals with no vocals or only sparse vocal accompaniment. Dub has usually meant a crude or unfinished track in the past, but Sly and Robbie elevate the form to heights that would make the likes of Pink Floyd wince in envy. Tracks here like "Ion Storm," "Big Spliff" and "Android Rebellion" cut astonishing, space-music-like grooves that offer previous unthought-of possibilities for reggae. This is the stuff that floored the audience at last November's Jamaica World Festival when Black Uhuru was the unqualified showstopper. □

NEW

COMPLETE SEX MANUAL
An Adam & Eve Exclusive

Complete Manual of Sexual Positions is a brand new book of sexual positions with over 200 photos — many in blazing color — features foreplay, the P.C. muscle, threesomes and a multitude of positions for couples including anal and oral positions.

Extra! The latest detailed information on the Grafenberg Spot. When properly stimulated, this "G-spot" can lead to intense, unique orgasms of a power never before thought possible.

Explicit 7" x 10" paperback is the most complete picture book of sexual positions ever offered. Nationally advertised at \$14.95, now available for just \$9.95 with money-back guarantee.

Send this coupon along with Name and Address to:

Adam & Eve PO Box 900, Dept. HI-38
Camden, NC 27510

☐ #26G Complete Sex Manual \$9.95

GOOD VIBRATIONS

CARESS VIBRATOR

At last! Made of latex — so tantalizingly soft — so sensually flexible — and so amazingly flexible you'll have to ask yourself: Is it CARESS or the real thing? Feeling is believing, but the new CARESS VIBRATOR does yield more readily to your body's unique contours — more so than any other battery-powered vibrator we've tested. In addition, CARESS is variable speed. With the end-cap twist switch you can adjust the vibrations to whatever you desire from a gentle teasing flutter to a pulse pounding thrill. A full 7 inches long. Batteries included. Just \$12.95 with money-back guarantee.

MIGHTY MITE!

New and Improved! It's slimmer and of higher quality construction. A vibrator small enough to carry in a pocket or purse, but one that really packs a wallop. Still only 4 1/2" long — it'll getcha in those hard to reach places. Made of durable plastic. Cordless, completely safe. Batteries included. Just \$6.95.

SPECIAL COMBINATION: CARESS and MIGHTY MITE \$14.95!

Order both vibrators and receive a free instruction book which tells you exactly how to use your vibrator for clitoral and vaginal stimulation to achieve orgasmic release every time!

FREE PHOTO BOOK!

To introduce you to Adam & Eve's exclusive line of sexual bestsellers, we're making an unprecedented introductory offer! A FREE 176-page book bursting with dozens of explicit close-up photos of the most arousing sexual positions you've ever seen. Send just \$2 for postage and handling and we'll rush your free photo book plus illustrated 48-page catalog.

101 SEXUAL POSITIONS

That's right. Over 100 illustrated sexual positions are included in this all-new photo book of sexual love in 101 Sexual Positions. You will learn techniques handed down through the ages and lavishly illustrated in dozens of never before published photos. 160 pages. Introductory price, only \$4.98.

SAVE! Get Both Books For Only \$5.98

CONDOMS BY MAIL!

Your choice of the best men's contraceptives. Trojan's Nude SCORE, Suncube and 35 other brands. Plain package, satisfaction guaranteed. Sampler pack of 6 assorted condoms — \$2.

GUARANTEE All products from Adam & Eve come with a money-back guarantee. You must be absolutely satisfied with everything you order, or you may return the item for replacement or refund — no questions asked.

Adam & Eve Box 900, Dept. HI-38
Camden, NC 27510

Please rush in plain package under money-back guarantee:	\$12.95
<input type="checkbox"/> #112 CARESS Vibrator	\$2.00
<input type="checkbox"/> #152 Mighty Mite	\$4.98
<input type="checkbox"/> #112A Both Vibrators and Free Instruction Book	\$14.95
<input type="checkbox"/> #182 Free Photo Book (P&H Only)	\$4.98
<input type="checkbox"/> #07B 101 Sex Positions	\$4.98
<input type="checkbox"/> #WKT Both Books	\$2.00
<input type="checkbox"/> #08 Condoms	\$2.00
<input type="checkbox"/> #210 ADAM'S Products (SAVE!)	\$15.95

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

OVER 900,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

Now Spiral Bound —

MARIJUANA GROWER'S GUIDE

Marijuana Grower's Guide by Mel Frank and Ed Rosenthal is the most advanced, most complete guide to growing. For the smallest or largest scale grower. Sections on indoor and outdoor cultivation, breeding, grafting, sinsemilla, drying, curing and Cannabis botany and chemistry tell you everything you need to know to grow crop after crop of prime pot indoors or out. Contains 350 pages, introduction by Keith Stroup, a dramatic 16-page color section, and over 150 b/w photos. Discloses secrets of master grass farmers. Detailed instructions for supplying and curing a constant flow of superior quality smoke. **\$17.95**

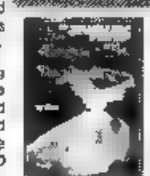
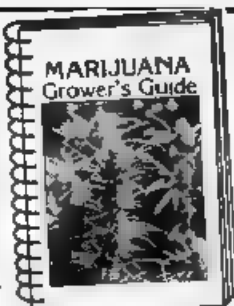
Marijuana Potency by Michael Stark. The chemistry of pot. Latest techniques for testing and increasing potency. 160 pages. **\$10.95**

132 Ways to Earn a Living Without Working for Someone Else by Rosenthal and Lichty. If your job is a drag, you need this book. Shows everything you need to become independent. 300 pages. **\$5.95**

Marijuana Botany by Robert Connell Clark. Information from government researchers and master California growers. Details on propagation & cloning, breeding & hybridizing, sexing & sinsemilla techniques. The newest book on cultivation. 220 pages. **\$9.95**

The Sinsemilla Technique by Kayo. Insightful description of the method and evolution of Sinsemilla. Detailed descriptions of effect of stress, microclimates, hybridizing to improve quality and yields, propagation techniques to increase yield and profit. Presents inside information from cultivators and law enforcement officials on concealment and security. Beautiful b/w and color photos of sinsemilla gardens, farms and greenhouses from throughout the U.S. 134 pages. **\$11.95**

Quick Negative Ion Generator. Virtually eliminates growing, drying, room odors. Destroys bacteria and makes plants grow better. Relieves blues depression caused by industrially polluted, positive ion charged air. Cleans a r of dust pollen, solid pollutants. Ready to plug in. Ed Rosenthal writes: "I bought one for my greenhouse. Please send one more for my home." **\$75.00**



Add \$2.00 postage and handling. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. **SAVE!** Order 2 or more items and we pay the postage. **QUICK TRADING CO.** Dept. HT18, PO Box 477, San Francisco, CA 94101. Send \$1.00 (refundable with 1st order) for catalog.



CALL TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE

(800) 227-1617 ext. 232

California Only (800) 772-3545 ext. 232

to charge by phone (\$20 minimum phone order)

VISA & MasterCard Only or send check or money order.

Wholesale Inquiries invited.

Quick Trading Co.



Serving you since 1976.

NEED NEW ID?...CREDIT?

START LIFE OVER! HERE'S HOW:

- * Create new name, change age
- * Cover negative records
- * Get diplomas, degrees
- * Find better-paying jobs
- * Change citizenship
- * Disappear perfectly — Reappear undetected
- * Return from "exile"
- * Secrets of fingerprinting
- * Create new identity with Govt.-Issued ID: Birth certificates, SSN, Drivers licenses, Passports, State ID
- * PLUS much, much more in
- * Get "AAA" credit in 30 days, even if: New in area, Divorced, Bankrupt, or Have No Credit
- * Loans up to \$3,000 — with no questions asked
- * Clear present bad credit
- * Get all kinds of credit cards
- * Beat debts without bankruptcy
- * Increasing credit limits
- * Your rights under all the recent "Credit Acts"
- * Inside credit bureaus
- * Clever credit maneuvers
- * Inside "pro" secrets in

THE PAPER TRIP 1 \$12.95 ☐

CREDIT! \$7.95 ☐

Don't Miss: "100 Ways to Disappear and Live Free" \$2.00 ☐

"How to Beat the Bill Collector" \$5.00 ☐

SPECIAL OFFER—ALL FOUR BOOKS.....only \$19.95 ☐

Total amount of items checked \$

Calif. residents add 6% Sales Tax: \$

Your Choice: Regular Postage and Shipping \$2.00

First Class Mailing \$5.00

TOTAL OF ORDER \$

Complete Book Catalog **FREE** with every order



Enclosed is my ☐ cash, ☐ check, ☐ money order for total ordered.

☐ Send book catalog only. Here's \$1.00 (refundable).

Please send to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Mail to: **EDEN PRESS** • P.O. Box 8410-HT • Fountain Valley, CA 92708

All orders paid by check are held 2-3 weeks for bank clearing.

RAIDERS

/ continued from page 87

sciousness of a culture depends on. Now it's your job to tell us who the guy in the next room is.

"Well, of course it was the most incredible challenge I'd ever faced in the course of an adventure-packed career as a Connoisseur, and—"

"Okay, 'R,' I think I've heard enough. I know what happens next. You know what happens next and there are a few people who know we know, but I don't think we're gonna go any further than that. I don't even think we're going to let you talk about the choice itself."

"Hey, Tex, you can't do that," I protested. "I mean, look, I can think of a way around it. I don't have to tell people what decision I made. I don't have to tell whether I was right—"

"Now jes wait a minute there," said Tex. "I'm afraid we can't even get into the existence of a choice. This is just not gonna play with my people down in Coconut Grove."

"But Tex, I've already implied the possibility of Tom, you know, pulling something like this. The narcs know already. They told me, remember. That's been published already. It's too late to get that cat back in the bag. Anyway, the whole thing is fiction, you're fictional, even those Louis Vuitton bags are fictional. You don't really use Louis Vuitton, you use Mark Cross. So we're covered."

"These guns aren't fictional, 'R'."

"They could be if I want them to be."

"This reminds me of one of them *ficciones* by that feller Borges," said Tex. "I mean, who's gonna believe a character arguing with his fuckin' author. Especially when this character has final cut."

I thought about it for a while. Even though he was my character, he had a point. He also had a 357 Magnum, even if it was fictional. I decided to play for time. There had to be a way around it. But first I'd at least try to get Tex to finally tell me the story of what happened with Tom and Patrick down at the Santa Marta mountain landing strip. It might at least clear up all the rumors and *ficciones* about the reason Tom killed himself that had been floated around among his friends and enemies. There had been a lot of bitterness and factionalism with a lot of people blaming each other. Maybe if the truth came out about the *one* thing that more than anything else drove Tom's spirit to a despair beyond the breaking point people would be able to absolve each

And so Tex told me the story. In return for which I gave him final cut, an act of unprecedented generosity from author to character. Where it ends is up to him and the Sisterhood, and, well, let's just leave it at that and let Tex tell his story.

"Well it happened fast. We hear Patrick's plane and he's comin' in, no lights, and Tom's talking him down and Tom knows it's tricky because he almost blew right off the mountain himself. So he's trying to bring Patrick in lower than he came in. And I can hear him saying, 'Lower, man, lower, get down and kiss those trees. Well, he meant it as a joke, but unfortunately through some kind of miscalculation, that's exactly what Patrick did.

"He just nuzzled them with his nose. But he was doing that at two hundred knots. It was his last kiss, man. He just went one short hair too low and it tore his fucking plane apart. We all watched the fucker burst into flames in front of our eyes. There wasn't a question of survival. I'll never forget the look on Tom's face. Believe me, I've *tried* to forget that look. He never said a word. He went through the motions of that whole trip without saying one fucking word more than was necessary. He just carried on because a lot of people were trusting him to go through with it. He'd given his word. But he never forgave himself. After that was over he just dropped out of sight. He'd done that before. But nothing so total as this. I heard reports he'd gone down to his birthplace in Arizona. Gone down to the place where his father died. Gone down to Bisbee, Arizona, to go into the turquoise business. But when he came back, things were different. That whole private-investigator madness. He kept going around saying someone had sabotaged Patrick's plane. But I think he didn't believe it. It was like he had made up his mind about something. He had some unfinished business to attend to and then he was—well, you know what he attended to. You know how it ended. It's as simple as that." □



Enough people were arrested for marijuana last year to empty the whole city of Atlanta, Ga. Don't you think it's time we stopped?

NORML

YES! I WANT TO HELP. Here's my \$25 annual membership fee (student, military and low income individuals \$15). Send me my free **NORML** T shirt (check size below) along with the quarterly newsletter, **THE LEAFLET**, **NORML** button, unique product offerings and more!

Name		
Address		
City	State	Zip



4015 **palmarum**

Free shipping on all pre-paid orders

Total Amount Enclosed \$

CAUTION: Persons under medical care should consult their physicians before taking any medication. Use only as directed. Products not intended for repackaging or resale without State license. All products contain ephedrine sulfate &/or caffeine.

NIGHT PEOPLE

Internationally acclaimed photographer Jill Lynne covers the entertainment scene and creates art—through a new technique that employs the use of computer programming with laser color printing. The result is a dazzling array of intensely saturated images of music, fashion, theater and film.



Like prewar Berlin, New York City has become the scene of an intense after-hours, all-night culture. A behavioral sink, swarming with Dionysian discoids, new-wave night creepers and haute couture chic-lettes.

Crazy Horse Saloon #1



Diana Vreeland at the Met



Grace Jones at the Savoy

During the hours between midnight and dawn... that's when it happens—somewhere below the deserted streets one can discern the buzz of the bizarre, the moans of the mad, the celebratory frenzy of the marginals screeching fun-filled giggles into the early hours of the morn.

The scene encompasses all—nine to fivers, the voyeuristic masses, the groupies of the night and those legitimately living on the edge. And Jill Lynne, of course, to capture them all for posterity.

M I N I - S I Z E

MAXI-SOUND

SALE!

SAVE \$30
THOUSANDS OF THESE
EXTRAORDINARY
SPEAKER SETS SOLD
AT \$99.95!

NOW \$69

**ADD A DYNAMIC
NEW DIMENSION
TO YOUR WALKA-
ROUND STEREO
WITH AMAZING
MI-FI™ AMPLIFIED
SPEAKERS!**

Personal walkaround
stereos have changed
the listening habits of
over five million Amer-
icans in the past few
years. One of the most suc-
cessful selling items in the
history of hi-fi, walkarounds
combine exceptional sound
with a lightweight, compact
size that allows for maximum
mobility while listening.

Now Microfidelity has
taken the same concept of mi-
cro-technology that produced
the walkaround players and
applied it to the new MI-FI
MFS-6300 micro loud-
speakers. Our MFS-6300
speakers plug into any 120V
AC receptacle and turn your walkaround
into a total miniature component system
that delivers exceptional sound anywhere —
without headphones!

Ours Exclusively

The MFS-6300 mini-speakers are made
exclusively for Microfidelity. Unlike similar
speakers you may have seen, the MFS-6300
speakers have a built in 3 1/2 watt microchip
amplifier in each speaker. This extra boost in
power combined with the "state-of-the-art"
polymer-impregnated long fiber diaphragms
produces a staggering amount of true am-
plified stereo sound from a remarkably small
source. Small enough to fit in the palm of
your hand, the MFS-6300 speakers give you
high output, wide response and low distor-
tion, all in a size that's truly hard to believe.

Features of the MFS-6300 micro loudspeakers

Frequency Response:	200-20,000 Hz
Speaker Impedance:	6 ohms
Maximum Input:	20 watts
Sound Pressure Level:	84 db W/m
Dimensions:	3 1/2" (H) x 2 1/4" (W) x 2 1/4" (D)
Weight per Speaker:	1 1/2 lbs. (675 kg)
Power Requirements:	12 V DC with adaptor supplied



They are made of heavy die cast aluminum
so they're strong, durable and free from har-
monic vibrations which are common in look
alike plastic models. They plug into any per-
sonal stereo cassette or FM stereo player and
are provided with an integral protection cir-
cuit as well as an additional non-amplified
input so you can use them with your home
system. Maximum power handling is 20
watts per channel through the non-amplified
section.

Listen to What MI-FI Owners are Saying . . .

- "State-of-the-art!"
- "Amazing reproduction for the size of speakers."
- "I think they are a really good product and I would recommend them to anyone. I love them!"
- "Outrageous! Excellent!"
- "Fabulous!"
- "I expected a lot from reading the ad — I was not disappointed!"
- "Excellent product. Very pleased."

How Good Are They?

Thousands of people have
heard our MI-FI speakers and
their initial reaction is almost
always the same. First they
smile. Then they shake their
heads in disbelief and then
they grin! Until you actually
hear the MFS-6300s yourself,
it's difficult to imagine how
very good they are. Try them
for yourself and see without
risking a penny!

Save \$30! Order Today!

Now in this special limited-
time offer, we'll rush you a
pair of these fabulous MFS-
6300 speakers for only \$69
plus \$5.95 shipping. That's a
whopping savings of over \$30
from the original selling
price. At only \$69, order extra
speaker sets now and always
be prepared for year 'round
gift giving! MAIL NO-RISK
COUPON BELOW TODAY!

Risk-Free 30-Day Trial! If for any reason
you are not completely satisfied with any
Microfidelity product, just return it to us
in the original package in good condition
within 30 days and we'll refund your pur-
chase price in full.



**FOR FASTEST SERVICE ON
CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL
TOLL-FREE 24 HOURS A DAY**

800-228-6606 OR 800-228-6609

Microfidelity Inc., Dept. HTMG3

400 S. Dean St., Englewood, NJ 07631

☐ Please send me **MFS 6300 SPEAKER SET(S)**

at only **\$69.00** per set, plus \$5.95 for protective
shipping and handling

Enclosed is my check or money order in the amount of
\$ _____ payable to **Microfidelity Inc.**

Charge my: ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA ☐ AM. EX.

Account # _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

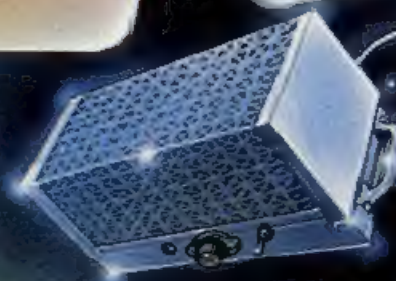
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MI-FI is a registered trademark © 1983 Microfidelity Inc.

MICROFIDELITY™ . . . listen and smile!



Tens of thousands of Happy Halide Growers can't be wrong . . . we're the original & still growing strong. 1000-watt growlights from \$167.50 & the fabulous Hydromax Octagarden™ or Quadragarden™ from \$87.50 . . . you can get the best for less. Guaranteed.



Call toll free today . . .
find out why we've
delivered more halides
than all the other
companies
combined.
Free
catalog.

SEE AD
PAGE 17

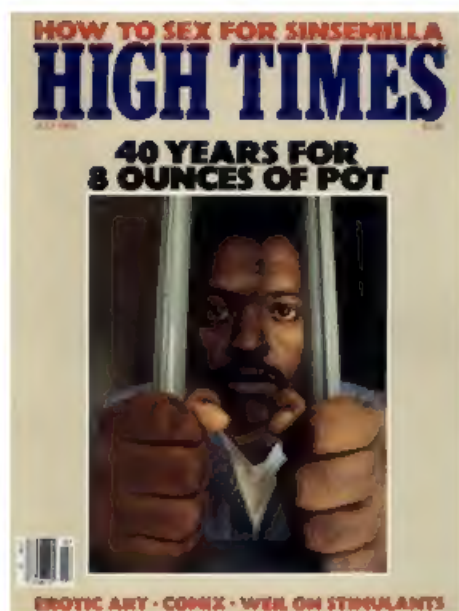
© 1982 THE LIGHT MACHINE

THE LIGHT MACHINE

8747 Commerce Avenue, Suite A, San Diego, CA 92121
(800) 854-1005. In CA: (800) 852-1005 or (619) 271-4467

High Times

JULY 1983



Reprinted from the High Times Archive

<https://archive.hightimes.com/issue/19830701/print>



©2023 - HIGH TIMES ARCHIVE. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.